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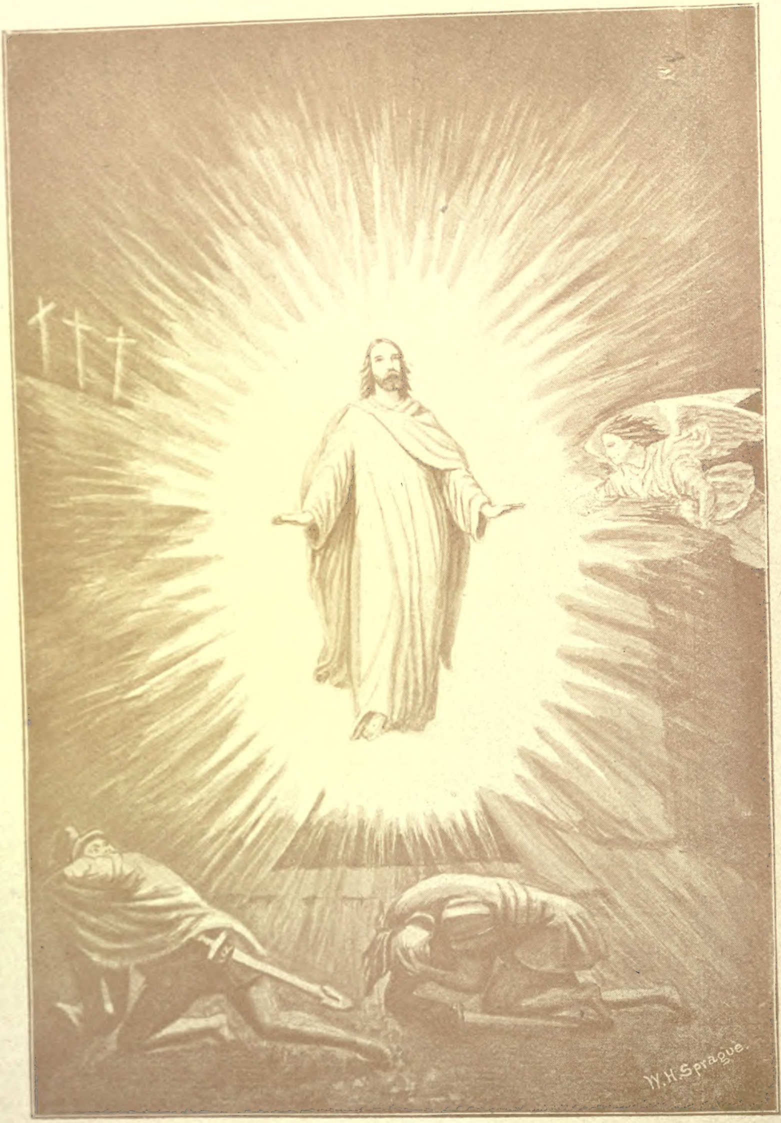

HIS APPEARANCE WAS AS LIGHTNING AND HIS RAIMENT WHITE AS SNOW.

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THE INERRANCY OF SCRIPTURE IN LIGHT OF THE ENCYCLICAL "PROVIDENTISSIMUS DEUS."

BY PATRICK J. CORMICAN, S.J.,

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THE present age has come in for an ample share of praise or blame according to the different stand-points from which its activities are viewed. It is pre-eminently the age of progress, of education, of broad-mindedness, of liberal views, and, we must add, of hostility to revealed truth. In former times, as the Holy Father says, the Catholic apologist had to deal with men who set private reason above the teaching office of the Church, who rejected divine tradition, and clung to Scripture as the one source of revelation and the final appeal in matters of faith. To-day we have to contend with the legitimate progeny of the Reformers, to wit, the Rationalists, who, like successive plagues of locusts, have swooped upon the remnant of the supernatural left by their predecessors and have utterly devoured it. "They deny that there is any such thing as revelation or inspiration or Holy Scripture at all; they see instead

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only the forgeries and falsehoods of men; they set down the Scripture narratives as stupid fables and lying stories; the prophecies and the oracles of God are to them either predictions made after the event, or forecasts formed by the light of nature; the miracles and the wonders of God's power are not what they are said to be, but the startling effects of natural law or else mere tricks or myths; and the Apostolic Gospels and writings are not the work of the Apostles at all." * This "higher criticism," as it is used, or rather abused by godless men, seems to have alarmed certain Catholic theologians and Catholic scientists, who think that the best way to meet the foe is to narrow inspiration to Faith and Morals, or if it must extend to other parts of Scripture, let it be so attenuated as not to exclude error. This view of inspiration, as we shall see, is directly against the teaching of the Encyclical "Providentissimus Deus."

In dealing with the Inerrancy of Scripture we have two questions to ask and to answer:

I. First, does inspiration by its very nature and of necessity exclude error?

II. What is the extent of inspiration in Holy Writ?

The first question asks what *is* inspiration; the second, how far does it go: in philosophical language, one is concerned with the *comprehension*, the other with the *extension* of the term.

I. To the first question we answer that inspiration, by its very nature, is incompatible with error, so that a sentence or a part of a sentence cannot be inspired and erroneous at the same time. To show this, let us analyze the idea and see what are the elements of which it is composed. From Jewish tradition, acknowledged and confirmed by Christ and his Apostles, from Christian tradition, from the Councils of the Church as well as from Holy Writ itself, we know that God is the Author of Sacred Scripture. But in what sense is he its author? To be the author of a thing is to be its source or efficient cause. Now, God is not the author of Scripture in the sense of *universal* or *first* cause; else he might be called the author of all books sacred and profane. Neither is he author of the Bible as particular and *sole* cause; for in that case there would be no subject of inspiration, no penman inspired of God, no inspiration properly so called. He must, then, be the author of Scripture as *principal* cause, using the inspired writer as his instrument. How does he use this living, intelligent, free instrument? or in other words, what is the effect of inspiration on the sacred writer? It has a threefold effect: *illumination* of the intellect to understand exactly what God wishes him to write; an *impulse* of the will to write just so much and no more; and divine *assistance* to express it in apt words and with infallible truth. Without an enlightening of the writer's mind, the book would not contain the thoughts of God but of man, and hence God would not be its author. Without a movement of the will, the hagiographer would not be an instrument in the hands of God; for, according to St. Thomas,* an instrument as such must be *moved* by the principal agent. Without divine assistance as he wrote, he might express what God wished, more or less exactly, but not with infallible truth. This is the Catholic idea of inspiration clearly laid down in the Encyclical: "Because the Holy Ghost employed men as his instruments, we cannot therefore say that it was those inspired instruments who happened to fall into error and not the primary author. For by supernatural power he so moved and impelled them to write, he was so present to them, that the things which he ordered and those only, they first understood rightly, then willed to write down faithfully, and finally expressed in apt words and with infallible truth." The argument contained in the preceding passage is this: as the Holy Ghost cannot be the author of error, and as the sacred writer must express his message in apt words and with infallible truth, it follows that whatever is written under the influence of inspiration cannot be false; that is, inspiration, *as far as it goes*, excludes error.

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* Encyclical.

II. Now comes the question, How far does it go as a matter of fact? Does it extend to every statement, to every sentence, to every word in the original text, or is it confined to Faith and Morals? The answers given to this question by Catholic theologians may be divided into two extremes and a mean: one errs by excess, the other by defect, and, as a consequence, the correct opinion holds a middle ground. Let us see what ecclesiastical documents have to say on the subject. The Council of Florence † (1439–45) defined that God is the author of the Old and New Testament because both were written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The Council of Trent ‡ (1545–63) pronounced anathema against any one who refused to accept as sacred and canonical the books of Scripture, whole and entire with all their parts, as they are wont to be read in the Catholic Church and as contained in the old Latin Vulgate. The Vatican Council (1870) explains why the books of the Old and New Testament, whole and entire *with all their parts*, are to be received as sacred and canonical and are so received by the Church: "not because, having been composed by human industry alone, they were afterwards approved by her authority; nor only because they contain revelation without error; but because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author."* And in the fourth canon of the same chapter it adds: "If any one will not receive as sacred and canonical the books of Holy Scripture, whole and entire *with all their parts*, as enumerated by the sacred Tridentine Synod, or if any one *deny that they are divinely inspired;* let him be anathema." But, it may be asked, if it be solemnly defined that the Scriptures are inspired *with all their parts*, how were Catholics at liberty to dispute the extent of inspiration? For the simple reason that it was not clear what was meant by the word "part" in the Tridentine definition. Nor was the doubt removed by the Vatican Council; for Cardinal Franzelin, in his speech before the sacred synod, declared that nothing was added to the definition of Trent as to the *extent* of inspiration, and that it still remained an open question with theologians. Here are the exact words of the cardinal:† "As regards the *extent* of inspiration, by an express appeal to the Council of Trent is meant that those parts are to be believed inspired which Trent declared to be sacred and canonical. But questions hitherto disputed among Catholics as to the sense in which the phrase *parts of books* in the Tridentine decree should be understood, are neither defined nor touched. Consequently nothing has been added to the definition of Trent on the extent of inspiration."

---

* *Summa Th.*, iii. q. 62, a. 1.

† *Decretum pro Jacobitis.*

‡ Sessio iv., *Decretum de Canonicis Scripturis.*

VERBAL INSPIRATION.

As an error by excess we have the theory of verbal inspiration, which held that every word, not to say every inflectional ending, in the original text was inspired. At one time this opinion was defended to some extent in Catholic schools, and was held by the first reformers; but I must add in justice, their successors have made ample amends for this bit of strictness by going to the other extreme. We reject verbal inspiration on the following grounds: (*a*) First of all from the passage of the Encyclical already cited, which requires "*apt* words" and nothing more, to convey God's message to mankind. Provided they are capable of expressing the meaning intended, that is sufficient. Now, that the same ideas can be expressed in a variety of ways, nobody will deny who has studied the synonyms of grammar, the figures of rhetoric, or the convertible propositions of logic. (*b*) In the second place, the theory of verbal inspiration multiplies miracles without necessity, and miracles are not to be assumed without proof. In this matter nothing more is to be granted than what is required in order that God should be, in a true sense, the author of Scripture; and for this it is sufficient, as a general rule, that he supply the matter of the sacred volume, the ideas, the truths to be penned. (*c*) Moreover, we find a diversity of style corresponding to the character and learning of the different writers; for example, Isaias is sublime in thought and refined in diction, whereas the style of the shepherd Amos is simple to a degree bordering on rusticity. Here and there in the sacred books we find faults against taste or anomalies in grammar and rhetoric, which are hard to explain if we suppose verbal dictation on the part of the Holy Spirit. If God wished the inspired writer to be considered as a mere amanuensis who took down dictation word for word, why did the Divine Author change his style and commit solecisms in grammar as if to conceal his own identity? (*d*) Again, the words of Christ are differently related by different evangelists. Take, for example, the consecration under the form of bread. St. Matthew (xxvi. 26) says: "Take ye and eat, this is my body." St. Mark (xiv. 12) has: "Take ye, this is my body." St. Luke (xxii. 19): "This is my body, which is given for you." St. Paul (I. Cor. xi. 24): "Take ye and eat: this is my body which shall be delivered for you." Nay more, one and the same writer, Moses, gives the Decalogue, which was written by God's own hand, in different words and varied style in different places. (*Cfr.* Exod. xx.; Lev. xix., xxvi.; Deut. v.) Hence we conclude that different words can express the same ideas without destroying inspiration, and therefore inspiration *per se* does not require a set form of words. (*e*) As a last argument against verbal inspiration we may refer to the second book of Machabees, where the writer apologizes for poverty of style and bad arrangement, while he offers no excuse for the matter, which was suggested by the Holy Spirit, who is above excuse. And St. Paul himself (II. Cor. xi.) confesses that he is "rude in speech, but not in knowledge," and the reason doubtless was that his speech was human, while his knowledge was divine.

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* *Constitutio Dei Filius*, cap. 2.

† *Collectio Lacensis*, vol. vii. p. 1621.

RESTRICTED AND ATTENUATED INSPIRATION.

Just as the theory of verbal inspiration erred by going too far, so other theories sin by not going far enough ; they restrict inspiration to certain parts, or they reduce it to a minimum which does not exclude error, or they deny the historical character of certain books. In the seventeenth century Holden, a doctor of the Sorbonne, held that inspiration extended only to those parts of Scripture which are either purely doctrinal or have a necessary and proximate connection with doctrine ; in the other parts God assisted the inspired writer just as he assists any pious author whatever, neither more nor less.* Holden's book was condemned by the Sorbonne. Erasmus and Grotius went a step further and admitted errors in the primitive text. In our own days Rohling denied the veracity of Scripture in science and natural history ; † and Lenormant extended the same doctrine to certain historical parts, such as the first ten chapters of Genesis, together with the books of Job and Ruth. According to him, these writings were not composed with a view to form a history, and have no historical value whatever ; they are mere myths, and only a figurative way of presenting sublime truths. His book ‡ is on the index. Canon di Bartolo, whose book§ is also on the index, distinguished a *maximum* and a *minimum* in inspiration : the former regards faith and morals, and excludes error ; the latter covers the remaining ground, and is compatible with misstatements and erroneous views. The *minimum* merely keeps the hagiographer from contradicting what the *maximum* dictated, but may allow him to blunder in science or history. Monsignor d'Hulst, who occupied the Notre Dame pulpit in Paris for some Lenten seasons past, is thought to favor lax views on inspiration. He divides Catholic opinions on the subject into a right wing, a left wing, and a centre. To the right wing belong those who admit neither error nor the shadow of error in the original text of Scripture ; to the left wing those who admit inaccuracies not to say downright falsehoods ; in the centre, the place of virtue, stands Monsignor d'Hulst himself. What his precise views are on the subject in question is largely a matter of surmise, for he does not state them very clearly. Judging from the sympathy with which he throws himself into the opinions of the left wing and champions its cause, it is easy to divine on which side his sympathies lie, and what vote he would cast when it came to an issue.*

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* *Divinæ Fidei Analysis*, lib. i. cap. 5.

† *Die Inspiration der Bibel und ihre Bedentung für die freie Forschung.*

‡ *Les Origines de l'histoire d'après la Bible*, etc.

§ *I Criteri theologici.*

On account of an article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1884, Cardinal Newman is generally set down for the opinion that *obiter dicta* are not inspired. No doubt he favored that theory and would be only too glad if it could be held. He had a tendency, in general, to make things as easy as possible for the Catholic apologist, and to lessen the difficulties which confront those who propose to enter the Church of Rome. The object of the aforesaid article is to prove that the inspiration of *obiter dicta* in Scripture is not *de fide;* and that when a Catholic student is pressed by a Scriptural difficulty which he has neither the learning nor the ability to grapple with, he may pass it by without violating communion with his church. While his main purpose was to show that it is not *of faith* that *obiter dicta* are inspired, the cardinal went further and adduced positive reasons to prove that, as a matter of fact, they are not inspired. On page 189 he writes: "And now comes the important question, in what respect are the Canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that '*terra in æternum stat*,' and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. *And it seems unworthy of the Divine Greatness that the Almighty should, in his revelation of himself to us, undertake mere secular duties and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian or geographer except so far as the secular duties bear directly upon the revealed truth.*" Again, on page 197: "And here I am led on to inquire whether *obiter dicta* are conceivable in an inspired document. We know that they are held to exist and even required in treating of the dogmatic utterances of Popes, but are they compatible with inspiration? The common opinion is that they are not. . . . Now, it is in favor of their being such unauthoritative *obiter dicta* that, unlike those which occur in dogmatic utterances of Popes and Councils, they are, in Scripture, not doctrinal, but mere unimportant statements of fact; whereas those of Popes and Councils may relate to faith and morals, and are said to be uttered *obiter*, because they are not contained within the scope of the formal definition, and imply no intention of binding the consciences of the faithful. *There does not seem to be any serious difficulty in admitting their existence in Scripture.*"

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* *La Question Biblique*, *Correspondant*, Janvier, 1893.

Monsignor d'Hulst, as Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, together with the professors in the theological faculty of the university, sent a letter of adhesion and submission to the Encyclical, and also a personal letter to the Holy Father. In this latter he professes that he did not intend to set forth his personal opinions, but only to give account of various hypotheses of Catholic authors, in his article on *La Question Biblique*. Among these he says there was one which he then regarded as a free opinion, viz., "that which limits the guarantee of absolute inerrancy resulting from the fact of inspiration to matters of faith and morals." He then adds: "I willingly acknowledge that the latter part of the Encyclical does not allow this opinion to be held any longer." These and other letters of adhesion are published in an appendix to Father Brandi's *La Questione Biblica*.—ED. C. W.

Obiter dicta as commonly understood include such things as St. Paul's cloak, Toby's dog, and the salutations at the end of the epistles; but the cardinal uses the phrase in a wider sense, when he says (p. 198): "By *obiter dicta* I also mean such statements as we find in the book of Judith, *that Nabuchodonosor was king of Ninive.*" This extension of *obiter dicta* and corresponding limitation of inspiration would give to a large part of the Written Word merely human authority; and indeed in one place (p. 190) he seems to argue for the divine authorship of the Bible history "in its substantial fulness" only. And yet, according to Father MacDevitt,* there is nothing in Newman's opinion "to offend the most sensitive theological acumen." When taken to task by Bishop Healey for his broad view, the cardinal called attention to his main proposition, that the inspiration of *obiter dicta* is not *of faith*, and that "we must not confuse what is indisputable as well as true, with what may indeed be true, yet is disputable" (p. 187). Granting that the question under consideration had not been defined by the church, and was therefore disputable to a certain extent, it is as clear as day that he favored and championed the negative side while admitting that the affirmative is a common opinion among Catholic theologians.

This "broad" view of inspiration was taken up by Dr. Mivart and made broader yet. In the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1887, he writes as follows: "In the matter of Biblical criticism Cardinal Newman has himself taken a step which, though a very cautious and short one, as befits his responsible position as prince of the church, yet seems to indicate a road along which persons less officially fettered may boldly advance" (p. 47). As the doctor was not hampered by official fetters he takes a stride befitting an advanced thinker, and asserts that the inspired passages in Scripture "may consist only of brief sentences scattered at wide intervals through the sacred books" (*ibid.*) He would fain restrict inspiration to faith and morals, and let scientists take care of the rest of the Bible. "For," he goes on to say, "God has taught us by the actual facts of the history of Galileo that it is to men of science that he has committed the elucidation of scientific questions, scriptural or otherwise, and not to a consensus of theologians or to ecclesiastical assemblies or tribunals" (p. 50). Take away "these two bugbears of timid Catholics, the consensus of theologians and the ordinary teaching," and liberate us "from every bond save the formal decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff teaching the whole church *ex cathedra* as to faith and morals" (*ibid.*) If the doctor had had more regard for the *consensus* of theologians and the ordinary teaching of the church, he would never have written his articles on Hell; or if he did write them, they should not have been put on the index. I hasten to add that his noble submission to such a humiliation shows his heart to be in the right place, and his practice to be better than his theory. In his article on the "Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism" already referred to, Dr. Mivart predicted that the Holy See would refrain from condemning the conclusions arrived at by such men as Kuenen, Wellhausen, Colenso, and Reuss, although they may startle and offend pious ears; that as the church could accommodate her old ways and habits to heliocentric Astronomy in the seventeenth century, to Geology in the eighteenth, and to Biology in the nineteenth, so in the twentieth would she take up the results of Higher Criticism even as practised by Rationalists, and make them her own. His prediction has been falsified in the event; he promised fair weather, and a storm came; he cried peace, but there is no peace; lax views on inspiration are forbidden by the Encyclical.

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* *Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*, p. 115.

I may mention in passing that Dr. Briggs, of New York, belongs to that new school of Biblical Criticism * whose object seems to be, to pick flaws in the inspired writings. The third of the charges brought against him ran as follows: "The Presbyterian Church of the United States of America charges the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., with teaching *that errors may have existed in the original text of Holy Scripture, as it came from the hand of its authors:* which is contrary to the essential doctrine taught in the Holy Scripture and in the standards of the said church, that the Holy Scripture is the word of God written, immediately inspired, and the rule of faith and practice."

VIA MEDIA.

While rejecting verbal inspiration on the one hand, and a restricted or attenuated form on the other, we hold that every sentence and every statement in the original text were inspired. The Encyclical leaves no room for doubt on this point, for it says: * "*It is absolutely wrong and forbidden either to narrow inspiration to certain parts only of Holy Scripture, or to admit that the sacred writer has erred.* For the system of those who, in order to rid themselves of difficulties, do not hesitate to concede that divine inspiration regards things of faith and morals and nothing beyond, because (as they wrongly think) in a question of the truth or falsehood of a passage, we should consider not so much what God said as the reason and purpose which he had in saying it,—this system cannot be tolerated. For all the books, which the church receives as sacred and canonical, are written, wholly and entirely with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost; and so far is it from being possible that any error can co-exist with inspiration, that inspiration not only is essentially incompatible with error, but excludes and rejects it as absolutely and necessarily, as it is impossible that God himself, the Supreme Truth, can utter that which is not true. . . . Hence because the Holy Ghost employed men as his instruments, we cannot therefore say that it was these inspired instruments who happened to fall into error, and not the primary author. For by supernatural power he so moved and impelled them to write—he was so present to them—that those things which he ordered *and those only* . . . they expressed in apt words and with infallible truth. Otherwise it could not be said that he was the author of the *entire* Scripture. . . . It follows that those who maintain that an error is possible in any *genuine* passage of the sacred writings, either pervert the Catholic notion of inspiration, or make God the author of such error. And so emphatically were all the Fathers and Doctors agreed that the divine writings, as left by the hagiographers, are free from all error, that they labored earnestly, with no less skill than reverence, to reconcile with each other the numerous passages which seem at variance—the very passages which in great measure have been taken up by the 'higher criticism'; *for they were unanimous in laying it down that those writings in their entirety and in all their parts were equally from the afflatus of Almighty God, and that God, speaking by the sacred writers, could not set down anything but what was true.*" According to the doctrine here stated it is wrong and forbidden to restrict inspiration to certain parts of Scripture or to admit that the sacred writer has erred: to admit error is to impugn the veracity of God or to pervert the Catholic idea of inspiration; for the sacred writer wrote those things and those only which God ordered, and he expressed them in apt words and with infallible truth. Here, then, is an answer to our two questions as to the *nature* and *extent* of inspiration:

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* As to the use and abuse, the province and the limits of Higher and Lower Biblical Criticism, I refer the reader to an article of rare merit in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for July, 1894, by Dr. Grannan, of the Catholic University.

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* Translation as given in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

I. *Inspiration by its nature is incompatible with error.*

II. *Inspiration extended to every sentence and statement in the primitive text.*

Are we, then, to conclude that inspiration begins and ends with the *matter* of the sacred volume? Is it concerned only with the thoughts, the ideas, the statements, and with nothing beyond? No, we are not to lay down a hard-and-fast rule, which admits of no exception. It seems to belong to the principal author to determine, in a general way, the specific form of the inspired message, whether it shall be in prose or in verse, in the shape of an epistle or a psalm or a dialogue or a narrative. Although inspiration *per se* does not require a set form of words, *per accidens* it may, when there is question of a mystery, such as the Blessed Trinity, which demands exact wording; or in passages in which the Holy Ghost intended to supply in after ages the precise words of dogmatic formulas; or again, where a mystical meaning is superadded, or the form of a sacrament exactly prescribed. Of course, it is not always easy to determine, in particular, when the style was dictated word for word, and when it was not. In certain cases the connection between the thought and a set form of words may be necessary, in others it may be only convenient, and in others still it may be altogether indifferent.

As truth cannot contradict truth, so there can be no *real* contradiction between science and the Bible. How, then, are we to reconcile apparent contradictions? First of all let the claims of science or archæology be proved beyond doubt, and let nothing be taken for granted. Those who attack the Bible are to be suspected on general principles, from their very hostility to everything supernatural. Their data are often uncertain, their assertions rash, their conclusions forced and illogical. While subjecting heaven and earth to human reason, they are themselves the most unreasonable of mortals. A Babylonian brick or an Egyptian sarcophagus has more weight in their eyes than all the books of the Canon put together. They seem to forget that early chroniclers were more poets than historians; that dates were generally given in round numbers rather than exact figures; and that national pride made primitive peoples claim a far higher antiquity than belonged to them. Only the other day, Professor Erman, a learned German archæologist, struck off, at a single blow, a thousand years from Egyptian chronology; and his critics declare that further modifications in the same direction are needed still. *"In matters of chronology Professor Erman differs greatly from Mariette and Maspero, for he places the sixth dynasty as late as B.C. 2500, while they date it at B.C. 3700 and 3300 respectively. There is no doubt that serious modifications in Egyptian chronology must shortly be made."

What is said of archæology may be said also of those sciences which claim to contradict revealed truth. Last August Lord Salisbury, as president of the British Association, delivered a remarkable address at Oxford on the limitations of our present scientific knowledge, which was supposed to be so thorough and far-reaching. Towards the close of his speech, taking up the subject of evolution, his lordship showed that, in the face of certain difficulties which he discussed, the laity is justified in returning a verdict of "Not proven" on the wider issues of the Darwinian school; that the modern scientist has no resource but to fall back on the mediate or immediate principle of design; and that, with men of common sense, modern discoveries are powerless to dislodge the old belief in a Creator and Ruler of the universe.

As the first step to be taken against the enemies of the Bible is to have them prove their point beyond a doubt, so a second would be, to make sure that the text in question be genuine and complete. The original writings, as they came from the hand of the sacred penman, have long since disappeared, and we have nothing to-day but copies of the primitive text. Now, as the Holy Father says, it is true, no doubt, that copyists have made mistakes, although a mistake in any particular case is not to be admitted except when the proof is clear. Even the Latin Vulgate, which was declared by the Council of Trent to be the official text and to be substantially correct, is admitted to contain errors in matters of minor importance; this seems plain from the consent of theologians, from the preface to the Vulgate itself, as well as from the fact that several popes have set about preparing as correct an edition as possible. Hence when the Holy Father speaks of the absolute inerrancy of Scripture he is careful to mention the "genuine" text, or the sacred writings "as left by the hagiographers." To determine whether any particular text be genuine or not, is the province of textual or "lower criticism."

When the claims of science have been proved to a certainty, and the text shown to be genuine, if there be any clash between the two, we must have recourse to a principle laid down

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* *Nature*, October 25, 1894.

in the Encyclical: we must distinguish between the *absolute* and *relative* truth of Scripture. An example will make my meaning clear. Take that passage in the book of Josue where it is said, that "the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hasted not to go down the space of one day" (x. 13). Here the sacred writer seems to imply that the sun moves round the earth—a scientific error! We must remember, as the Holy Father says, that "ordinary speech primarily and properly describes what comes under the senses; and somewhat in the same way the sacred writers . . . put down what God, speaking to men, signified, in the way that men could understand and were accustomed to." They used the language of their day to describe phenomena which the Holy Spirit did not intend them to explain scientifically. If the Divine Author intended to give a complete system of astronomy or geology, no doubt he would have taken care that his human instrument used words which should be scientifically more correct. But as that was not the object of supernatural revelation, all the Holy Spirit wished was, that the words used should be capable of bearing a true sense according to the principles of hermeneutics and the genius of human language. The words may be vague at times, as in the first part of Genesis, where the Hebrew word (*yom*) for day etymologically may signify a period of years, or a space of twenty-four hours. Again, it is not necessary to suppose that the inspired writer always knew the exact explanation of the phenomena which he described. Such being the case, we ask, if scientific men can speak of the sun as "rising" and "setting" without any prejudice to their veracity, even though they know better, why should similar expressions be considered errors in Scripture, which was never intended as a scientific treatise?

In the words of the Encyclical, let scholars "loyally hold that God, the Creator and Ruler of all things, is also the Author of the Scriptures; and that therefore nothing can be proved, either by physical science or archæology, which can really contradict the Scripture. . . . As time goes on, mistaken views die and disappear; but truth remaineth and groweth stronger for ever and ever." Let us bear in mind the golden rule of St. Augustine: "If in the sacred books I meet anything which seems contrary to truth, I shall not hesitate to conclude that either the text is faulty, or that the translator has not expressed the meaning of the passage, or that I myself do not understand."

BROOK FARM TO-DAY.

BY A. A. McGINLEY.

IF it were not that the revered name of Father Hecker is inseparably connected with Brook Farm, where he passed through some of the most interesting phases of his singular spiritual life, the place might never have held any interest for Catholics beyond what is usually given by them to similar monuments outside the church.

Not that Brook Farm ever assumed a character exclusively religious, but the study of its inner life in the spiritual sense, as illustrated in the lives of the majority of its members, is only another illustration of the unrestful wanderings of the human soul into alien paths in its yearning search for truth.

It is in this sense that it is looked upon by Catholics as outside the church. Its social ambition for the material improvement of society appealed as strongly to Catholics as to Protestants.

We have not only, then, been led into a closer interest in its material history on account of Father Hecker's connection with it, but in the consideration which this brings before us of the high-souled motives, pure aspirations, and generous impulses that moved these men and women with one heart and one mind to give the world a great object-lesson in the *practice* of the golden rule, we are brought face to face with the fact that in our daily lives we are side by side with those who are as *capable* of heroism and self-sacrifice in the cause of truth as the best among us; that a change of their place to our own, with its helps and graces, and its sure light to guide our feet, would prove, perhaps, that they were worthier than we of the possession of "the pearl of great price."

The failure of the Brook Farm community is not attributed, by themselves at least, as due to any falling off in the spirit that actuated them in forming the organization, and when it came to the end of its short-lived existence in 1847, about six years after its foundation, the leaders and many of its members went their several ways into the wide world disappointed, perhaps disheartened, at the futility of their human efforts in trying to materialize a day-dream, but with the fire that had urged them on to the endeavor still unquenched in their hearts.

Thirty years afterwards an attempt was made by one of the surviving members to have a re-union of the old brotherhood. Many of those who could not be present at it replied to the invitation sent them in terms which told that age had not worn away their early hopes. William H. Channing wrote: "The faith and longing for the perfect organization of society have only deepened with time"; and Charles A. Dana declared too in his reply that his sentiments were still unchanged, believing that "the ends for which we then labored are sure at last in good time to be realized for mankind."

About three years after the departure of the Brook Farm community, the city of Roxbury, which has since lost that dignity, having been annexed to Boston in 1867, purchased the land and the houses, and moved the city almshouse there. The community had erected several large houses on the grounds, but the best of these were destroyed by fire. The "Eyrie," the "Pilgrim"—which had been so called after some staunch Puritans from Plymouth—the "Hive," and the "Cottage," besides a barn and a greenhouse, remained on the ground when the poor-farm took possession. The two latter are still standing. The "Pilgrim" has disappeared, leaving only a heap of stones to remind one of the walls that once sheltered those stout-hearted champions of liberty and fraternity. The "Eyrie" has disappeared likewise. After it was demolished some of its timbers were used for the construction of a pig-pen—literally, "pearls before swine."

It seemed almost like a mockery to those brave protestors against human misery that their successors at the farm should be the very ones who represented that misery in one of its most unfortunate forms.

"Here," as Hawthorne wrote, "where once we toiled with hopeful hearts, the town paupers, aged, nerveless, and disconsolate, creep sluggishly afield."

In 1861, some time after the removal of the poor-farm to other quarters, Brook Farm was used as a camping ground for the Massachusetts Second Regiment of Infantry, under Colonel George H. Gordon. "Camp Andrews" it was called, after the governor then in office. They remained from May 11 till July 8. Colonel Gordon has written a history of the regiment under the title of *From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*,* with an interesting account of its encampment at the former place.

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* *From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain.* Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"I can recall it," he wrote, "in all the poetry of a romance which the pen of Hawthorne in the wildest hours of his most exuberant fancy could never excite in the pages of his Blithedale story. I can see it too in a reality which has for ever and for ever exorcised the fitful play-day of the dreamers who preceded us. Brook Farm is to me for ever hereafter holy ground; it has been consecrated by our occupancy, redeemed by the solemn tread of our columns upon its green sod; while its story shall live as an organ strain in the grand epic of American liberty."

Another period of vacancy passed after the last sound of trumpet call and beat of drum had died away from hill and meadow land, before Brook Farm again re-echoed among its solitudes with the stir and bustle of human life.

"Gethsemane."

Some twenty-three years ago a corporation, formed among a number of Lutheran congregations, purchased the farm and founded there a home for orphans under the "auspices" of Martin Luther. It is known as the "Martin Luther Home for Orphans." On the slope of the hill, around which the Second Regiment lay encamped, they prepared a place for a cemetery which is called "Gethsemane." Any other name almost would have been better than this. No shady olive-tree or drooping willow suggests that ancient retreat of solitude and prayer; not so much as a shrub casts a shadow against the noontide sun upon this lonely spot. Here the white burial slab seems to bleach still whiter beneath the sun's scorching rays, and the freshly-turned earth of new-made graves dries up and scatters itself upon the green sward at the lightest touch of the summer wind.

THE MARGARET FULLER COTTAGE.

Except for this one new feature, Brook Farm remains unchanged in its appearance. It is perhaps even more isolated and less inhabited, except for the sleeping inmates of the graves on the hill, than it was in the days when the blithesome Brook-Farmers made wood and vale re-echo with the pleasant sounds of life.

Not far from the cemetery, on another hill, stands the cottage still called the "Margaret Fuller Cottage," which is now occupied by a farmer and his family, who sows and reaps and garners his crops in much the same fashion as did those dreamy husbandmen who ploughed furrows in these same fields before him, and sowed the seed of human kindness in their hearts as they thus learned in the sweat of their brow how to sympathize with the lot of those who toiled not as they did, "of their own sweet will," but from the unromantic and real necessity of "tent, and raiment, and bread."

Of the indications that remain of the earlier inhabitants, the Margaret Fuller cottage best suggests their idea of the picturesque and artistic. Removed from its present position to the edge of a dusty roadside it might look homely and ordinary enough, but it is placed so prettily here among the sheltering trees that one might imagine that nature had beforehand raised the mound and planted out her garden round about it, just in preparation for its coming. It is painted a deep red, which shows in pleasing contrast to the surrounding verdure, from amid which it peeps through the occasional vistas in the landscape that one catches in a walk around the farm.

Far less romantic in its appearance to-day is the old farmhouse, or, as it was more generally called, the "Hive." This is the building properly known as the Home. A house that had been used by the Brook Farm community as a factory or workshop has been removed from its former site and joined on to the Hive, making a place large enough to accommodate about fifty orphans. It looks bleak and barren enough now to destroy at first sight the poetic feelings of any stray Brook-Farmer of old that might chance to revisit the haunts of early days.

But the little orphans, in blissful unconsciousness of poetic feelings, romp about the place as noisily and as irreverently as they would had no grave-eyed philosophers or social reformers sat within its walls and dreamed of a time when the great millennium would come, and every one would be happy and good the live-long day, just as these little German orphans seem to be.

Around under the trees and on the benches sit tiny *fräuleinen* plying their knitting-needles like little old ladies, making socks for themselves or their brothers, who, no doubt glad even at this age at being able to shift the larger share of care for domestic economy upon the other sex, caper around and make themselves heard in true masculine fashion.

The interior of the house bears no traces of the comfort and cheerfulness that it is described as presenting to the traveller in the days of its Arcadian existence. The uncovered floors and ancient walls might make one shiver even on a summer day at the thought of being here in mid-winter in a blustering north-easter.

The old hearth, however, which Hawthorne pictures so vividly in *Blithedale*, is still here, though its cheery blaze no longer casts flickering shadows from wall to floor on winter nights. A modern stove imparts the necessary warmth instead. On the wall of the reception room hangs a picture of the "great reformer"; another is placed in the children's dormitory, where it meets the first gaze from the sleepy eyes of these poor innocents when they wake in the morning, little knowing that the one whose picture thus greets them has deprived their young eyes of fairer visions and driven from their sight far sweeter faces and tenderer smiles from pictured saints and dear Madonnas.

Near the house a small printing establishment has been erected in which the orphan boys are placed to learn that trade when old enough. Two German papers are published here, the *Zeuge der Wahrheit* and the *Lutherischer Anzeiger*,* which set forth in language poetic, trenchant, or merely prosaic, as the inspiration comes, the doctrines of the hardy Luther and the present results of the glorious Reformation—that is, not all of them.

It is a relief to turn away from this view of the place to seek elsewhere on the farm for reminders of former days. The brook yet strays between its grassy banks below the green terraces in front of the farm-house; but here where it once flowed clearest, and lent the sweet sound of its murmuring flow to the music of the summer night, the young urchins have dug a large hollow place into which the waters are drained, and this they use as a bathing-place, it seems, when the privilege of a walk to the distant river is denied them.

There is a little spot here that reminds one again that the idea those early agriculturists had of sylvan beauty expressed itself in many pretty ways. They formed a kind of fairy circle and planted it about with trees and shrubs; then dug a bed for the brook to flow around it, with a little bridge for passage to the brink.

It is in the solitude of the woods which make a background to the farm that one can best recall in fancy the forms that once strayed among its shadowy paths, and here too may be seen the favorite haunts of that "knot of dreamers" whose half-real, half-fancied history Hawthorne has woven into the story of his own experiences in the place.

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* *Zeuge der Wahrheit:* Witness of the Truth; *Lutherischer Anzeiger:* Lutheran Advertiser.

Thinking that it might prove a fruitless search if I tried to follow the intricacies of the woodland paths alone in looking for places of interest, I asked at the house if one of the little orphan boys might not accompany me, knowing full well that there could be but few places in the woods that the prying eyes of these small boys had not sought out in their rambles.

The favor was cordially granted me, and a bright little fellow, with eyes as sharp as the squirrels' that peeped from their coverts in the trees, was allowed to go with me as guide. I tried to designate to my youthful escort the places I wanted to find by describing them in terms that would meet his young ideas of them, as I had found that my first inquiry had puzzled him exceedingly.

"Do you know where 'Eliot's pulpit' is?" I had asked him; he shook his head in a positive way, convinced that there was no such unlikely object in the place. I tried to explain. "It is a big rock or heap of rocks piled together with a place on top like a pulpit." He still looked puzzled. "And there is a cave underneath." "Oh, yes!" he broke in; "I know where the cave is." I never heard of a small boy to whom a cave in the woods did not have a special attraction as offering a possible hiding-place for wild Indians, bears, or any of those awful things that fill a small boy's dreams. He guided me directly to it, where it may be recognized without difficulty by any one who has read Hawthorne's perfect sketch of it.

I was still looking at it, trying to draw in imagination the figure of John Eliot as he stood there pouring out his fervid eloquence into the hearts of his dusky hearers two centuries ago, and thinking, too, of that later scene that the pen of fiction has drawn of the humiliated Zenobia bending here in tearless agony, and Coverdale standing behind her in the shadow looking on in unspoken sympathy, when suddenly my little companion disappeared as completely as the vague shadows I had been evoking from the dim past. If I had been deserted by him among these uncertain paths, my dilemma, I fear, would have been as great as that of the helpless "Babes in the Woods," but he presently reappeared, emerging from beneath the further side of the rock. He had crept into the cave, which has an outlet on the other side, through which, however, only such a small body as he possessed could possibly creep.

Our next tramp was to the river. Of course there was no need of any assistance from me in making my guide remember where that was. So on I followed, over rocks and brambles, stumbling awkwardly into the hollows that lay concealed in the pathway, over which my little friend hopped as unconsciously as a hare, pushing the shrubbery aside as he went, and holding it back in the thickest places to make a passage for me.

Soon we got beyond into a beautiful pine grove, which no doubt resounded in days of yore with the merry laugh of gay picnickers from the farm. Here it was that they played their masquerade when Dana, Channing, and Parker, and even Ripley, the dignified president of the community, disported like children among the trees, dressed in the fantastic garbs of wild Indians, gipsies, and dancing-girls. One who has written reminiscences of those days describes the appearance that was presented by one of the members—one of the grave and reverend seigniors too—as he appeared in the costume of a then very popular danseuse.

This pine grove seems now almost like a deserted church; for here these same merry-makers wandered in grave and thoughtful hours, plunged in mournful revery perhaps, or holding still communion with "Him who seeth in secret." One can walk over the ground, carpeted as it is with deep layers of pine-needles, as noiselessly as a kitten, while the fragrance of the pine floats upwards at the pressure of one's footsteps like the sweet breath of incense.

Not very unlike cathedral pillars, too, do these stately pine-trees look in the distant forest shade, with long deserted aisles fading away into dim perspective. It seems a fit haunting-place for the restless spirits who once walked here in bodily shape.

One could readily imagine that a fancied Priscilla stood under yon lofty pine, gazing upwards with far-away vision, and listening to spirit-whisperings among the trees.

We continued our journey towards the river, and at last, after many devious windings, broke through the shrubbery on the other side of the woods, into an open meadow beyond which lay the beautiful Charles. From where we viewed it, we could see it flowing through the broad fields on either side in a clear, open stream; no overhanging trees or bushes cast midnight shadows on its sparkling face; but further on, to our left, a clump of trees stood, huddled together in a thick mass, their heavy branches leaning far over the stream, reaching out almost like human arms, as if to shut out our gaze from what lay beyond. Under the gloomy arch thus made the river flowed onward, black and silent. No doubt this was the spot "with the barkless stump of a tree aslantwise over the water" that was afterwards made to play a part in that strange midnight tragedy; but I had no desire to explore these gloomy depths, and that part of the river near which we stood sparkled so cheerily in the sunshine that I had not the heart to pry into its buried secrets.

It seems an ungrateful thing in Hawthorne, after all the pleasant days he spent here, to have written that gruesome story, and to use his former companions as characters upon which to build subjects for it; for although he denied having them in mind when he wrote, one can never read their real history without being haunted with the comparisons that are constantly suggested by the resemblances between the fictitious and the real persons.

A FANCIED PRISCILLA STOOD UNDER YON LOFTY PINE.

There was still one more object that I was anxious to discover if time had not obliterated all traces of it from the place, and that was the vine-covered pine-tree known in the romance as "Coverdale's Hermitage." I went the shortest way I could think of in finding out if my little guide knew of its whereabouts by asking, "Do you know where any wild grapes grow around here?" He looked at me with a merry smile as if there could be any doubt of it. Yes, he knew where there was one that "grew up the trunk of a tree and twined itself around the branches high in the air." As he positively assured me that this was the only place where wild grapes grew in the woods, "because he and the other boys knew," I concluded that this must be the veritable grape-vine, and found afterwards that I had not been mistaken when I compared its situation with the place that is described as being Hawthorne's favorite retreat. It is true that the original grape-vine, of unusual size and luxuriance, which formed a "kind of leafy cave with its wreathing entanglement of tendrils high up among the branches of a tall, white pine," must have been much thicker in its foliage than this one, which had grown, however, from the same root. The pine-tree itself gives evidences of a decrepit old age. It has lost its lofty top, and the trunk, shriveled and crumbling, seems as if it were supported by the twining tendrils of the vine, rather than to lend support to it.

There are few now left who can recall these scenes from personal remembrance. Lowell and Whittier were among the last to go; Holmes lingered after "as the last leaf on the tree." Only last September saw the departure of one whose name was not so widely known as these perhaps, but one who in those blithesome days oft lent cheer to the household circle at Brook Farm by the charm of his rare musical talents. This was John S. Dwight, he who, together with Margaret Fuller, awakened a desire in the general public here in Boston for a higher order of music, and aroused in them an appreciation of the compositions of the great masters. He was one of those idealists who lingered longest with the community, loath to leave a place hallowed by so many dear associations. "One of the last to go, one of the saddest of heart, one of the most self-sacrificing through it all, was John S. Dwight. It may be truly said that Brook Farm died in music."

Instead of the singing of mere ballads and love-songs when those light-hearted revellers gathered together for an evening's entertainment, snatches of Beethoven's symphonies and Mozart's grand masses floated out on the night air; for however mistaken these persons might have been in their practical views of existence, they were at least *consistent;* they carried their idealism even into the unconventional moments of life.

This may recall to the minds of Catholic Summer-School students our own "informal receptions," and the pleasure they gave to those who were present. Indeed, there are many phases in Brook Farm life which might recall those too quickly fleeting days spent upon the shores of the beautiful Champlain; and many things to which might suggest deeper thoughts than those evoked by the remembrance of that pleasant vacation time.

In these days of summer-schools and like organizations a study of the Brook Farm constitution and its methods of association seems opportune. Perhaps their greatest secret of success in making the common life so agreeable was that the principles of democracy so loudly proclaimed from its platform were actually practised in their daily lives. No "epicurism in companionship" was cultivated here; and it is not to be supposed, of course, that among the one hundred and fifty persons who were at one time numbered in this household all were of the same elevated tone as those whose names we know best among them. Yet, with a heroism that it would be hard to find better illustrated outside of the Catholic religious community, personal repugnance went down before interest for the common good; and no one set a better example of this than their leader, the noble-hearted Ripley. He had a spirit worthy of an imitator of the great Ignatius. In a letter of his, published by Father Elliott in his *Life of Father Hecker*, we find expressions which reveal this spirit of zeal and heroism: "I long for action which shall realize the prophesies, fulfil the Apocalypse, bring

GEORGE RIPLEY.

the new Jerusalem down from heaven to earth, and collect the faithful into a true and holy brotherhood. To attain this consummation so devoutly to be wished, I would eat no flesh, I would drink no wine while the world lasted. I would become as devoted an ascetic as yourself, my dear Isaac. But to what end is all speculation, all dreaming, all questioning, but to advance humanity, to bring forward the manifestation of the Son of God? Oh! for men who feel this idea burning in their bones. . . . Would that you would come as one of us to work in the faith of a divine idea, to toil in loneliness and tears for the sake of the kingdom which God may build up by our hands." We wonder why such spirits do not find the truth at last, for each Catholic heart knows at least one who is less worthy of the possession of it.

Surely, here among these "gentle reformers" were earnestness, and generosity, and self-sacrifice enough to convert the world into a paradise; and intelligence calm, clear, and deliberating to direct it all; and yet their efforts came to naught, and their story might by this time have been forgotten by many save that it served as a theme for the writing of a romance.

The "Solution of the Social Problem"—that was what they were striving for, and we but lately were striving for it too in a far different way; but who shall say that our arms were not more potent than theirs?

UNCLE SAM'S VIOLIN.

BY PERCY LEE-HUDSON.

THE summer day was drawing to a close. A few fleecy clouds drifted slowly toward the east, and mingled with the dim line of a steamer's smoke lying just above the horizon.

The murmur of the waves upon the shore beyond the white sand-dunes, and the harsh chirp of a cricket among the spears of sedge-grass bending in the gentle evening breeze, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

The fishing fleet were coming home. Scores of tiny pointed sails shone white and gray, as the boats rose and fell on the waves, and passed slowly behind the hills toward the inlet.

"Howdy, Uncle Sam!" cried a cheery voice.

"Evenin', Jimmy!" And turning from his work, the old man let his hoe fall on the black, mouldy clods he had just dug up.

"'S yer pap come home?"

"Hain't seen 'im yit. Mammy tuk Oscar over t' Miss Pollit's t' git sum o' that thar new med'cin."

"'S the baby got hoopin'-cough, sure enough?"

"Pap says, ef that thar hain't hoopin'-cough, he never heered none."

"By cracky, don't that beat all!"

"Say, Jimmy!" as the boy started away, "tell yer pap t' hang a bunch o' them 'ole wives'* on the gate when he comes by, an' I'll hoe his tater-patch fer 'im next week. Now don't ye fergit it." And with a cheery "Yassur!" Jimmy trudged away.

The old man watched the queer little figure, with the big basket, winding in and out along the crooked path, until it clambered over the fence of barrel-staves that surrounded the lot, and the crown of the tattered old straw hat disappeared behind the dune that marked the wreck of the slaver. Stooping slowly and picking up his hoe, he leaned it against the fence, and, taking off his old straw hat, wiped the sweat from his forehead and the top of his bald head. For a moment he looked out over the ocean, and then toward the weather-stained house nestled under the poplars. A wistful expression came

* The fish "alewife."

over the bronzed and wrinkled face and his lips quivered slightly. A tear trickled down his cheek. He sighed, and brushing it away with the back of his hand, resumed his work.

Regularly the hoe rose and fell. The old man's mind wandered over the sixty-two years he had lived in the little house. He thought of how he had toiled early and late, catching the oysters and fish in their seasons. Each spring he had ploughed the self-same ground, and each successive autumn had gathered the scanty crop. Summers had come and gone. His children had grown up and left him, and now he stood alone, where so many times before he had stood and watched his gray-haired wife at her spinning in the cottage door, or moving about the yard at her work. But the door and yard were empty. The old sun-bonnet was laid away with her other things, and she slept in the little grave-yard among the pines. At the head of her grave he had placed a wooden slab fashioned out of a bit of wreck, and on it was rudely carved her name, "Isabel."

As he worked on, he thought of their wedding day so many years before, and how they went to the little house to live. One by one the children had come. Some, and among them little Sammy, the first one, named by the fond mother for him, had died. The others had grown up, married, and gone away. They seldom thought of the old man. And then when Isabel's hair had grow gray, and his own back bent with age, they had lived their quiet life alone. At evening, when the work was done and the dishes were cleared away, she used to sit in her rocking-chair by the cottage door while he fiddled the tunes she loved. And then the day he found her lying so white and still by the well, where she had fallen! Tenderly he carried her to the best room, and laid her on the bed. Gil went off to "the main" in the batteau for the doctor, but before he came she died.

When they had crossed her toil-worn hands on her breast and drawn the sheet over her placid face, he crept out under the trees, and laying his head on the old rocking-chair, still sitting where she had last used it, he sobbed himself to sleep. Mary Lizzie found him there, and waking him gently, led him to the little room under the eaves, where Sammy died.

The hoe rose and fell more slowly. The old man's eyes were dim, and again he brushed the tears away.

The lowing of the cows, waiting at the barn to be milked, told him it was stopping time, so shouldering his hoe he hobbled across the lot to the barn-yard. Somehow it pained him to walk. When he reached the lane he had to stop to get his breath, and as he leaned against the trunk of an old apple-tree—it was one Isabel planted the first year she was his wife—he felt a twinge of pain in his heart that well-nigh took his breath, but it was soon gone and he plodded on.

The cows knew him, and old Daisy rubbed her nose against his arm as he let down the bars.

Hanging the hoe on the fence, he stopped again to rest, and then took the milk-pail from the hook and went to the well.

Was the sweep heavier than it used to be, or had the old man's arm grown weak? It took a long time to bring the bucket from the bottom, and when he tried to pour the water into the spout his hands shook and the water was spilled.

"Yer well-nigh played out, Sam," he said as he leaned against the curb.

"Ole Daisy 'll wait, so I 'll rest jest a leetle"; and he tottered toward the house. Passing through the kitchen, neat but not as it used to be when she was there, he went into the best room, and opening the door, drew the rocking-chair where he could see the sunset. He took the old fiddle from its box under the bed, and placed it under his chin. Lovingly he touched the strings, and with a trembling hand drew the bow.

"A leetle more rosum, Sam, fer it squeaks mighty bad," he said.

Again he closed his eyes and drew from the strings one tremulous note. His hand was unsteady and his fingers stiff.

"Try agin, Sam, fer she's a-listenin'," he murmured, "an' this time you must play right."

Plaintive and low were the notes at first, but they grew stronger as he played and beat time with his foot on the sanded floor.

The sun sank lower and lower, and disappeared behind the mainland woods. Old Daisy stood in the barn-yard patiently chewing her cud, and the pigeons on the roof of the barn cooed to their mates. The shadows deepened, the gentle evening breeze died out, and as the wailing notes of the fiddle floated out on the still air darkness fell, and with it one by one the twinkling stars came out.

Yes, she was "a-listenin'."

"Gil, go over to the ole man's, an' see ef he ain't sick; them cows 's been lowin' all this blessed night."

"It's nothin' but ole Daisy lowin' for her calf," responded Gil, and went on putting new hooks on his lines, while his wife with the old-fashioned wheel spun yarn for his winter socks.

"Pap," said little Jimmy, as he left off playing with old Spot, the dog, and leaned against his father's knee, "does cows git lonesome when their calves is gone?"

"I reckon they do, honey; they keep enough fuss."

"An' don't Uncle Sam git lonesome, too?" continued Jimmy.

"Gil, 'tain't no use talkin'. I ain't goin' t' let the ole man stay there by hisself no longer. Ef his own children don't think 'nough o' him t' take care o' him, why I will," broke in Mary Lizzie, stopping the wheel. "This house is too cramped fer us anyway, an' I know Uncle Sam 'll be glad ef we 'll move over there."

"Well, when 'll we move?" said Gil, with his usual drawl. "Sence the fish 's been a-bitin' I ain't had no time to do nothin' but ketch 'em."

"I tell ye, Gil; I 'll go over in the mornin' an' tell him, an' we 'll move on Sat'day. You stop by an' tell Bill Tom t' come over with the cart an' steers an' take the things over."

"Mammy, I kin drive the steers, fer Uncle Sam let me drive 'em clean from the new wrack, yist'day," said Jimmy.

"Mammy's boy must go to bed, fer the sand-man's comin' around," said Mary Lizzie, and pushed the spinning-wheel into the corner. So when Jimmy had kissed his father good-night, she led him to his bed in the loft, where he was soon sound asleep, dreaming of "drivin' the steers on movin' day."

The sunlight streamed in at the open doorway. The chickens clucked and scratched in the moist earth near the well, and in the house Mary Lizzie moved to and fro cleaning up the dishes and putting the room to rights.

Gil had gone out with the fleet before sunrise. The breakfast was finished, and only little Jimmy's meal sat on the stove-hearth.

The long summer day had just begun, and there was much to do. Putting the stone churn on the shelf outside the door, Mary Lizzie shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked across the meadow toward the old man's house to see if he was stirring. She could see that the cottage door was open, and thought she saw him sitting there. The cattle stood in the yard under the shade of the poplars, and along the shore the gulls screamed and dived.

Turning from the door, she looked in the bed-room to see if the baby was still sleeping, and then called from the foot of the stairs: "Jimmy, are you up?"

The patter of bare feet across the floor above told her that he was, and presently the little shock head appeared in the opening.

"Mammy, them swallers in the barn has got young uns. I jest seen 'em an' heerd 'em squeak."

"Have they, honey?" she answered. "Come on down now, an' mammy'll dress you. After you eat your cakes, you can go over to Uncle Sam's an' help 'im haul the drift-wood home."

Down he came, hugging his clothes in a bundle under his arm; and after a few moments, with face washed and hair combed, Jimmy sat down to his breakfast, while his mother sat by the open door paring potatoes for dinner.

"Mammy," he said suddenly, looking up from his plate, "didn't Uncle Sam ever have no folkses?"

Mary Lizzie did not reply, but instead placed the pan of potatoes on the table, and, picking up her sun-bonnet, turned to leave the room.

"Jimmy," she said as she paused in the door-way, "go over to Uncle Sam's an' tell 'im I'll be over by an' by an' git dinner fer him. I'm goin' down in the lot to git some roastin' ears."

Left alone, Jimmy hastily finished his meal, and, putting the old straw hat on his head, started toward the old man's. His round, freckled face was all aglow with pleasure, and his black eyes danced with glee, as he pranced over the white sand, twirling his little whip about his head and shouting: "Whoa! back! gee! Git up thar, Star! Hother, Bright!" as he drove his imaginary steers.

He stopped at the lot and peered between the pales of the fence; but the old man was not there, so he went on.

When he reached the yard he saw the hoe hanging on the fence, and the milk-pail sitting beside the well half-filled with water. The cows were chewing their cuds contentedly except old Daisy, who followed him to the kitchen door. The room was empty, and so still he paused and called aloud: "Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!" But there was no reply. He pushed open the door and went into the best room.

"Uncle Sam!" he called again, when he saw the old man sitting in the rocking-chair by the open door, "Mammy said she was a-comin' over to—" But he stopped, for the stillness scared him.

For a moment he stood silent, and then, approaching the old man, said timidly: "Uncle Sam, are you asleep?"

Getting no reply, he went beside the chair and touched the old man's hand. It was so cold he started back in terror. Half-crying, he called a little louder: "Uncle Sam!" And when the old man's figure did not stir nor speak, he turned and ran from the room as fast as his little legs would carry him.

With tears blinding his eyes he ran through the gate into the road, and as he passed old Daisy lowed mournfully.

Through the briars he went, never minding the scratches on his bare legs; along the sandy path, falling now and then over some projecting root, but picking himself up and hurrying on, until he reached the cottage, and running to his mother's side he buried his head in her lap and cried as if his heart would break.

Taking the frightened child in her arms, and feeling that dread in her heart that she had felt ever since she heard Daisy's mournful low the night before, she tried to soothe him.

"Honey, what's the matter?" she said, patting the tumbled head, and brushing away the tears that came into her own eyes, she knew not why; "did mammy's boy hurt hisself?"

"No!" he sobbed; "Uncle—Sam's—went—to—sleep—an'—won't—wake up."

Why did the mother's heart sink and her face grow pale? Had her good intentions been too long delayed, and was it now too late? Putting the child down she went out.

"Jimmy," she called from the yard, "you go up the shore an' meet Bill Tom, an' tell 'im to come to Uncle Sam's jest as soon as he kin." And then she ran along the narrow path toward the old man's house.

The gate stood open, just as Jimmy had left it. The kitchen door was open too, and as she entered an old hen perched upon the table flew out of the window with a harsh cackle.

She did not dare to call, but passed into the best room, where the silent figure sat in the doorway. She placed her hand upon his forehead. Its chill went to her very heart, and with a sob she sank to her knees beside him.

The old man was not roused by her touch. His head lay upon the cushion Isabel had made long years before. His eyes were closed. The wrinkled face wore a peaceful look, and the gentle wind coming in at the open door blew the few silvery locks from his forehead. His hands still clasped the old fiddle, but the bow had fallen and lay beside him on the floor.

He was dead. His life had gone out at evening like the snuffing of a taper, while the strings of his fiddle vibrated with the last note of the tune.

A NEW SYSTEM OF WRITING FOR THE BLIND.

BY J. A. ZAHM, C.S.C.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS OF M. VENTO, A GRADUATE OF THE SORBONNE, WHO HAS BEEN BLIND FROM HIS BIRTH.

FROM the earliest ages of Christianity those afflicted with the loss of sight have ever been objects of pity and commiseration, but, strange as it may appear, little was done for their instruction and for the amelioration of their condition of dark and perpetual isolation until the end of the last century. Then it was that M. Valentin Haüy, the brother of the illustrious Abbé Haüy, the father of crystallography, entered upon his philanthropic career, and proved to the world not only the possibility, but also the practicability, of the general education of the blind.

In 1784 he inaugurated in Paris the first institution for the education of the blind which had ever been successfully attempted. Previous efforts, it is true, had been made by divers persons to enable the sightless to enjoy some of the advantages of an education, but these were attended with only very limited success. As early as 1670 Padre Lana Terzi, an Italian Jesuit, wrote a treatise on the instruction of the blind, while almost a century later the Abbé Deschamps drew up a plan for their instruction in reading and writing. But these were only tentative efforts which were not destined to issue in any practical or lasting results.

Haüy was the first one who had the happy idea to print in characters which could be recognized by the touch. His first book, *Essay on the Education of the Blind*, printed in raised or relief letters, was published in 1786, and was subsequently translated into English by the blind poet, Dr. Thomas Blacklock. By Haüy's invention the blind were enabled to read with their fingers, but as yet no means had been devised which would enable them to write.

The first one to propose a practical and successful method of writing for the blind was M. Louis Braille, a blind pupil of the *Institut des Jeunes Aveugles* in Paris. This was in 1834.

The merits of Braille's invention were at once recognized, and his system of writing, like Haüy's system of reading, was soon almost universally accepted and employed in the education of the blind. Other systems both for printing and writing soon followed those of Haüy and Braille. Among these are to be noted that of the Abbé Carton—a modification of Braille's—which has had a certain vogue in Belgium. In some of the systems introduced Roman letters, more or less modified, are used. In others, stenographic characters are employed, while in others still a phonetic alphabet is adopted. The systems which have been in most general use in Great Britain and the United States are those devised by Fry, Moon, Alston, and Howe, in all of which the characters deviate more or less widely from Roman letters. In France Braille's system—with the exception of one institution—prevails universally both for printing and writing. It is also extensively used in Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland, while for writing it is employed in almost all the countries of Europe.

Although open to some objections, Braille's system is quite simple both for the purposes of printing and writing. As is well known, all the characters, according to this method, are composed of varying combinations of six dots. But useful as is this system of tangible point writing and printing, and great as are the blessings which it has conferred on the blind, it still leaves much to be desired. It is indeed an advance on the invention of Haüy. This philanthropist made reading possible for the blind; Braille taught them how to write with facility. But designed as it was for the blind, his invention was of little or no service to them when they wished to correspond with those who are blessed with eyesight. Consisting of purely arbitrary signs, entirely different from those composing the ordinary alphabets used by persons endowed with the power of vision, it afforded them no assistance when they desired to communicate with those who were ignorant of the system.

For this reason, notwithstanding all that had been achieved for the behoof and advancement of the blind, it was necessary to make yet another step forward before these hapless people could communicate readily with their more fortunate brethren. It was, in a word, necessary to devise a system which both the blind and the not-blind could readily understand and use. And this invention, important and far-reaching as it is, has actually been effected, although little or nothing has yet been said or heard of it—at least outside of France—where for some years past it has been undergoing a thorough test in a certain private institution which is destined sooner or later to become famous.

The inventor of the new system is a lady—Mlle. Mulot, of Angers, France. The institution wherein the method has been put to the test is a school under the direction of the inventress herself, and is known as *L'École des Jeunes Aveugles.* Wonderful results have already been achieved by the use of the system, and it may be safely predicted that it is only a question of time until it shall supersede all others in both Europe and America. Discarding all the arbitrary signs and symbols which had been hitherto employed, Mlle. Mulot makes use of the ordinary Roman letters, and at once cuts the Gordian knot, which had so long puzzled some of the keenest minds of the educational world. By means of a simple frame, contrived for the purpose, and a blunt style, she has made it possible for the blind to correspond not only with the blind, but also with the seeing with equal readiness and satisfaction. The most astonishing thing about the invention is its simplicity, and like many other extraordinary discoveries, it now seems strange that the idea did not occur to some one long before.

MLLE. MULOT, OF ANGERS.

The frame, or stylographic guide, employed is essentially nothing more than a metal plate —ordinarily, there are two of them, hinged together for the sake of convenience—in which there is a number of square perforations arranged in parallel lines. At each corner of these perforations there are small indentations which enable the writer not only to move his style in and around the aperture, but also permit him to move it up and down, thus forming vertical lines at the right and left of the little squares. By moving the style from one angle to the other of the perforation, or from little notches, cut on the four sides of the square, it is possible to write with the greatest ease and exactness the ordinary letters, large and small, of the Roman alphabet. Thus the letter u is composed of one horizontal and two vertical lines, the letter x of two diagonals, while the letter o is made up of two horizontal and two vertical lines, all slightly curved. For letters like b, d, p, q the writer is obliged to move his style into the proper indentation at one of the corners of the square. Thus, d would be made like the letter o with a prolongation upwards of the vertical line at the right.

When it is desired to use the instrument in writing to the blind, a sheet of letter-paper is placed under it, and above a sheet of blotting-paper, which serves as a cushion. The blind person writes from right to left of the sheet, while the style, by reason of the blotting-paper underneath, brings out the letters in relief on the side opposite that on which they are written. On looking at the reverse side of the written page the letters are seen in their natural position, and are read as in ordinary writing from left to right.

The letters, it is true, are not much raised, but the relief is quite sufficient to enable the delicate, well-trained fingers of the blind to distinguish them with the greatest ease and rapidity. When the matter written is intended for those whose vision has not been lost, a sheet of carbon-paper is placed between the cushion, or blotting-paper, and the paper on which the characters are written. The letters are then not only brought out in relief, as before, but they are likewise colored, as they are on the printed page from a type-writing machine.

So simple and so accurate is the method that even little children are, by its means, enabled to become expert writers in a comparatively short time. When ordinary care is taken the letters made are of unvarying uniformity, and may even be of mechanical exactness. All the lines of the written page must be parallel, because the perforations in the frame are parallel; and the letters must be uniform, because all the little squares in the plate are of the same unvarying size. For this reason a page written with the aid of Mlle. Mulot's device is not only perfectly legible to any one capable of reading ordinary writing, but it also exhibits far more regularity than is possible when the style or pen is held in the unguided hand.

But remarkable as is the facility with which the blind can write with this machine, the rapidity with which they can form letters is even more astonishing. By frequent trials it has been demonstrated that they can take down ordinary dictations without difficulty, and with fully as great accuracy as those who have the use of their eyes. Already in a number of instances the pupils of Mlle. Mulot's school have presented themselves before the government examining boards, and, without having had any favor shown them, have acquitted themselves quite as creditably as their more fortunate companions.

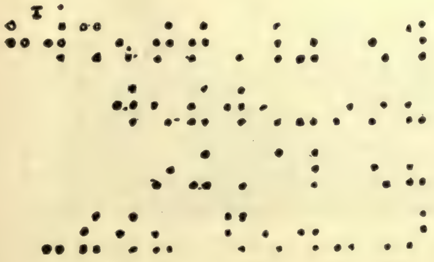
These successes, but little known yet outside the circle of a few friends of Mlle. Mulot and her enterprising school, open up a grand vista to the educator and the humanitarian. Something that was impossible a few years ago—the education of the blind alongside those who are not blind—is now quite possible, and it will not be long, I trust, before they shall enjoy all the advantages which the new system is capable of affording them. Anything that can be taught by dictation can, by the new method, be learned almost as well and as quickly by the blind as by the sighted. It is, indeed, difficult fully to realize as yet all the benefits that would follow from the general adoption of the new method, and to forecast the great amelioration that would result thereby in the condition of the blind. One of the most pitiful consequences of their misfortune—isolation—would at once be removed, and a new world of enjoyment and usefulness would, in consequence, be opened to them. Not only would the intensity of their affliction immeasurably be diminished, by thus being able to associate with their more favored brethren, but the world would also don a brighter aspect to the friends and relatives of such unfortunates.

But it may be asked, "Why is it that a system which presents such marked advantages over all other systems has not been adopted ere this—at least in France, where those interested in such matters should surely be cognizant of its merits?" It is the old story of petty jealousy and the unwillingness on the part of the self-complacent officials of state institutions to admit that anything good can come from private enterprise or individual initiative. The professors and managers of the National Institute for the blind in Paris are not unaware of the superiority of Mlle. Mulot's system, but their pride forbids them to acknowledge that the method followed in the humble little Catholic school of Angers is superior to that adopted in the institutions of the nation, or that the happy idea of a woman has enabled her to accomplish what men had striven for but in vain, and what they themselves, were they but honest, would have been glad to achieve, had they but been blessed with such good fortune as has been vouchsafed to her whose invention they affect to ignore and despise. Such ignoble jealousy and such tenacious conservation of antiquated methods in the face of others which are demonstrably simpler and better, are at all times reprehensible, but doubly and trebly so when they affect the well-being and progress of countless thousands of our sightless fellow-creatures. But truth and justice always triumph and real merit is sure to be recognized sooner or later. One need not, then, be a seer to predict that it is only a question of time, and, I trust, but for a very short time, until the beneficent system of Mlle. Mulot shall be known and adopted not only in France, but in all the institutes for the blind throughout the civilized world.

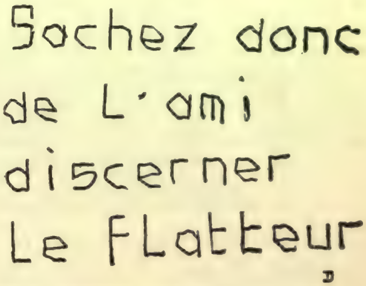
What precedes may seem to some an exaggeration of the merits of the new system, and yet I am far from having exhausted all that might be said in its favor. A comparison of a specimen of writing according to Braille's system with one according to the system devised by Mlle. Mulot, together with an illustration of the results which one is capable of attaining by following the new method, will prove incontestably that all that has so far been said in its behalf is based on facts which speak more eloquently than words.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE METHOD OF M. BRAILLE AND THAT OF MLLE. MULOT.

In the following specimens of writing the first is according



BRAILLE'S SYSTEM OF WRITING FOR THE BLIND.



MLLE. MULOT'S SYSTEM OF WRITING FOR THE BLIND.

to Braille's method, and the second according to that introduced by Mlle. Mulot. In the first the letters are composed of a certain number of dots variously arranged and designed solely for the blind. In the second specimen the characters employed are ordinary Roman letters and are readily recognized by all who have the use of their eyes, and are as easily, if not more easily, distinguished by the blind as are the dots or raised points of the former. The first specimen is intelligible only to the sightless who are familiar with Braille's method; the second is read alike by the blind and the not-blind, and thus it affords a means of communication between the two classes of persons that is not furnished by the older system.

The proposition in both examples given is the same and in both instances is expressed in French. Translated into English it reads: "Learn, then, to distinguish a friend from a flatterer."

I have already stated that some of the pupils of *L'École des Jeunes Aveugles* at Angers have had their ability as well as the system they followed fully tested by the examiners of the government schools, and that they have stood the test in a most surprising manner.

But a far more remarkable illustration of the superior merits of the new system is supplied by the signal success of one of the pupils of Mlle. Mulot, M. Vento, a young man who has been blind from his birth.

M. VENTO.

M. Vento was a studious pupil and bright, although one would not say that he was exceptionally talented. Having pursued his studies in the school of Mlle. Mulot as far as she was able to take him, it was his good fortune to fall into the hands of Rev. Father Goupille, C.S.C., the present learned and sympathetic rector of the College of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Neuilly, near Paris. The good father's interest was at once aroused, and he immediately resolved to attempt what at first sight would appear almost visionary. He had examined Mlle. Mulot's system and recognized its capabilities; he had confidence in the intelligence and industry of M. Vento, and he accordingly determined to take him through a full classical course and prepare him for passing an examination and for taking his baccalaureate in the Sorbonne.

No one had ever entered upon such an undertaking before, or if any one did, there is no record left of final success. Both teacher and pupil went to work with a will. Father Goupille took his pupil—*mon aveugle*, as he always affectionately called him—through a thorough course of Greek, Latin, and French literature. The blind man was introduced to the beauties of Homer and Virgil, and made familiar with the choicest specimens of poesy and eloquence; ancient and modern history, logic and philosophy, he likewise mastered, and in a way that surprised all who knew him. Science and mathematics he had studied before he met Father Goupille.

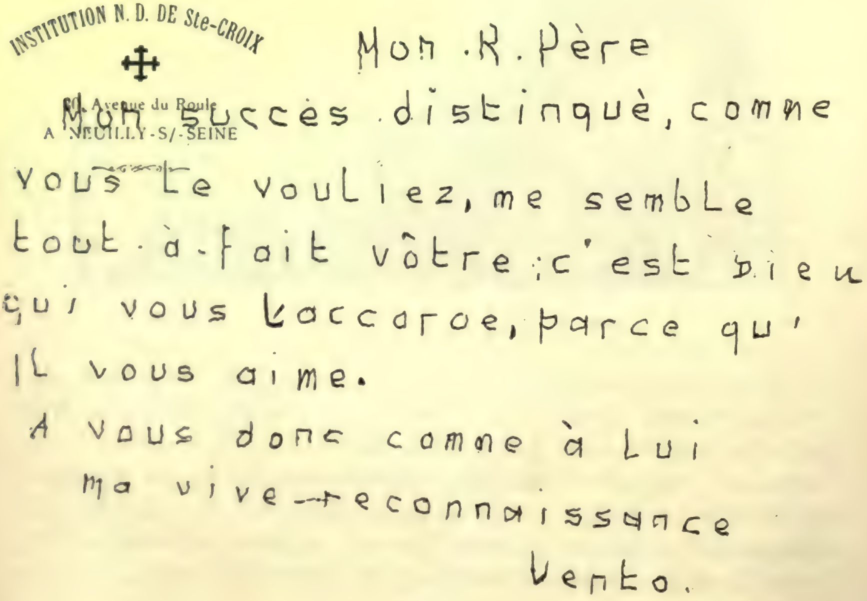
FATHER GOUPILLE.

In due course of time M. Vento was ready to present himself for his degree. "Will your pupil be able to pass his examination?" I asked Father Goupille a few days before M. Vento faced his examiners in the halls of the Sorbonne. "*Sans* *doute*"—without doubt—he instantly replied. "Not only will he pass, but he will acquit himself with marked distinction." I thought at the time that he was a little over-sanguine, but subsequent events proved that I was mistaken.

A few weeks ago, early in the morning, Father Goupille, his pupil, and Mlle. Mulot started for the Sorbonne. As I saw them setting out for this venerable seat of learning, I was, I must confess, quite curious to know what would be the result of their undertaking. On their part, however, there was neither doubt nor trepidation; for on the faces of all three one could read the imprint of hope and confidence—the confidence that comes from a consciousness of knowledge and power.

The examiners of the Sorbonne were astonished beyond measure to see a blind man before them an applicant for a degree, but they could not discriminate against him on account of his misfortune; neither could they show him any special favor. This last M. Vento neither expected nor desired. The same questions, accordingly, were given to him as were put to other candidates for a similar degree. The learned professors were amazed at the readiness and accuracy of the blind man's answers, and the facility and exactness with which he wrote his versions from Latin and Greek.

The result was, as Father Goupille had predicted it would be, a glorious success. It was a splendid triumph for pupil and



INSTITUTION N. D. DE Ste-CROIX
✠
[illegible] Avenue du Roule
A NEUILLY-S/-SEINE

Mon R. Père

Mon succès distinquè, comme vous le vouliez, me semble tout-à-fait vôtre; c'est Dieu qui vous l'accorde, parce qu' il vous aime.

A vous donc comme à Lui ma vive reconnaissance

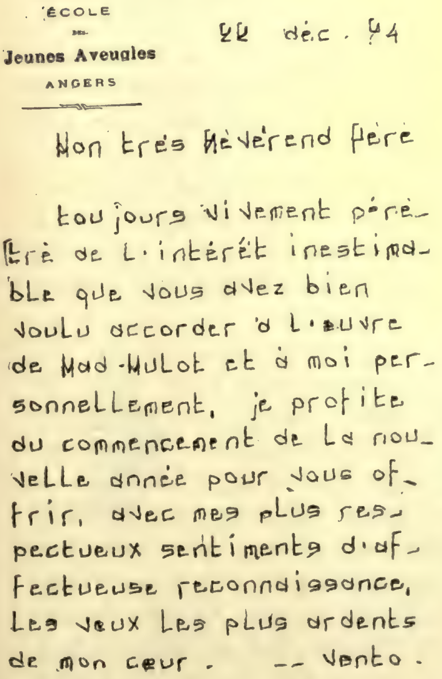
Vento.

teacher. Above all, it was the most striking and conclusive proof of the superiority of the system devised by Mlle. Mulot for the education of the blind.

A short note from M. Vento to Father Goupille, written immediately after the result of the examination was made known, announces the issue of their joint efforts in words as simple as they are touching. I give (on preceding page) the note in French, with the subjoined translation:

REV. FATHER: My distinguished success, as you desired it, seems to me to be entirely yours; it is God who accords it to you because He loves you. To you, then, as to Him, my lively gratitude.
VENTO.

I append two more letters as specimens of what can be done by students who follow the system I have been describing. The first is a New Year's greeting from M. Vento to Very Rev. Father Français, C.S.C., superior-general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross—who has always been a special friend of *L'École des Jeunes Aveugles* at Angers—and the other is a similar letter from one of the children of Mlle. Mulot's interesting institute. Not even the most exacting could demand

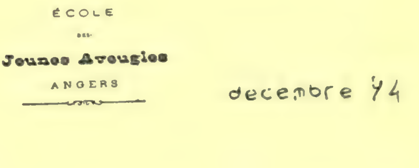


ÉCOLE
DES
Jeunes Aveugles
ANGERS

22 déc. 94

Mon trés Révérend Père

toujours vivement pénétré de l'intérêt inestimable que vous avez bien voulu accorder à l'œuvre de Mad. Mulot et à moi personnellement, je profite du commencement de la nouvelle année pour vous offrir, avec mes plus respectueux sentiments d'affectueuse reconnaissance, les vœux les plus ardents de mon cœur. — Vento.



ÉCOLE
DES
Jeunes Aveugles
ANGERS

decembre 94

Les petits aveugles d'Angers demandent tous les jours dans leur priere

du matin et du soir, que le Bon Dieu benisse la Congrégation de Ste Croix; ils envoient à chacun de ses Menbres en particulier leurs meilleurs vœux de bonne et heureuse année

Joseph Bécot.

stronger evidence of the superiority of the new system. Neither letter was written for public inspection, much less for the press, and yet they will bear the most searching criticism that the opponents of Mlle. Mulot are capable of making.

From the foregoing it will be seen that a new era has dawned for those who have so long lived in darkness and isolation. Mlle. Mulot's invention is destined, so soon as it is properly known and appreciated, to revolutionize completely the methods at present followed in the instruction of the blind. She has accomplished a work that will secure for her the gratitude of countless thousands, and will place her among such noble benefactors of humanity as Haüy, Braille, and the Abbés de L'Epee and Sicard—all, like herself, devoted children of Holy Church—who have contributed so much towards the amelioration of the condition of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and who have made it possible for these unfortunates to enjoy many of those pleasures and blessings of life which were before entirely closed to them.

When one remembers what a large percentage of our race is afflicted with blindness—one in one thousand in temperate climates and a still larger proportion in other latitudes—one will realize more fully the greatness of the benefits that must accrue from the general introduction of Mlle. Mulot's method of writing. It puts within the reach of all who are deprived of sight a means of communication with their fellow-men, and of acquiring an education in the higher branches of knowledge that a short time ago would have been deemed impossible.

In times past, indeed, great things were achieved by the sightless. Huber, the celebrated naturalist, was blind from his youth. Theresa von Paradis, the noted pianist and composer, was blind from her childhood. Nicholas Sanderson, the successor of Newton in the chair of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, was blind from his infancy. Nicaise, of Mechlin, and Peter Pontanus, deprived of vision when they were but three years of age, won distinction in law and divinity, philosophy and literature. Margaret of Ravenna and Frances Brown lost their sight when but a few months old, but notwithstanding this they were able to attain to eminence in theology and morals, poetry and fiction. John Metcalf became blind at the age of six and John Gough at the age of three, and yet the former was afterwards distinguished as a road surveyor and contractor, while the latter became famous as a botanist and a natural philosopher. The Bohemian patriot, Zisca, was celebrated as a military genius, and, nevertheless, it is said of him that "he was more dreaded by his enemies after he became blind than before."

But all the persons just named achieved success by the sheer force of genius. Mlle. Mulot has, by her invention, put it in the power of any one, possessing ordinary industry and perseverance, to accomplish what only those dowered with extraordinary talents and energy would otherwise attempt. She has given a spur to the ambition of the sightless, ennobled their aspirations, and fortified their courage. She has shown them that labor and determination may, at least in a measure, replace genius in the intellectual world, and that their privation, great as it may seem, is not without numerous and important compensating advantages. All honor, therefore, to her and to the generous and sympathetic friends who have so nobly seconded her efforts in her work of mercy and charity. May she live to see the system, which she has labored so assiduously to perfect, adopted throughout the world, and may she be permitted also to enjoy at least the recompense of appreciation which is so frequently, alas! withheld from the greatest of the world's benefactors!

Notre Dame University.

DE PROFUNDIS IN TENEBRIS.

BY V. D. ROSSMAN.

IN dark and torturous doubt my way I grope:
Could I but see the light, the guiding light!
O God, dear God! my blinded eyes pray ope,
And put an end unto this awful night!
Lo! here upon my knees, prone in the dust,
I bow my wretched head and pray to Thee,
That I may feel that trust, that saving trust,
Which fills the good man's soul with ecstasy.
That settles on his heart eternal peace,
And chases from his mind all thoughts of woe.
I feel that soon my wretchedness must cease;
That soon the God of Comfort I shall know:
I must think this, I must feel so! O send
The light, kind Heav'n—the darkness rend!

MILER THE APOSTATE.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

NEARLY everybody who has visited the celebrated penitential resort known as "St. Patrick's Purgatory," on the little island of Lough Derg, Donegal, knows the tract of mingled arable and heather, meadow and bog, that stretches southward to where the lower Lough Erne expands its bright shield, bedecked with emerald bosses.

This tract formed the termon, or church lands, of Saint Daveoc of Lough Derg. Its revenues went to support the ascetic community on the little penitential island, which in olden days was a famous resort of pilgrims from near and far, including many noble knights from England, France, and Spain. The Magrath family, resident in the neighborhood, were the erenachs, that is hereditary guardians or wardens, of this bit of church property, which was consequently known as Termon Magrath.

Early in the sixteenth century one of these good Magraths of Termon Magrath—the place lies on the romantic border of Tirconnell and Fermanagh—had born unto him a son. The infant at its christening had its head tonsured, according to the pious old Irish custom in dedicating children to saints, and was named Maolmuirre, meaning "tonsured servant of Mary," usually shortened to Miler.

MILER THE MONK.

A more extraordinary and grotesque character than this Miler Magrath is not to be found in all the checkered pages of Irish history. Yet his personality is but little known to the general student; the peculiar niche he occupies is wrapped in rather sinister gloom.

The three grim witches, ambition, avarice, and cunning, gathered round his cradle on the bank of Lough Erne, and afterwards followed him persistently through life. Yet, with a less sombre doom than Macbeth's under like conditions, he seems to have eventually wriggled from beneath their unholy spell and cheated them and the devil to boot in the end.

His parents intended young Miler for the church. His own ideas lay in that direction also, but his motives in entering religion have been severely interpreted. In pursuit of his studies he went to the Continent. At an early age he entered the order of St. Francis, taking the usual solemn vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty. There was no nobler class of men than the Irish Franciscans of that time, heroic, talented, and devoted. Unfortunately, Brother Miler proved an exception to the order. Scarcely had he donned the rough habit and knotted cord ere he entered with avidity upon the long struggle for power, place, and pelf that made him the most noted man of his time in this respect.

Clever and obsequious, he fawned his way into the good graces of influential personages in Spain and Holland. At length, in deference to most flattering recommendations, Pope Pius V. appointed him Bishop of St. Patrick's ancient see of Down, in Ireland, October 12, 1565.

So, at the age of forty-three, Bishop Miler Magrath set out to take possession of his diocese, carrying, it is said, the apostolic letters pendant in a pyx or burse upon his breast.

MILER THE BISHOP.

Arriving in Ireland, the new bishop found sundry serious obstacles in his way. More than twenty years previously King Henry VIII. had suppressed the monasteries. The bells no longer rang the Angelus from the lofty campaniles; the poor no longer gathered for relief at the convent wickets. And now Queen Elizabeth was following up the work inaugurated by her sire of the many wives; her priest-catchers were hard on the scent of bishop and friar. Queen's bishops, chiefly apostate friars consecrated by other apostate friars, held possession of various sees. Down was as yet unprovided with one of these, but in the face of a strong English Protestant colony Miler dared not venture to take possession; his predecessor, Bishop Eugene Magennis, had held the temporalities of the see only by first swearing that Henry VIII., and not the Pope, was the true head of the church; and secondly, by becoming Protestant altogether—an example in which he had been followed by one other member of the native Irish hierarchy.

Under these conditions Bishop Magrath thought well to take refuge in the "Irish country," where English law and English reformers dared not penetrate. In Tyrone, amid warlike hosts of gallowglasses in conical helmets and long coats of chain-mail, kernes in their voluminous yellow shirts, and Scots in their plaids, with the haughty "Red Hand" of O'Neill waving defiantly in the breeze, he received rough-and-ready welcome from the terrible Shane the Proud.

MILER THE FORGER.

In Ulster at this time was the venerable Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. Although practically under the protection of Shane the Proud, this did not deter Archbishop Creagh from rebuking the fiery Ulster chieftain for the excesses committed in his wars. In August, 1566, Miler Magrath was present at an interview between the archbishop and Shane at Inish-Darell, near Cloondarell, in the county Armagh. That very year Shane's followers had hanged a priest during their raid against O'Donnell. No doubt the primate's reproof was grave and incisive; probably the prince's retort was characteristically hot and haughty. Anyhow, the ambitious Miler craftily determined to turn their dispute to his own advantage. He formed a vile plot. Evidently he aimed at the deposition of the archbishop and his own appointment in his stead. He forged some letters, "purporting to be written by the primate," says he who tells the story, "containing horrible things and evil counsels most foreign to his nature." These letters Miler forwarded to Rome, basing on them a series of false and malicious charges against the primate. It was an attempt as clumsy as mean. The Vatican experts soon discovered that the hand that wrote the charges was the same that had written the letters.

Prompt on the detection of his crime Miler fled, a disappointed place-hunter and baffled forger, to England.

MILER'S RECANTATION.

The following summer was productive of sensational events in Ireland. Primate Creagh, with the government bandogs hot on his footsteps, made his way into Connaught, where he was treacherously seized and delivered to the queen's officers by O'Shaughnessy of Galway, a contemptible native chieftain. O'Shaughnessy received a special letter of thanks from Elizabeth for his miserable act, and the poor primate was conveyed for imprisonment to London Tower, to pine there in chains for eighteen long years.

On May 31, 1567, exactly a month after the primate's arrest, Bishop Miler Magrath, in the church of Drogheda, under the protection of English spears and muskets, read his recantation of faith, renounced the "errors of Popery," and declared himself a loyal Protestant.

A few weeks later the haughty head of Shane the Proud, treacherously slain by the Scots of Antrim, was drenched in preserving tar and spiked on the battlements of Dublin Castle. Tyrone, bereft of its native prince, fell for the time being under English influences.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOR.

Miler's apostasy was not immediately followed by any special token of royal recognition ; Elizabeth did not confirm his appointment by the pope to the see of Down ; instead she assigned that see to her own chaplain, John Merriman. The 'verted prelate experienced nearly three years of suspense and chagrin. Then his preliminary reward reached him in the shape of a welcome letter from the queen dated May 18, 1570, appointing him bishop of his native diocese of Clogher, in possession of which he was confirmed by royal grant of September 16 following.

Much more feudal than religious in character was his installation in the ancient cathedral of St. Maccartin, built where formerly stood the celebrated *cloch oir*, or gold-adorned stone, which in pagan times was said to utter oracles and which gave name to the northern diocese. A military escort protected him, an unnecessary precaution ; the native Irish, though indignant at the action of the apostates among their clergy, nevertheless respected their ordained persons. Although many of the Catholic clergy were arrested and put to death, often with cruel torture, by the Reformers, in no known instance did the Irish Catholics retaliate in kind. Besides, in Clogher the people were partly inured to episcopal infidelity ; Miler's predecessor in the see, namely Hugh O'Kervallan or O'Carroll, Shane O'Neill's bishop, had sworn that Henry VIII. was the true head of the church. So, surrounded by bristling spears, Miler Magrath re-entered the province from which a few years previously he had fled a disgraced and malicious forger.

IS MADE ARCHBISHOP.

Not quite six months had he enjoyed the temporalities of Clogher when he received an additional and far more substantial mark of the royal bounty. This was his appointment in February, 1571, as archbishop of the united sees of Cashel and Emly, in Munster. Southward accordingly he went and took possession of the beautiful pile of ecclesiastical buildings on the lofty, historic rock where of old the kings of Munster had collected their tributes. It was an uneasy time in the south. From the windows of the high cathedral he could see bodies of troops in motion, plumed knights careering over the plain, and the smoke of burnings in the distance. The English were trying to suppress the revolted Geraldines. Red war was afoot, and it might at any time roll up to the venerable Rock of Cashel. This, in fact, had happened a few years before, when, on the repulse of the English, the townsmen of Cashel admitted the pope's archbishop—a fearless and aggressive Mayo man, by name Maurice MacGibbon, surnamed Reagh, or the Strong—who compelled the queen's archbishop, one James M'Caghwell, to walk in procession to the cathedral and to assist in the choir during the celebration of Mass. Some English writers state, but with little appearance of truth, that on that occasion the pope's archbishop attacked and seriously wounded the queen's archbishop. But now the energetic Maurice the Strong was absent in Spain, urgently seeking military aid for the Catholic cause in Ireland—he died at Oporto in 1578—and the Geraldines were eventually compelled to retire into the fastnesses of the Glen of Aherlow; so that Archbishop Miler felt comparatively secure—so secure, indeed, that he felt called upon to thoroughly fill the *rôle* of reformed prelate by taking unto himself a wife.

MILER AND HIS BETTER-HALF.

The partner he selected was a girl of the O'Mearas—Christian name Annie. The event evoked a burst of popular indignation and ridicule, some of which was embodied in a rough satire, "The Apostasy of Miler Magrath," written about the year 1577 by a Franciscan friar named Owen O'Duffy. He taunts Magrath with being false to his name, Miler or Maolmuirre, the tonsured servant of Mary:

"He is not the Miler of Mary, but the Miler of Annie. . . . Miler without Mary, Mary without Miler, is your name for ever. Miler has forsaken the Virgin for Annie, and bartered his faith for flesh on Fridays. I congratulate the Virgin that Miler has forsaken her, the Queen of Heaven of the face benign. O Annie! whose cousin I should be sorry to be, I cannot congratulate you on your swarthy Miler."

The friar advocates a series of judicious thumps as a means of bringing sundry backsliders, Miler included, to a sense of their transgressions. The following, by the late John O'Daly, is a translation of some of the verses:

"To William O'Casey, the potent
By the aid of the Saxon—not by God's—
Give him a stunning clencher on the ear
In the halls of the castle of Dublin.

"The blessing of the hosts I will ever pray
On the immaculate daughter of Anna, the spotless,
If she gives a box or two to Conor O'Brennan,
The swarthy, the black and hideous monster.

"To the friar whose religion is false,
To Miler Magrath the apostate,
Until he submit to God's word, the boor,
Give him a box on each big jaw."

Probably Miler laughed in indifference at these quaint attacks. He had a certain stock of grim sarcasm himself. One Friday, sitting at dinner with his wife, he noticed she did not eat and inquired if she were ill.

"No," she replied; "but I don't think it is right to eat meat on Friday."

"You may as well eat it," he assured her, with a grin on his swarthy face as he cut into his succulent steak; "abstaining will do you no good now; you're sure to go to hell anyhow for having married me."

He entered upon a very free and festive existence, pursuing various pleasures with a zest strange in one who had spent so many ascetic years in the garb of a Franciscan. Hunting was a favorite pastime of his; in Clogher he kept a pack of hounds, which he billeted, with their huntsmen, upon that diocese. "A man of uncertain faith and credit and of depraved life," is the way Camden describes him.

Annie O'Meara did not long survive her marriage, and Miler married again.

He was by no means a rampant persecutor of the ancient faith. Many a time a hint dropped to his wife, who sympathized with the hunted bishops and *soggarths*, enabled those ecclesiastics to escape from danger.

His old mother, from the County Fermanagh, felt her faith waver as her end approached. She therefore asked her sagacious son the archbishop, as being acquainted with both religions, which one he would advise her to die in.

"Mother, confess your sins and get yourself anointed," was the answer.

Tradition relates that, riding out one day in the direction of Golden, he saw a poor man dying by the roadside. Dismounting he inquired if the man was a Catholic or a Protestant; on being told that he was a Catholic he gave him absolution, then brought forth his yet undiscarded oil-stocks and gave him extreme unction. The place of the occurrence is still pointed out, and is called Knock-an-ulla, the hill of the oil.

A RAVENOUS GRABBER.

All this goes to show that the man was still a Catholic in principle, sometimes even in practice; he was a professed Protestant for the purpose of glutting his insatiable avarice, and this he did by an awful devouring of church-lands. Possibly he philosophically argued with himself that the fat revenues accruing from religious benefices might be as well enjoyed by an unscrupulous Irishman as by some greedy English robber. Keen as a vulture in quest of prey, he was continually striving after vacant dioceses and livings. He persistently urged his merits and claims, and this with signal success. In 1582 he obtained from the queen a commendatory grant of the fine sees of Waterford and Lismore. Yet was he discontent. To Burleigh, lord high treasurer of England, he expressed his chagrin at not getting the deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and the bishopric of Limerick, which he preferred to Waterford: "I may say with the prophet," he wrote, "thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness. I look for some one to have pity on me, but there is no man, neither have I any to comfort me."

By this time, through the barbarous war levied by Lord Deputy Gray against the Irish, the fair province of Munster presented a frightful and mournful spectacle. From Cashel to the west of Kerry could scarcely be heard the lowing of a cow or the voice of a ploughman. Hundreds of villages lay in blackened ruins; thousands of corpses of men, women, and children lay unburied; others swung from the boughs of trees. Feeble, emaciated men, wasted almost to skeletons by English-created famine, hid in the woods and crept forth now and then on their hands and knees in eager quest of a patch of sorrel or watercress, for there was nothing else eatable to be had.

"They did eat the dead carrion, happy where they could find them; yea and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves." So wrote the celebrated Elizabethan poet and enterprising plunderer, Edmund Spenser, some time secretary to the fanatical butcher Lord Gray, who had effected the bloody desolation of Munster and whose treacherous cruelty was a by-word throughout Europe. Spenser received a "grant" of lands robbed from the native Irish. So also did his colleague, the polished pirate, Walter Raleigh, who fleshed his maiden sword on disarmed men in that dark campaign.

It was to Raleigh that Archbishop Miler Magrath barefacedly disposed of the fine castle and manor of Lismore, the bishop's residence, at an annual rent of £13 6*s.* 8*d.* When Raleigh was beheaded this property fell into the voracious maw of the greatest land-grabber of his time, Boyle, Earl of Cork. Of course Miler had no right to alienate it; the transfer was practically a piece of church-robbery; but, if the transaction were attended with impunity, he would very probably have done the same with grand old Cashel itself, rock, buildings, and all.

MILER'S COADJUTOR.

Still apprehensive of danger from his fellow-countrymen, Miler now habitually wore a suit of armor and went about accompanied by an armed body-guard. A fresh outbreak of Geraldine warfare made his heart beat with fear under his steel corselet. He fled for safety to England. To minister to the wants of his flock, such as it was, in Cashel, Miler left a coadjutor named William Knight. The coadjutor, a pleasure-loving soul, was grievously addicted to the bottle. He drank so freely and often that, says Ware, he "excited the scorn and derision of the people." Then he too fled to England.

Coadjutor Knight was not alone in his genial weakness amongst his brethren of the new church in Ireland. Poet Edmund Spenser, himself a Protestant, describes the characteristics of the Reformed pastors in general, as he found them. "Whatever disorders you see in the Established Church in England," says he, "you may find here, and many more, namely, gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinence, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman."

TORTURE AND DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP O'HURLEY.

About this time a new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, the successor of Maurice the Strong, arrived in Ireland. This was the learned and eloquent Dermod O'Hurley. The queen's emissaries were soon eager on his trail, and they eventually seized him at Carrick-on-Suir, not many miles from the historic rock on which he hoped to some day celebrate Mass. They carried him to Dublin for trial before Adam Loftus, the Protestant archbishop, who was also lord-justice of Ireland. The latter did his utmost, in the way of urging O'Hurley to renounce the authority of the pope and to acknowledge the queen as the head of the church, to save the life of his venerable prisoner; but the religious constancy of the Catholic Archbishop of Cashel was not to be shaken. Consequently he was doomed to a fearful lingering death by torture.

He was bound to a stake, his feet and thighs smeared with butter, salt, oil, sulphur, pitch, and ardent spirits, then set fire to. Whenever he fainted in his agony the flames that enwrapped his limbs were extinguished and restoratives were administered; when these had taken effect the match was again applied. Daily for five days these horrible torments were inflicted upon Archbishop O'Hurley, "till his muscles and arteries were melted in the flame and the teguments of his bones were consumed," says one account of this ghastly cruelty. On the fifth day the prelate's poor, half-incinerated frame was drawn forth at dawn to Stephen's Green, where he was finally tortured and then strangled to death.

This was one Elizabethan method of dealing with prelates and friars in the year of the Lord 1583.

Meantime Miler was enjoying himself in London, where at the same time his coadjutor, Knight, was probably reeling through the taverns of Cheapside.

ARCHBISHOP CREAGH POISONED.

In London Miler bobs up now and then, especially in the cells of Irish captives about being done to death. His *rôle* was that of exhorter and "converter." In this way he had the repulsive audacity to visit the aged primate of Ireland, Richard Creagh, whose character he had tried to blacken, as previously narrated, by means of forged letters to the court of Rome, and who was now drawing out his weary days in a cell in London Tower.

On the part of the queen and council of England, Miler proffered the imprisoned primate pardon, release, wealth, and honor if he would renounce the jurisdiction of the pope and acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Elizabeth; easy conditions enough, no doubt thought Miler, judging the primate by his own elastic conscience. Probably he pitied the hoary captive; probably he regarded him as a senile fool for choosing to remain in a gloomy cell when a word would give him freedom and sunlight.

But the primate answered his old enemy the ex-forger in dignified refusal and reproof, and concluded, "Leave my presence."

Soon afterwards it was decided to get rid of this sturdy and devoted ecclesiastic, whom eighteen years' close incarceration had utterly failed to subdue. Accordingly Jailer Cully administered to him poison in some cheese, and Primate Creagh breathed forth his gallant soul on October 14, 1585.

MILER'S NOTE OF WARNING.

Meanwhile the flames of religious persecution raged in Ireland. To give him his bare due, Miler felt sorry and concerned for his old colleagues of the Catholic faith. His timely advice and warning kept many of them out of the clutches of the queen's torturers and executioners. Probably at times a mental vision of the agonized face and charred limbs of poor Archbishop O'Hurley rose appealingly before him and awakened pangs of remorseful sympathy. He knew that his wife had priests and even bishops in hiding in his house at Cashel, and while professing to be zealous as to the arrest and punishment of all such persons, he wrote to her in their behalf inculcating extreme wariness. Here is a specimen letter:

"LOVING WIFE: I have already resolved you in my mind touching my cousin, Darby Creagh (Catholic Bishop of Cork and Cloyne); and I desire you now to cause his friends to send him out of the whole country, if they may; or if not, to send my orders, for that there is such search to be made for him that, unless he be wise, he shall be taken; and to send from my house all the priests that you are wont to have. Use well my gossip Malachias, for that I did as much as I was able to bring him out of his trouble here. Accomplish the contents of my other letters, and burn this presently, and all the letters that you know yourself. Fail not of this, as you love me and yourself. From Greenwich, this 26th of June, 1592.

"Your loving husband, MILERIUS AR. CASHEL."

This admonitory document, which is preserved in the English state papers, fell into the hands of the lord-deputy of Ireland, who consequently exposed to Burleigh the "great shams of service" that were being made by Miler Magrath. But the latter managed to explain things so as to weather the storm.

A RENEGADE GERALDINE.

In 1600 we find Miler promoting a wily but vain plot for the betrayal and capture of "the Sugane Earl," the Geraldine leader. In the same year we find him riding in his coat of mail, in the midst of his body-guard, into Kilmallock, introducing to the Geraldine clansmen the young son of their late unhappy earl. Doors, windows, roofs, and roadways were crowded with applauding adherents of the chivalrous house of Fitzgerald; but lo! as soon as it was discovered that the heir of the Desmonds had been brought up according to English ideas and in the English faith the cheers turned into groans and revilings. Miler's *coup* was miserably fruitless, and the 'verted young Geraldine, thus vehemently repudiated by his people, was recalled to England, where he died shortly afterwards. Munster remained unwon to the English crown.

Next year, however, when the disastrous battle of Kinsale wrecked the hopes of the Irish chieftains, the whole island was brought under British dominion. Now at length, after a long interval, Miler could penetrate into Ulster, lay claim to the revenues of his diocese of Clogher, and particularly to the ownership of his ancestral territory of Termon Magrath. This latter he set about by the erection of a strong, spacious, and stately castle, finer than any Magrath of Fermanagh had ever lived in before. The ruins of Termon Magrath castle still stand on the verdant northern shore of Lough Erne, a remarkable object in the landscape and a massive monument to the memory of the builder.

MADE BISHOP OF KILLALA AND ACHONRY.

Having held the sees of Waterford and Lismore for twenty-five years, Miler relinquished them, or what was left of them after his numerous sales and cuttings, in 1607, in consideration of getting instead the united sees of Killala and Achonry, in Connaught, just rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Owen O'Connor, brother of O'Connor Sligo, and, like Miler, an apostate Franciscan.

Together with these dioceses, the insatiate Miler secured the special revenues of the vicarage of Kilmacallan; the rectory of Infra Duos Pontes, in Elphin; the rectories of Castle Conor and Skreen in Killala, and the prebend of Dougherne, with the rectory of Kilorhin in the diocese of Achonry.

William Flanagan, who was Miler's dean, had twenty-five livings in Killala and Achonry, in a few of which he served only a couple of times in the year, in some not at all, while in others he never set foot. Miler's archdeacon was one Dermot Ultagh (or the Ulsterman, modernized to McNulty), who could not read either English, Irish, or Latin, as was found on a visitation by royal commissioners. Archdeacon Ultagh held the lands of Kilturra and at least two other livings. Both dean and archdeacon were probably imported by Miler from Fermanagh and chosen from among his connections.

Our prelate saw that his children were pretty "well fixed." His wife had reared them Catholics, but that did not matter much if they inherited their sire's adaptability. His son Andrew had eleven or twelve livings in Achonry diocese, including Attymass, Strade, Killasser, Kilconduff, Bohola, Kilbeagh, and Kilcoleman, as well as sundry livings in other places. Another son, James, a layman, got from his father the four quarters of Skreen, half quarter of Dromard, and other church-lands, which he held till August 8, 1634, when Bishop Hamilton got a decree of the Court of Exchequer for their recovery.

The royal commissioners of 1615 sought to make Miler give some account of his revenues from the various dioceses and livings, and of his sales and transfers of church property, but their quest was mostly in vain. Stray stories of the archbishop's methods and exactions cropped up here and there. Henry Piers, or Perse, told the commissioners in reference to the rectories of Skreen and Castle Conor, that "those two parsonages were found by office to be impropriate, and he purchased them; but yet, soon after the preferment of this archbishop (Magrath) to Killala and Achonry, he was forced to give unto the archbishop, to stop his mouth, one hundred pounds"—to which, by the way, Miler was at least entitled according to law, for these were church-lands anyhow.

MILER CALLS IN THE PRIEST.

But now something more serious than the acquirement and holding of church-livings began to exercise the mind of Archbishop Magrath. He was getting old; his suit of armor had grown too heavy for his worn frame; he could no longer ride merrily to the hounds and enjoy the chase of the deer and roe. He was old and feeble, and he fancied the end was drawing near. Reminiscences of his early life in the cloisters haunted him; thoughts of the other world filled him with uneasiness; he shrunk in terror from the doom of the apostate; he secretly sent for a Catholic priest!

Father Maurice Ultan, provincial of the Irish Franciscans, was the clergyman who listened in amazement to Miler's petition to be readmitted to the Catholic Church. The good father immediately wrote for advice to the papal nuncio at Brussels, and in due course there arrived a satisfactory letter, dated January 29, 1612, in which the nuncio said:

"I have read with great attention all those particulars which you have signified to me regarding the individual, the lord Miler Magrath. I commend exceedingly that thought which he has manifested, of returning to the bosom of the church. It will be with you to exhort him seriously not to abandon the resolution which he has formed, but rather employ all his strength and energy in bringing it to an issue, for which purpose he ought to depart from Ireland as quickly as possible."

WRITES HIS OWN EPITAPH AND DIES.

Reluctant to face the crucial test of surrendering his vast possessions and quitting the country, it appears that Miler deferred his work of return and reparation until the infirmity of old age laid him on his bed, a grizzled and wrinkled centenarian. Marvellously clear of intellect to the last, in the first year of his confinement he wrote his own singular epitaph, which tells between its lines the tale of his parting repentance. Ignoring the episcopal titles conferred upon him by the queen, he makes special mention of his title to Down, for which he was indebted to the pope; he refers to the services rendered by him to the English government, plays on the conflicting nature of his appointments by pope and queen, and raises the barrier of Scriptural quotation against uncharitable judgment of his life and acts.

Here is the epitaph, written by that strange old man as he lay aged and feeble on his last couch in the silence of his house in Cashel:

MILERI MAGRATH, ARCHIEPISCOPI CASSILIENSIS, AD VIATOREM CARMEN.

Venerat in Dunum primo sanctissimus olim
  Patricius, nostri gloria magna soli.
Huic ego succedens, utinam tam sanctus ut ille
  Sic Duni primo tempore præsul eram.
Anglia, lustra decem sed post tua sceptra colebam,
  Principibus placui Marte tonante tuis.
Hic ubi sum positus non sum, sum ubi non sum
  Sum nec in ambobus, sum sed in utroque loco 1621.
    Dominus est qui me judicat (I. Cor. iv.);
    Qui stat caveat ne cadat.

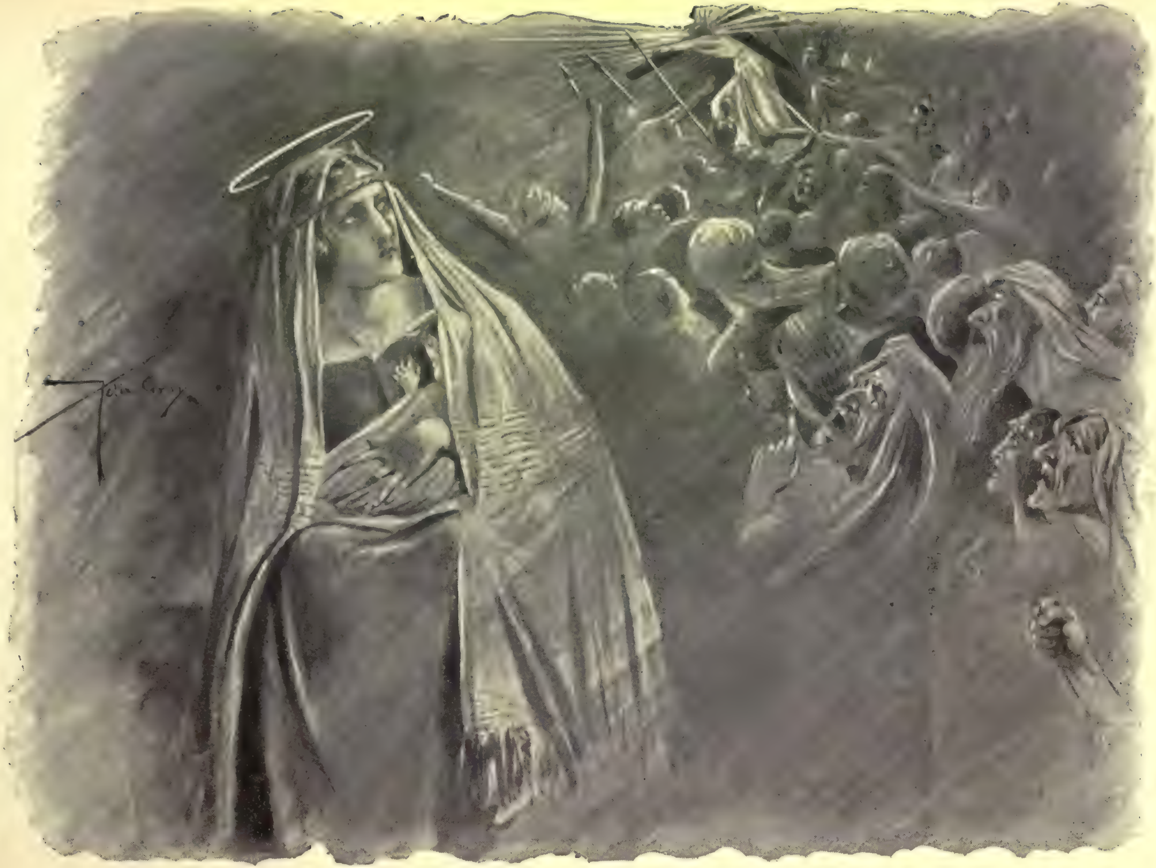
Which is translated as follows by Ware:

Patrick, the glory of our isle and gown,
First sat as bishop in the see of Down.
I wish that I, succeeding him in place
As bishop, had an equal share of grace.
I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,
And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars.
Here where I'm placed I'm not; and thus the case is
I'm not in both, yet am in both the places.
  He that judgeth me is the Lord (I. Cor. iv.);
  Let him who stands take heed lest he fall.

In December, 1622, Miler passed away at the age of one hundred years. A Franciscan friar laid out his remains in the habit of his own order, after which it is said they were privately interred with Catholic rites.

A fine monument to Archbishop Magrath's memory may still be seen, and in good preservation too, in the ancient cathedral of Cashel; but it is doubtful if his bones repose beneath. The monument shows the recumbent figure of the archbishop in high relief, a mitre on his head, his right hand on his breast, and his left grasping a pastoral staff. Over the head is a coat of arms, at the feet an image of the Crucifixion, and above a slab bearing the fore-given epitaph.

This and the old castle on the shore of Lough Erne form fairly durable monuments of one of the most singular characters to be found in the history of any country.



FORESEEN.

SWEET MOTHER, sitting, what is't thou dost see
That shadowest thine eyes? Thy Child, asleep,
Doth sigh, thou claspest Him so painfully.
What Figure is this, toiling up a steep,
With stifled moans, bearing a burden great?
What howl is this, like an enragèd sea?
What seething crowd, that bellows scorn and hate?
'Twill break thy heart. Ah, hold Him close to thee!
Who, what can save?

FELIX GRAY.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER XII.

The Break-up echoed in a Low-church Diocese.—Bishop McIlvaine.—Seminary and Kenyon College at Gambier.—A High-church Parish with a Low-church Pastor.—Tractarianism crops out.—A Bomb-shell at Commencement.—The Richards Family of Converts.

IN the last chapter I have attempted, according to my feeble means, to show how the break-up of Tractarianism at the Chelsea General Seminary was echoed in the rest of the United States and particularly in the diocese of Maryland. There the bishop of the diocese was a High-churchman, inclined to favor Tractarianism, and was, intellectually speaking, the leading mind among that class of bishops. If his courage had been equal to his inclinations, he would have been beyond all question the "great gun" of his class. The Low-church party had also its "great gun," equally well loaded and more apt to go off. This was Charles Pettit McIlvaine, second Bishop of Ohio, who succeeded to his diocese in 1832.

The peculiarity of his evangelical views may be accounted for by the fact that he was educated at Princeton, and was a professor at a very similar institution, the University of the City of New York, at the time when he was selected for the bishopric of Ohio.

One of his earliest appointments after ordination was to St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. The call to this church came in 1827. While there we find him taking part in the formation of an evangelical society or conference of clergymen belonging to New York City and vicinity, called the Protestant Episcopal Clerical Association. The object of this association was stated in its constitution to be the promotion of the personal piety and official usefulness of its members, by devotional exercises and by conversation on missionary and other religious subjects. This enterprise was promptly squelched by Bishop Hobart as something likely to prove mischievous, something that might lead to "cant" and perhaps to a partisan influence. The word "cant" I quote from Bishop Hobart. One of its members being a professor at the General Seminary, it was thought that this influence might be extended to the students.

Some members of the association afterwards grew up to higher views. McIlvaine never did. In his whole life and doctrine, I can find nothing characteristic of Episcopalianism except that he used the book of Common Prayer, and attached some importance to Apostolic Succession. Baptismal Regeneration he scouted, while he was in no respect behind Calvin in maintaining the doctrine of "total depravity," or behind Luther in his extravagant presentation of the great Protestant heresy of "justification by faith only."

While a student in the seminary I went one Sunday morning to hear him preach on this last doctrine, which was his favorite theme. I think it was at St. Mark's, on Eighth Street. It made the blood fairly creep through my veins to listen to him. This must have been in the early summer of 1843, when he was on a visit to New York, soliciting aid for his institutions at Gambier, Ohio. It falls within my purpose to give the reader some idea of these institutions. It will show the bishop such as he was in his own domain, at work in the seat of his power, with his principal materials for good or evil near at hand, surrounded by his clergy and neophytes. We shall then be better able to understand what a formidable adversary to Tractarianism was such a man, so fortified by his position in public life, so animated by intelligence and energy of character.

In a published appeal for financial aid, dated New York, June 27, 1843, he tells us that the principal buildings of the institutions at Gambier were the residences of the bishop and of the president of Kenyon College, and five professors' houses. The students of the college paid for their instruction, but the course at the seminary was free. A village had grown up at this location. The whole tract of land consisted of four thousand acres. Thriving farms were scattered about where only a few years before nothing could be seen but a primeval forest. Much of this reminds us of the growth of Nashotah at about the same period, leaving out the longings of Breck and his companions for the ancient faith and for monastic seclusion.

Bishop McIlvaine had at that time in his diocese fifty-nine clergymen. Of these, twenty-seven were educated in part or entirely at Gambier. Others educated in part or entirely there had moved out of the diocese. We know by other testimony that some left because the bishop made it too hot for them.

Only one student of the General Seminary had come to him since his accession to the episcopate.

Dr. McIlvaine was not the sort of man to govern his diocese with a velvet hand. The direct powers of the episcopate are very limited in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but it was not his way to economize such power as he had. His temperament was polemical. Although rightly ranked as an evangelical, his spirituality consisted more in a protest against "good works" as having any intrinsic value, than in a tendency to sentimental piety. There was a great deal of the Presbyterian in him, but he would have made a poor Methodist. He opposed himself openly to camp-meetings and to all such revivals as either originated or resulted in breaking up the quietude of Christian souls.

His views on the subject of revivals are given in full and at length in a "charge" to his clergy delivered at Chillicothe, September 5, 1834. It is a strange thing that a Revival of the true Presbyterian or old-fashioned Congregational type should have taken place in his own college at Gambier, some five years later, the results of which were truly remarkable. We give an account of this Revival as written by the hand of an eye-witness, Mr. William Richards, who "got religion" on that occasion. It is taken from a public lecture of Richards' delivered many years later.

"It commenced," said the lecturer, "without preparation or special efforts—no one knew how; but it went on until nearly every student was counted as a 'convert.' The last month or two of the college year, 1839, was given up mainly to this revival, as the saving of souls was considered of vastly more importance than mere learning, or any other earthly interest. I allude to this event and mention the fact that I was one of the subjects, simply for the purpose of setting before you what was, and perhaps still is, the evangelical notion of 'getting religion.' 'Seekers' were diligently impressed with the notion that they must expect, seek, and pray for a 'change of heart.' And when, after a sharp struggle, sometimes short and sometimes lasting days or weeks, one could at last get up in meeting and say with tears of joy that 'At such an hour and such a place [possibly behind a big log in the woods, or in the loft of the barn, or in the closet if he has one, or elsewhere], while agonizing and praying to the Lord, suddenly light came in upon his soul, and he was convicted and felt happy!'—then he was regarded and received as a convert. He had 'experienced religion'; he was no longer a mere worldling; he had come out from the world; the old Adam was put off; old things had passed away and all things had become new! While this excitement lasted, there was a happy state of feeling. But it is not in the nature of man to keep up that excitement continuously. The tension must give way, and lassitude and coldness follow. Then came in many cases the surprising and painful discovery that the change of heart was not a radical change after all—that the old man Adam was not conquered and put off, and that it was still just as easy as of old to be wicked, to get angry, to lie or swear, or slander, or have bad thoughts, or be worldly minded."

HENRY L. RICHARDS.

I have given the above details simply to furnish a picture in a general way of the state of things in a Low-church diocese at the period of which I treat. I have given also the ordinary characteristics of an evangelical or Low-church bishop presiding in such a diocese. In this case, however, it must not be forgotten that the bishop happened to be, not merely a type of his class, but the leading evangelical bishop of that day, towering in intelligence, energy, and importance above every other Low-church bishop. The following sketch of the man has been given to me by one of his own clergy, now a Catholic layman, Henry L. Richards, of Winchester, Mass. I have seen the bishop and heard him preach. I have a very vivid recollection of that occasion. I remember very well, also, my own conception of the characteristics of the man derived from others and stored away in my memory. I cannot pretend, however, to place him before my readers in such true colors as those furnished me by this venerable convert, who was educated under the bishop's own eye at Kenyon College and Seminary, and was even a favorite pupil. Mr. Richards is still, at the age of eighty years, after a laborious life in business, in the full vigor of his remarkable faculties, active in charities and literary pursuits. This is what he says of Bishop McIlvaine:

"The bishop was in many respects a remarkable man. He had a good deal of religious fervor and enthusiasm, and a great horror of Popery. He was arbitrary, dignified, and not very accessible except to his particular friends and sympathizers. He was interesting and effective in his extemporary sermons and addresses, but his formal written discourses were rather stilted and heavy."

Amongst all evangelical enthusiasts, especially ladies, Bishop McIlvaine was a hero, a sort of apostolic divinity. I remember well the worshipful words of an excellent Presbyterian lady of New York City already introduced to my readers. Anything clerical was to her something angelic; even I, boy that I was, stood in her regard as something like Raphael's round-cheeked cherubs, with very little wings put on to atone for cheeks and eyes extraordinarily human. But Bishop McIlvaine, though most violently and bitterly evangelical, with his high talents and fine elocution, was something superhuman. "Isn't he perfectly wonderful?" she would say to me. "Isn't he lovely?" I could not enter into her enthusiasm at all, though I would willingly have done so, for she was very dear to me, and I was always glad to please her. I acknowledged that he was wonderful enough. I wondered at him myself, but I thought him altogether unlovely. I could very well have used the terms applied by the celebrated Rufus Choate in praise of a Massachusetts judge:

"We look upon him as a heathen looks upon his idol. We know that he is ugly, but we feel that he is great."

Of course, in such a diocese as Ohio, administered by such a man, Tractarianism could not have, comparatively speaking, any very great foothold.

The reader will remember, perhaps, the incident given in Chapter II., of the putting up in the seminary chapel at Chelsea of a cross surrounded with evergreens, preparatory to midnight services on Christmas eve. This the students were obliged to take down by order of Dr. Turner, dean of the faculty. We learn from the worthy doctor's own Autobiography, that this incident, apparently so trifling in itself, was brought before the public in consequence of a communication to Dr. Turner from the Bishop of Ohio, who had heard of this affair and wanted to be informed about it. Dr. Turner tells us that he gave Bishop McIlvaine an exact account of this matter in his reply, and consequently it became public. It was, moreover, made a subject of public ridicule, so the dean tells us, by a church paper. This looks like the work of Dr. Seabury of the *Churchman.* An English work entitled *Records of Councils* noticed the same affair with similar ridicule of the dean's action. Fun also was made of it during the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Philadelphia in 1844.

There was very little of war against Tractarianism, either in private machination or popular excitement, where the shadow at least of Bishop McIlvaine's hand did not appear.

Henry L. Richards, already quoted, says of the atmosphere pervading the bishop's institutions: "There was no conflict in the seminary or college because he was careful to secure professors of his own stripe of churchmanship. There were several 'old-fashioned' High-churchmen (you know what that meant in those days) among the clergy, but they were careful not to render themselves obnoxious to episcopal authority. The bishop was always glad to get rid of High-churchmen and to fill their places with those who sympathized with him. He was apt to give the cold shoulder to all who taught the sacramental system, while those who preached the Calvinistic doctrine of justification by faith only received his warmest friendship."

But Tractarianism had found its way even into Ohio, at the time of which I am writing. And when the great break-up came at Oxford and at Chelsea Seminary, it brought trouble even to Ohio and to Bishop McIlvaine, while it introduced young men of high culture, great talent, and eminent virtue into the fold of the Catholic Church. Foremost amongst these were several members of the Richards family, of whom five now living are known to me. To the kindness of some of these I am indebted for a large part of what I have already written concerning Bishop McIlvaine and his diocese, and for what I have still to write.

I scarcely know where to begin the story, but perhaps it makes little difference. There was one parish in the diocese of Ohio, almost if not absolutely the only one in the State, where High-church ideas prevailed. It was, at least, the principal and leading one of that sort. This was St. Paul's, at Columbus. Bishop McIlvaine thought it a matter of high importance to set a guard over this congregation, to keep it from spreading infection, and if possible to lead it into more evangelical paths.

In 1842 the bishop appointed to this charge a young man reared under his own eye, and moulded to his own thoughts and methods. This was the Rev. Henry L. Richards, already mentioned, a graduate of McIlvaine's Theological Seminary at Gambier, and an approved evangelical. He has said of his theological studies: "It was during the 'Oxford' controversy that we were under the bishop's instruction, and our principal text-books with him were a small volume on *Justification by Faith Only*, and a good-sized octavo on *Oxford Divinity*, which he wrote about that time to stem the tide Romeward, which he had the penetration to see was flowing rapidly in that direction."

It can easily be seen that such a young man was one after the bishop's own heart. So thoroughly had he become imbued with the bishop's sentiments that he had been allowed to preach his own sermons in the country around Gambier before he was ordained. But, alas!

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley."

Dr. McIlvaine was doomed to be disappointed in his man. St. Paul's congregation were not brought down to the evangelical tone, but their young pastor was ere long elevated to higher views of Christian faith, Christian worship, and the value of sacraments. The change came about after this wise.

In the congregation of this young church at Columbus one of the principal parishioners was Mr. Isaac N. Whiting, the well-known bookseller and publisher. Through the friendship and courtesy of this gentleman, Richards became better acquainted with the standard works and arguments of the High-church party. He was introduced to a new world of thought, in which High-church authors spoke for themselves. In brief, the young pastor not only became a High-churchman, but passed rapidly through that unmeaning middle ground, and became a Tractarian. This change soon showed itself, not only in his sermons but was made manifest to the very eyes of the congregation in the altar and other fixtures of the church, and in various decorations. The marble-top communion table with desk above and behind it, and pulpit towering above both table and desk, were discarded and gave place to something more like a real altar, in appearance at least.

These things could not be kept long from the knowledge and attention of such a bishop as McIlvaine. He had not been contented up to this time in guiding the minds of his collegians and seminarians safely through the snares of pompous prelacy and wicked popery. His wrath against these things, already sufficiently kindled, had been blown into a white heat by the ordination of Arthur Carey. In a charge to the clergy and laity, at a convention of his diocese, held in September, 1843, he had denounced Tractarianism and openly condemned the action of Bishop Onderdonk; and his prominence and rule in Ohio were so recognized that the convention had seconded this onslaught by resolutions passed unanimously.

In such circumstances the new altar at St. Paul's, Columbus, could not stand long. The young rector was ordered to take it down. He obeyed, albeit reluctantly and under protest. He sawed out the panels and made an honest table out of a mock altar that had no sacrifice. The bishop knew very well that, to all Episcopalian intents and purposes, a true washstand was as good as a mock altar, but his object was accomplished by this surrender of the young rector. There were several long and solid communion tables in the diocese besides that at Columbus, with embroidered covers or antependiums resembling piano-covers, but this one he was determined to make an example of as a Romish innovation. Thereby, moreover, he humbled a new and somewhat refractory young Tractarian. The young Tractarian is still living and full of life at the advanced age of eighty years, and able to laugh both at himself and the bishop.

The resolute bishop had still more thunder in reserve. The priest of St. Paul's was a *caput notabile*. The other offenders could say of themselves, *Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*, and besides this they could just as well be attended to a little later and one at a time. The bishop took occasion from the above incident to issue a *pronunciamento* against Roman altars in Protestant churches which attracted considerable attention and criticism at the time. Amongst his works may be found a pamphlet published in 1846, entitled "Reasons for Refusing to Consecrate a Church having an Altar."

In 1849 Henry Richard's health becoming poor he went to New Orleans. At this time he had become a Roman Catholic in belief. In the heat and enthusiasm of his new conviction he returned to his home in Columbus, Ohio, "expecting to carry with him to Rome a number of his devoted High-church friends." In this he found himself grievously disappointed. This disappointment caused his own courage to fail. He still remained for two years lingering and afraid to make the great leap which is always necessary to bring one out of a false church into the true fold of Christ. These were the two most unhappy years of his whole life. In addition to the agony engendered in his own mind, his condition was embittered by the opposition of friends and the estrangement of his nearest kindred. It is not necessary to mention these painful things in detail. In the month of November, 1851, came a sickness unto death. He found himself in the bosom of his family prostrate and helpless, apparently just at the gate of eternity and yet outside the pale of that great church to which his faith clung and in which his heart lay. He called for a priest. His demand was refused. It so chanced that in this extremity he

> "Found not a generous friend, nor pitying foe."

He had a brother, indeed, who sympathized with him, of whom more by and by. But that brother was at the time far away. Kind Providence here interfered, and in a manner as unexpected by our young Tractarian as by those who should have listened to the cries of his conscience and befriended him. The crisis passed away, leaving him still weak but rallying. The sympathizing brother came on the wings of the wind to his succor. This brother, named William, a younger man, but, like Henry, of advanced Catholic views and likewise a thorn in Bishop McIlvaine's side, proved for the time a successful peacemaker. He made arrangements to remove the patient to his own home in Newark, Ohio, where he nursed him until his recovery.

William had hoped to persuade Henry to delay the great step, and was prepared with many reasons for such delay. Precisely the contrary happened. The foolish *via media* grew meaningless before the strong light which Henry's mind and conscience were able to throw upon the questions which came into discussion between them.

On January 25, 1852, Henry L. Richards was received into the Catholic Church, and the great chasm was closed which had separated him for awhile from the home of his conscience. Fortunately this step did not separate him from his family, though it broke up his connection with the congregation of St. Paul's at Columbus, and with Anglicanism. He had acted as rector of this parish of St. Paul's from 1842 to 1852. When he sent in his formal resignation, Bishop McIlvaine was manly enough to say that he respected him a great deal more for his consistent action than those who had the same views and sentiments yet continued to remain where they were. A strong and conscientious man is always a thorn in the side of a superior who rules by an unwarranted authority. Under the circumstances, no wonder that the bishop felt relieved.

Being a married man with a family, the advent of Henry Richards into the Church closed up to him all avenues to a life in the priesthood. To a highly intellectual and theological mind like his this loss of a cherished career must have been a great sacrifice. But he made this sacrifice and others manfully, hopefully, and even cheerfully. He acknowledges that he had many trials to meet at first, but insists that he has always looked upon these as his greatest blessings. He entered promptly into business, beginning in New York City as clerk to Edward Frith, a Catholic gentleman, agent in America for Sanderson Brothers & Co., Sheffield steel manufacturers. His active, energetic life in this new vocation has brought to him in his old age comfort and prosperity, without diminishing his faith and piety, or his interest in all that concerns the welfare of Christ's Church or the happiness of his fellow-man. He is the centre of a family group of Catholics, including the wife of his youth and several children. One of these, his oldest son, is Henry Richards, editor of the *Sacred Heart Review*, published in East Cambridge, a prosperous Catholic paper. To this, as well as to other papers and magazines, he himself, at the advanced age of eighty years, is a frequent and valued contributor. His second son, William, is an enterprising and thriving dealer in iron and steel. His youngest son, the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., is the well known and honored President of Georgetown College, D. C.

Among other members of this numerous Catholic family of Richards is William, Henry's brother, of whom I have already had occasion to speak as once resident in Bishop McIlvaine's diocese, and concerning whom there remains more to be said.

William Richards, a little younger than Henry, and like him early placed under the dominant influence of Bishop McIlvaine, was also a student at Kenyon College, graduating with his brother in 1838. Although strongly religious, the natural bent of his mind was towards philosophy, and his pathway to religious truth from the errors of Protestantism lay along a weary course of philosophic wandering. After his graduation at college, he remained at the institution for awhile making special studies

William Richards.

in history, philosophy, and law, under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. William Sparrow, whom he terms a learned and competent teacher, although a radical Protestant. In 1842 we find him at the Yale Law School in New Haven, where he still kept up his readings in philosophy.

From these brief details I hasten forward in order to carry out my purpose of connecting him with the break-up of Tractarianism in the Ohio diocese. William Richards had carefully kept his eye, all this while, on the progress of his brother Henry towards Catholic truth, and sympathized with him strongly. It became his fate to take part also with that brother and others in troubling the peace of Bishop McIlvaine.

In the summer of 1844 he received and accepted an invitation from the faculty of Kenyon College to deliver an oration at the coming commencement. This took place in August.

It was a great occasion, and for any one interested in Ohio Churchmanship, with a desire in his heart to formulate his views, a most desirable audience. For William Richards, a pretty well fledged Tractarian, it was a bold thing to attempt formulating his at such a time and place. If Tractarians were present in his audience they were all well handicapped. He was or had been recently a law student at Yale, but Yale was not in the diocese of Ohio. His leaders in philosophy, Cousin, Lieber, Carlyle, and Brownson, were not represented there; still less Newman, Pusey, and Faber of Oxford, or Dr. Seabury of the New York *Churchman*. Kenyon College, however, was there, with a great part of its affiliation; and Charles Pettit McIlvaine, head of the college and seminary, and *facile princeps* of Low-churchism in the United States, was there in all his glory, and with far more than his full canonical power.

"He was the heart of all the scene."

It was in such a place, before such an audience, and in such a presence, that William Richards, a graduate of Kenyon, and still only a student, unlaureled in any profession, dared to introduce his philosophical and theological bomb-shell. His philosophical aberrations from current Evangelical tradition might, perhaps, easily have found pardon. Older men than he was are expected betimes to slip up in such matters. What American cares for a few powder-crackers in a barrel? But why speak disrespectfully in such an atmosphere of private judgment? Why intimate that the sacred right of private judgment, so precious in the eyes of Protestant Evangelicals, and so strongly intimated in the Thirty-nine Articles, is inconsistent with the Twentieth Article, which puts forth in plain terms the following declaration to be subscribed by all the English clergy:

"The Church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of Faith."

It is true that the Church of England has so little authority that she dares not attempt to hold a convocation to decide any question of faith or doctrine, and that she has never enjoyed this privilege since she was first begotten. She cannot even interfere authoritatively in matters of ceremony without permission of the prime minister, or the sanction of the state Court of Arches. This is very true, but it only makes the presumption of young Richards all the more apparent. Private interpretation may be very uncivil although quite rightful. Such was in fact the general judgment that day at Kenyon College.

This oration embraced, moreover, one more telling point, one more novelty which startled not only the bishop but the whole audience. It was a sigh for unity, and that a unity from which was not excluded the ancient church, Catholic and Roman. This remarkable oration was the topic of discussion at all the dinner-tables that day in Gambier, and the universal comment was: "That young man is on the road to Rome!"

At the end of his oration, as William Richards left the stage and walked down the aisle, he met a friend, a lawyer of Columbus, who was to deliver the next oration. He saluted Richards with the blunt question: "What did you mean by that oration?" The answer was: "I meant just what I said." "Well," said his friend, "I brought two orations with me—the best one on 'French Literature,' and the other on 'William Leggett,' and now I am going to give you a counterblast by giving the 'Leggett' document." This second oration proved to be as radical in politics as any Evangelical discourse could be in religion, but not quite so startling at Gambier that day as the utterances of Richards.

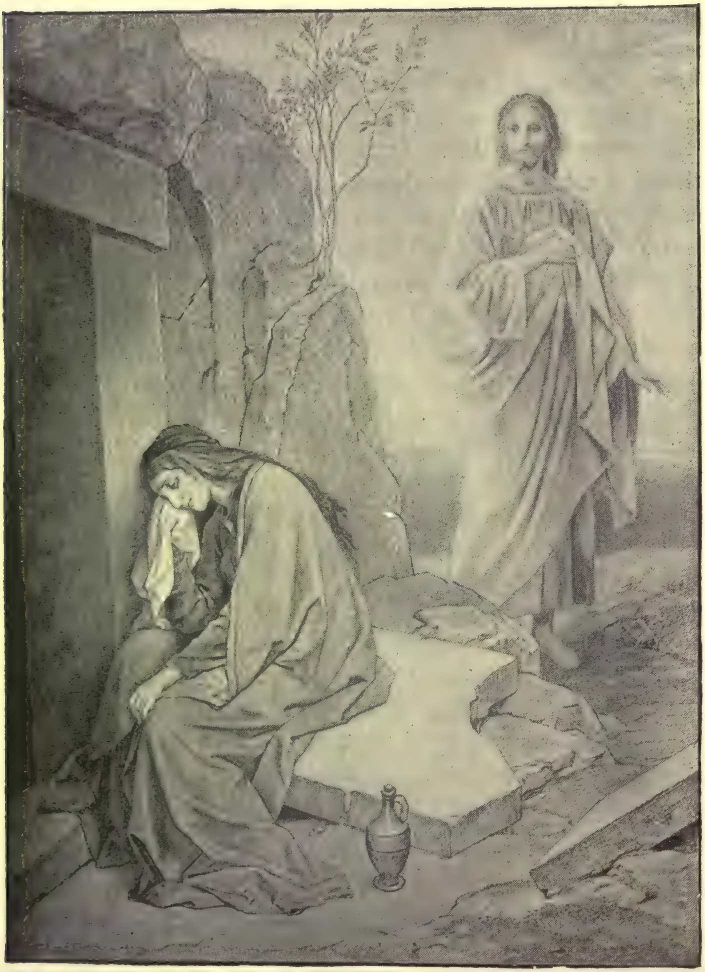
Among those present at these exercises was the Rev. George Denison. He was rector of the church at Newark, where Richards resided, and nephew of Bishop Philander Chase. It was a great annoyance to him at the dinner-tables that day to be obliged to admit to numerous questioners that the Tractarian orator was a parishioner of his.

William Richards fulfilled the prophecies so freely made concerning him on this commencement day which we have described. He became a Catholic. He lives amongst us now, one of the most honored names in the church's long list of educated convert laymen. A manuscript lecture of his delivered in 1887, before the Carroll Institute, for the benefit of the Brownson Monument Fund, has been generously put in my hands, and aided me much in the preparation of this chapter. I have only used such incidents and dates as lend themselves to my especial purpose.

Those who would study the great social problems of our day by the light given to a true Catholic made competent to speak from the bosom of a long experience, ripened by a careful and thoughtful philosophy, and by a truly spiritual faith which always recognizes duty both to God and man, should read the essay of this same William Richards of Washington, printed in the "Proceedings of the American Catholic Congress of 1889."

In the present chapter I have only picked a few seeds from the surface of a large field, confining myself to the locality of a single diocese and to a short period of three or four years memorable in my own life. Bishop McIlvaine, Gambier, with its theological seminary and Kenyon College, lie before us as plain as I know how to picture them. These are in contrast with Bishop Whittingham and scenes which surrounded him at the same period. Both these localities connect by wires with the Chelsea Seminary, which in many respects must be considered, at the period in question, as the centre of electric fire. It is a sort of drama that we have attempted to present, and trust that we have sufficiently preserved "the unities." The unity of action must be looked for in that momentary confusion which we Tractarian converts unwittingly united to produce. A sudden break-up came first. After that break-up there settled upon many grateful hearts in America a sweet and long-abiding peace.

FINIS.



JESUS SAITH TO HER: MARY. SHE TURNING, SAITH TO HIM: RABBONI (WHICH IS TO SAY, MASTER).—*St. John xx.* 16.

ADSUM !

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

WHEN my soul lay sick with grief
  At the tomb where Love lay dead,
  And night's chills were on my head,
Mild-eyed Dawn brought no relief.

Vainly did her beauties ope
  In the paley pearly light—
  Verdant valley, bosky height,
Velvet turf and graceful slope.

All the subtle grace was flown
  That I found on that glad day
  When mine eyes first caught the ray
From Love's eye can speed alone.

Yet the same fair scene I scanned—
  Sion's hills and Juda's plain,
  With its fields of plumy grain
Stretching far to Moab's land.

Unseen shadows seemed to pall,
  Numbing as the touch of dead;
  And a void and hush of dread,
Though the day shone o'er it all.

In the time of riant joy,
  When the garlands Pleasure wove
  For the goddess miscalled Love
Seemed as though they'd never die,

Then the beauty of that land
  Had no value in mine eyes
  But as meet for Paphian skies,
Joyous rout and Bacchic band.

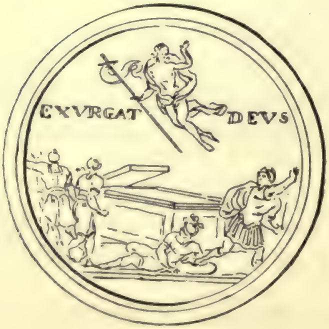
How abhorred those garlands now!
  Poison wreaths of withered shame,
  False as flatterer's vows of flame,
They have burned into my brow!

For the talisman I found
  From those eyes the spell to raise,
  And reveal the noisome ways
Rose and vine-wreath clustered round.

Then the light had light within,
  And the dark all blacker seemed,
  And my soul, from death redeemed,
Burst like bud from shell of sin.

But, ah, woe! Love's talisman
  Impious Death soon snatched away,
  And the light fled from the day,
Shuddering earth lay 'neath a ban.

Faint, despairing, crouched I near
  That dark tomb where Love lay dead,
  Calling on my Lord though dead,
  When I heard His voice divine,
  And I felt his hand on mine:
"Weep not, daughter; I am here."



THE DAY NURSERY IN WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK.

LITTLE PEOPLE AND GREAT IDEAS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

WHEN Hood wrote his tragic "Song of the Shirt" he dreamed only of the toiling woman, ill-paid and ill-clad, as the deepest embodiment of misery. But his picture would have been heightened in effect had he painted the toiler distracted from the pursuit of her sore task by the wailings of a famishing infant and the clamors of one or two older children. Chaucer draws tears from our eyes when we read his tale of Ugolino in the Tower; we throb with fierce indignation when we hear how the tyrant John revenged himself on the family of De Braose. But the political economy of civilization is a tyrant as ruthless as any mediæval despot. Death by starvation, slow but sure, is the doom it decrees to many and many a poor mother, thrown by the loss of the bread-winner, or, worse still, the enslavement of that bread-winner by the drink-demon, upon the tender mercies of what may most fittingly be described as the Iron Age.

This is no fancy picture. Imagination has no hand in its creation. There are thousands upon thousands of such women.

You can find them in New York by the score in any part of the "sweating" districts. London's slums are choked with them. Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester—every place where strong drink and a grimy factory system make a harvest for the undertaker. If one could, like the explorer in the *Diable Boiteaux,* but take the roofs off some of those dreadful dens where the "sweaters" toil in their blind misery, he would see such sights of wasting infancy and etiolate womanhood as might make the angels weep. What picture could be more pitiful than that of a poor mother vainly trying to work whilst her infants crowd around her, clogging her movements and maddening her brain by their cries for food and warmth? Not even the spectacle of "Niobe, all tears," mourning her slain offspring, could surpass it in intensity of pathos.

THE BEGINNING OF ALLEVIATION.

To whom the credit of devising a remedy for this tremendous evil is due, it might be profitless to inquire. As well ask, perhaps, who invented the mariner's compass. It is an idea of Catholicism, as old as the religion itself, to lighten the burdens of the overladen wherever possible. Many a poor Catholic woman, we may be sure, sought to help a struggling neighbor by "minding the baby" whilst the mother endeavored to make a living for herself and her children; and it was the sight of such spontaneous, unorganized, and most frequently, no doubt, inefficient help which suggested to some more thoughtful Catholic neighbor that a great field for systematized philanthropy lay here. A double charity was seen to be possible at one stroke. The poor mother might be set free to go and earn her pittance, and at the same time the educational process might begin in the case of the baby.

THE FIRST DAY NURSERY FOR CATHOLICS.

Day Nurseries are not altogether a modern idea. Institutions of this kind existed in New York for a considerable time prior to the foundation of any special Catholic one. In other places they had been started with a view inimical to Catholicism. Even if not inimical, they are still objectionable to Catholic mothers; for these, as a rule, desire that the instilling of religion into the infantine mind shall be as sure a thing as the nourishment of its body. In some places the day nursery was often the happy hunting-ground of the proselytizer. To the visiting members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society the pressing need of a Catholic nursery soon became apparent when the population began to crowd the west side of New York. The multitude which of late years has settled down upon this comparatively new district is nearly altogether a working population, and mostly Catholic. Working-women form, besides, a very large proportion of it. To these practical visitors it soon became evident that the very best form of charitable help they could bring to such sorely-harassed mothers would be to enable them to go out to their daily industry, untroubled by anxiety for their children of tender age, and consoled by the certain knowledge that these were being cared for better even than they could do it themselves. As the result of a consultation it was determined, therefore, to start a Day Nursery, and to place it under the spiritual patronage of the saint whom God had honored by giving him the earthly care of the Divine Child. It was thus that St. Joseph's Day Nursery had its beginning.

A GOOD START.

From the outset the auspices were favorable to success. The movement had the hearty co-operation of the Paulist Congregation, in whose parish the Nursery was set up. It had also been warmly supported by the Catholic clergy of the adjoining parishes, as well as by the esteemed Vicar-General, Very Rev. Dean Mooney. The influential lay element of the district was also appealed to, with very encouraging results, not alone in generous help toward the establishment of the Nursery, but in the zeal shown in pushing forward the practical work necessarily connected therewith. There are men of bright intellect and excellent business capacity in the ranks of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and it is to the zealous efforts, constantly exerted, of these philanthropic souls that the initial success and the subsequent development of the institution are mainly owing. Once established, no small share of the success or failure of the undertaking must depend on the character, temperament, and ability of those placed in charge of it. In this respect the committee were singularly fortunate.

PROGRESSIVE RESULTS.

For the first year the operations of the enterprise were rather of a tentative character than those of a fairly launched experiment. Still a total of six thousand and odd children looked after during a twelve-month looks respectable enough on paper;

and this was the actual record. There was an average attendance of twenty children all the days of the year, one put against the other. On some of these days there were as many as forty-one children in the house. It was found that this number was only a fraction of that which could be reached were the accommodations more ample, and the bold step was taken of purchasing a large house and handing it over bodily for the work of the institution—for it was in temporary quarters in West Sixty-third Street that the first year's work was carried on. A fine, spacious house in West Fifty-seventh Street was secured and fitted up, and operations on a more extended scale at once commenced. In the twelve months following the average daily attendance mounted up to 48, and the total of children received within the year to 14,446. On some days there were as many as 74 infants in the Nursery. This was a great jump from the first year's showing, but it was not yet high-water mark. Next year showed a total of 15,387 children taken in, and the following year a total of 18,010. One day as many as 96 infants were held in the house, and the average throughout the year was 58. The directors have no hesitation in attributing the great success of the establishment to those

AN IDEAL HOME—A SORT OF LIBERTY HALL.

officers who have undertaken the onerous duty of its daily administration. These officers are filled with the true spirit of charity. They have truly what Hamlet calls a "feeling of their business," as all must have who devote their lives to the tending of helpless or suffering humanity for the sake of God. The duties incidental to the care of infancy are performed in St. Joseph's in such a way as to divest the place of the atmosphere of a nursery, and make it what it is indeed intended to be—a home for the children; a model home, moreover, where neatness, order, and the happiness of childish innocence reign all the day.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS METHOD AND THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL!

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A two-fold duty is carried on simultaneously in the institution. The body is nurtured, and when the infant's age permits it the mind is taken in hand at once. The good matron, Miss Jane Hamblin, takes charge of the one department; a bright young lady, Miss Jennie Kiernan, looks after the Kindergarten branch of the home. The beauty of that system is seen in no part as strikingly as in the early stage, as in this case, where it shows as an art concealing art. The children are playing, and all the time they are playing they are imbibing such knowledge as their infantile capacity can absorb. We hear much talk nowadays about hypnotism. Here we behold a fresh illustration of the ancient truth of the newness of nothing beneath the sun. These happy, laughing little mites are more completely under the control of the mild-mannered but alert young lady who presides in the school-room than Barnum and Bailey's menagerie under that of the lion-tamer with his basilisk eye, his red-hot irons, and his terrible cowhide. And the only spell she uses is the beautiful one of loving sympathy and kindness. What a difference between this method and the old-fashioned school, with its ferocious ferule-armed dominie behind his rostrum like an avenging deity, and the rows of terror-stricken scholars who had

"learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

This is in accordance with the cardinal idea of the foundation. To divest it entirely of the semblance of an institution and make it a home—an ideal home—a sort of Liberty Hall in outward seeming, where the silent pressure of the first mould of civilization should be gently laid on the tender inchoate faculties of mind and heart, until the germs of character were securely developed. It is those early days of infancy which are, after all, the most formative; whatever shape the mind and will finally assume is determined by the bent which is given them from the moment when they first manifest susceptibility. Here the educational process begins at a very early period. These little Kindergarten folk range in age from three years to seven. The babies under three are retained in the large dormitory above, where the rows of beautiful white enamelled cribs are filled with little scraps of humanity from two months old, pulling away at sucking-bottles or slumbering in the happy, dreamless drowse of infancy whose calm is ruffled only, as it appears to fond mothers, by the noiseless sweep of angelic pinions.

THE MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

In Chicago also, it is gratifying to observe, the Day Nursery idea has been taken up experimentally, with very gratifying results. The plan put into operation there appears to have a somewhat wider scope than that of St. Joseph's. It embraces Sunday-school, a sewing-class, and a dispensary for the treatment of infantile maladies. The results of the first year's work, as given in the report recently published, show a striking similarity to those of the first year of the New York institution, at a parity of outlay, very nearly. In Chicago the work is entirely in the hands of the Catholic Women's National League, and the institution is named after its patroness, St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The same breadth of principle that underlay the New York foundation is displayed in St. Elizabeth's. There is no color line; there is no creed line; there is no race line. This, being a denotement of divine charity, was the only fitting principle, it was instinctively felt by the founders in either case, for a Catholic charity starting on its mission. Likewise, in order that the self-respect of the working mothers be maintained, it was decided that a nominal charge for the care of children be the rule of the Nursery. In cases where this would be a burden, it is not insisted on.

A Club for Working-girls is a noteworthy adjunct of St. Elizabeth's. This is a feature which deserves separate consideration, however, and all those who are interested in the welfare of working-girls may usefully note the progress of the Social Union in London and other parts of England, and study the recorded observations of this most interesting and wide-reaching experiment. This, however, is another question—not less interesting and important, in its own way, and growing out of the other like the polypus from its coral stem. The necessities of the case, in every populous locality, must be the guiding principle in all movements for social amelioration. It is not conceivable how any beneficent mind, having once seen a Day Nursery in full operation, could hesitate a moment about deciding to help on so practical and feasible a work of Christian philanthropy. Here is presented the most perfect adaptation of the spiritual to the physical needs of humanity that could be found. The simplicity of the machinery by which the most far-reaching results are obtained is one of the most striking features in the system. A few hearts filled with womanly sympathy joined to a couple of heads filled with womanly tact in the management of children—these are the staple requirements for the starting of such an institution, but not the only ones. They would suffice for the post of matron; the teacher must, in addition, possess the advantage of knowledge and experience in that modern method of training which has already worked such wonders—the Kindergarten.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE WELL-TO-DO.

Here is something to ponder on: Even were there never a question of helping the working population, would it not be a far better social plan to have this system of infant education generally applied, than to leave it a question of haphazard as at present? The children of comfortable, well-to-do people, who are left in their early years to the care of servants and local surroundings, must, more especially in populous places, be subjected, as soon as they are capable of forming impressions and observing, to influences of a kind, at least now and again, calculated to stifle the finer instincts and to draw forth the animal rather than the spiritual qualities. From early infancy to early youth is the crucial stage, and it is the period which is most neglected for the most part. The mind is allowed to grow up as it can, as a weed or an untrained creeper. Wherever it is possible the more enlightened way should be unhesitatingly put into operation.

IN THE NURSERY.

Whatever may be done, however, with regard to scattered places, there cannot be any hesitation in deciding as to the positive blessing the Day Nursery system proves to be in industrial centres. Carried on, as it is, without distinction as to creed or race or color, but on the broad principle of human brotherhood and undiscriminating sympathy, it is a help towards a practical solution of some of those grave social problems which perplex us in this age of transition and unrest. It is possible to establish one of these in every parish in every big city where the charitable machinery of the church—an adjunct which marches with it as surely as the shadow with the object—has had even a rudimentary beginning. In every Catholic community there are good and charitable hearts, and a few active workers may as certainly be relied on. It is to the attention of this class that we would commend what is being done at St. Joseph's as an excellent example and an auspicious beginning.

SMILES.

BY M. E. K.

WHAT are smiles—bright, cheery smiles?
Music that life's gloom beguiles;
Drops of sweet, refreshing dew,
Blighted blossoms life anew
Freely giving; sunlight's ray
Stealing 'mid dark scenes to play;
Flowers of sweetest perfume rare
Life's dim vista making fair;
Gladsome angels, heaven-sent,
Bringing the world sweet content;
Priceless gems from God's own mine
Shedding radiance sublime.

Ope thy treasures—hoarded treasures—
Scatter jewels far and near;
Weary pilgrim on his journey
Comfort with a smile of cheer.

Smile in gladness, when life's sunshine
Gleams upon thee fair and bright;
Smile in sadness—smiles will gladden
E'en the gloom of Grief's drear night.

MUSINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

IN reading the Missionary Notes published in this magazine some might think that the missionaries are over-sanguine. "You make too much of the friendly reception given you," it might be said, "for it is curiosity rather than deep religious feeling that brings Protestants to hear you. It will be a long and weary work to convert this people, or any large portion of them." In answer to such thoughts we say that we have not to render account for the future. Our responsibility is limited to fulfilment of present obligations. And for the present we can get an audience of non-Catholics everywhere and in most places a numerous one. Hence we are missionaries.

The writer has given over forty missions to non-Catholics during this and the preceding winter, always obtaining good attendance and in a majority of cases overflowing audiences.

Let us realize as an actual fact that we can get a hearing. Accept our evidence, accept the evidence of many other priests from all sections of the country; we are witnesses who have tried the experiment and who have succeeded. The condition of things is therefore this: the Catholic Church in America is among a non-Catholic people who are willing to listen to Catholic truth. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with it. As layman, priest, or prelate, reckon with God thus: I am a member of the one true church, and I can get a hearing for its claims from non-Catholics; what should I do about it?

The ears of our separated brethren are open to the truth; such is the actual fact. It may be said that the open ear is not always the open heart; and that is true. The word of truth is sometimes, nay often, permitted to enter in at the ear but refused an entrance to the heart. Men hear and do not believe. They hear willingly enough in some cases, attracted only by a sense of fair play, by mere admiration of the style or substance of the lectures, with no thought of accepting and assimilating what they often admit to be theoretically true. No doubt the word of God frequently lodges on the surface of the heart, to be allowed to wither there by neglect or to be overgrown by worldliness and passion. But there are heart-missionaries as well as ear-missionaries. And it is great gain to win only a hearing. In doing that much one is certainly God's instrument. In moving hearts one cannot tell what instrument the Holy Spirit will use. But the undoubted fact that we can get a hearing is a valuable (if perhaps an unwelcome) element in making up an account of conscience; and this is true whether I am layman or clergyman.

The duty of a Catholic is not confined to making converts outright. It is to remove bitterness, to set aside delusions, to overcome prejudice. If you cannot make converts of your Protestant neighbors you can at least make good-natured Protestants of them. Is there no obligation to set about doing this? If you can get a hearing, it may be that you cannot gain an immediate victory, but you can reduce the warfare to a friendly contest, you can put an end to polemical scalping. To establish our belligerent rights is half the battle. To secure a hearing for Catholicity as one among the religious claimants is an immense advantage. As to positively converting particular persons, two influences are most necessary; one is God's secret inspiration, and the other is the piety and intelligence of Catholic friends and relatives. But both of these are aided by public lectures, which frequently are necessary adjuncts of inner grace and outer edification.

The outlook is favorable. Not every one perceives it, any more than every one understands the outlook in the business world; the eye for business opportunities is in the business man's head. So the missionary prospects are known by those whose vocation or whose inner light has led them to study the matter. Such observers perceive that prejudice is not nearly so strong as once it was, allowing for exceptions in particular places or among particular classes. Many Protestants are now met with who will not take it for granted that Catholicity is totally wrong, has no foundation in reason or in revelation. Converts are an appreciable part of many of our congregations. The press dare not openly attack the church, and in large part has no desire to do so, and it is quite accessible to the publication of articles on the Catholic side. And, especially, judicious attempts to gain a public hearing for Catholic claims secure a non-Catholic audience. Furthermore, practical and zealous Catholicity is not deemed a bar to social intercourse.

Nor is this open door merely the idle curiosity of a worldly or vicious people. Although worldliness and vice are prevalent enough among our separated brethren, antagonism to revealed religion is comparatively rare. And as a worldly Catholic still holds fast to his faith, so does a worldly Protestant adhere to his, allowing for many exceptions and admitting that his faith is vague. The non-Catholic people of America, good and bad and taken as a body, are religious in their tendencies. They believe in God as their maker and ruler, in Jesus Christ as their teacher and Saviour, in the Scripture as God's book. And, taken again as a body, their aversion to Catholicity is not passionate. On religious subjects of every kind, not excepting Catholic doctrine and practice, they will converse much, read some, and will listen to competent lecturers. May it not be affirmed that this condition of our countrymen places us in the position of the Apostle?—"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

I am by no means implying that infidelity is unknown, or that there is no peril, no threatening sign of unbelief growing general among non-Catholics. Doubt is among them, and doubt is an infectious disease. All I mean to say is, that Protestants generally hold truths which are introductory to full Christianity, to use the happy expression of the Pope in his Encyclical to the American Church. Of the future we know nothing, however much we may conjecture. What is evident is that Christ yet stands before the American Protestant people as their accepted teacher; he is to them their Saviour and their God. And what, think you, is the duty which his church owes to such a people?

Our proposition, if put in another form, might be stated thus: There is satisfactory evidence that the majority of our non-Catholic countrymen are persuaded that if a Catholic lives up to his religion it will make a good man of him; they now agree that Catholicity can make men virtuous, that it does not hinder their being good citizens—in a word, is a religion worthy of respect; that means worthy of a hearing—an admission on their part of incalculable missionary value, and of most serious import to our consciences.

This takes practical shape in a missionary tendency in the ordinary ministrations of religion. Every parish priest should be something of a missionary. Every parish church should have an apostolic side; as to doctrine, by lecturing, preaching, and distributing literature; as to devotion, by introducing extra-liturgical services which non-Catholics can understand and are likely to attend. Elsewhere (see *American Ecclesiastical Review*, September, 1894) I have enlarged on this part of my topic, for the special attention of my brethren of the parish clergy. Every function of the parish church can, if the pastor wishes it, be made a medium of communicating truth to non-Catholics.

But let us hope that a band of Bishop's missionaries may soon be introduced into every diocese, as we already have one in the diocese of Cleveland—a limited number of the diocesan clergy set apart, each for a term of years, for missions to non-Catholics. Let such missions once become part of the routine of a diocese and even routine men will rise to a missionary level. The assignment to this work of competent members of the secular clergy, while stimulating all the missionary influences of the regular parish services, will, in addition, give a public name and life to the apostolic side of religion.

Divine Providence has so shaped men and things in the universal church that both in spirit and method we are now well fitted for apostolic undertakings. Pope, bishops, and priests are drawn nearer together now than for many ages heretofore. The Pope is more the bishops' Pope than formerly; and, especially here in America, the bishops are more the Pope's bishops than during the fading era of established churches and concordats: and that makes the bishop's priests more an apostolic priesthood than formerly. It makes all the people, whether they be Catholics or non-Catholics, sheep within the fold, or "other sheep not of this fold," the people of the Bishops and the Pope.

But meantime some of us wait for ecclesiastical legislation. The unready man covets the spur of the law—until he feels it, and then he clamors for freedom. Priests say, Why don't the bishops take up Protestant missions; and then the people say, Why don't the priests take them up? And we all say, Why don't the Catholic press do it? And, again, Why don't the religious orders do more of it? All of which means let anybody set to work converting Protestants—except poor me.

Missionary movements do not originate by law-making. The suggestions of Providence can rarely be made compulsory, least of all those for winning souls. In this sort of campaigning the soldier would rather run in the way of God's commandments because God had enlarged his heart than because the ecclesiastical Provost Guard will whip up the stragglers. Fruitful missionary activity originates in the voices heard in the inner chambers of men's souls. Apostolic zeal flows from the springs opened in our hearts by the touch of the Holy Spirit. When he smites the rock abundant waters flow forth, when he lifts the rod the Red Sea of obstacles is parted asunder.

Authority is indeed necessary, but rather as an aid to missions than as a creative force. And let me ask my clerical reader a few questions: Did your bishop ever hinder you in any good work for Protestants? Have you done all the good for them he will let you do? Have you always treated him in a way to secure his affectionate trust? Can a bishop be the man-of-all-work for a hundred and fifty priests, and be the Holy Ghost besides to originate new departures? Let a zealous and competent priest first try his hand at public lecturing in places and under circumstances favorable to his purpose, and then let him form his plans and submit them to his bishop.

For a priest a few years ordained no better fortune could be coveted than some time spent in apostolic lecturing. And at the end of life, no thanksgiving will be more heartfelt than that of the priest who can say: "Thank God! He gave me the grace to win souls from darkness to life."

The career of the priesthood is placed in public life, not in a hermitage. Our great High-Priest went about doing good, and so worked and taught that the people pressed upon him in vast multitudes. His moments of solitude were stolen from his hours of labor. Some good priests forget this. "Who built the church in this spot, away outside the town?" I once asked an active pastor, and he answered: "One of my predecessors, an excellent man but timid. His successor and my immediate predecessor, also a devout man, was never seen by the general public here, except once a day as he walked solemnly down to the post-office and walked solemnly back again. The rest of the time he was invisible to all but his own people. Out of his sanctuary and his residence he acted like the Lord's ticket-of-leave man—and all this he boasted of as the right course of conduct. So that when I came here I found Catholicity a sort of hermit church."

This peculiarity is sometimes varied by the most bitter public attacks against Protestantism, both doctrinal and personal. The following from the *Life of Blessed Grignon de Montfort*, who certainly was not a minimizer of doctrine, is here apropos: "It is interesting to note that in dealing with Calvinists he never touched on any irritating subject, and that, *contrary to the advice of many*, he avoided all controversy, which too often has no other effect than to place the mind of the hearers in an attitude of defence, if not of antagonism. He contented himself with setting before them the Catholic doctrines in their simple beauty, and pointing out the marvellous connection of one with the other. He was convinced that the revelation of God in Christ as delivered to men by the one church, which is his body, is so beautiful and luminous as before long to approve itself to every truly unprejudiced mind. His chief effort, therefore, was to remove prejudices, and to free the minds of his hearers from false conceptions of Catholic truth." And although this great servant of God preached his extreme devotion to Mary as well to Protestants as to Catholics, yet his kindliness and his freedom from controversy enabled him to make many conversions, some of them being notorious haters of the faith (vol. ii. p. 122).

Nothing in the way of controversy can equal the direct statement of the truth by a man esteemed by his hearers for his virtues; nothing but wilful prejudice can fail of receiving some good influence from it. We can certainly count on a movement in many minds towards conversion as the result of Catholic sermons and lectures well prepared and well delivered by public-spirited priests. The temptation to attack Protestantism, we must admit, is great. For example, it makes one's blood boil to think of honest people being fooled with such a preposterous delusion as that the private interpretation of the Bible is the divine rule of faith. And there are so many outright self-contradictions in distinctive Protestant doctrines, that all one's logical faculty rises in indignation. The very sense of the humorous which is aroused by incongruities and inconsistencies is embittered by the lamentable sight of so many millions of good souls kept from the peaceful unity of truth, the joy of certain pardon for sin, the participation in the divine life of the Eucharist, the fulness and security of union with the Holy Spirit in the interior life of prayer as practised in the Catholic Church.

But it will not do to attack even delusions which are associated with all the pious thoughts of a life-time. Locate holiness and truth where they belong, in God's church; and the intelligent classes will sooner or later perceive that what they revered as Protestantism, was but Catholicity impoverished and in exile. Let us resist the temptation to attack Calvinism, for it is being put to death in the house of its friends, and its very slayers will resent your interference. Among Protestants themselves there is an active and universal movement against the errors peculiar to the Reformation era, such as the private ownership of God's word, justification without works, total depravity, religion without church. Let these agitators have a monopoly of exterminating error—they are numerous, active, and every way competent. The day will come when spoil and spoiler will both be brought into the church. But oh! let us get into men's minds our positive doctrines. Let us do it at once. Let us work and pray and teach and lecture, let us print and distribute these holy truths, let us converse about them, and truths whose restful knowledge is the root and foundation of all our joy.

How many times do we not hear something like this: "Father, up to a year ago a good many Protestants used to attend our church, and we were beginning to have some conversions. But a mission came along (or we had some lectures), and the fathers so abused our friends and neighbors and called them such hard names that since then we can't induce them to listen to us at all."

The conversion of this Republic rests on our souls. The American people belong to Jesus Christ and to his church. Even if ninety-nine out of a hundred of them were safe in the fold, he bids us leave the many to take care of themselves and go forth and seek and save the few that are lost. But it is just the reverse. It is a small portion of the flock who are safe. Who, then, shall blame a priest if he steals away occasionally from his "ordinary duties" to take advantage of his missionary opportunities? Who shall blame a bishop if he allows one or two parishes to remain for a season vacant, that a million of immortal souls may not cry out against him at the day of judgment?

One of our Lord's most famous miracles was expedited because it was in favor of a Gentile, of whom the disciples said, "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." Precisely so with many good Protestants all over America. They love our people, they admire their virtues, and are patient with their faults. And where is there a Catholic Church in the United States which has not Protestant money in it?—not to mention our charitable and educational institutions. What! shall we send missionaries to cannibals in the South Seas and none to these our brethren?

Would that only a quarter as much money and a little of the zeal expended upon evangelizing the red men and the black men among us were given to missions for white non-Catholics! There is almost a positive distinction made against the whites in missionary matters, a distinction founded on "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." If a black man or a red savage were so much as hindered admission at the door of a circus tent for racial reasons, the whole power of the American Union would, if necessary, be used to set the wrong right. Yet you seem willing to bar out the whites from the tabernacle of the Covenant on account of the unhappy accident of being members of the Caucasian race, the imperial blood of the world. There are newly founded and already flourishing orders of missionaries of both sexes wholly set apart for our black Protestants and our red heathen, there are splendid seminaries and colleges and novitiates and schools to train evangelists for the Protestant toilers in kitchens and stables and for the miserable remnants of our Indian tribes; and what is being done for their cultured and powerful masters? Nay, if you say charity demands our first care for the ignorant, the poor, the outcast, I reply by asking if there are none such whose skin is white? Are there no "poor whites" in the South? Is there any ignorance denser than that of millions of Northern whites concerning the truths of Christ's religion? And are there no educated Protestants gone totally astray in religion? A man who knows everything but Christ's true religion is only the more ignorant for his knowledge. "I hold everything as dung save the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Black, red, white, tawny—our standard is of every color. "My beloved is white and ruddy." "I am black but beautiful": yes; but do you mean by that that black is the only beautiful? Not long ago I was equally amazed and edified at the account of hundreds of noble priests who had died of malaria on the African missions, the average life of the fathers, as my informant, who is provincial of a missionary order, assured me, being hardly seven years after arrival at the missions. But when I spoke to him of the American mission to the whites he was evidently the recipient of thoughts wholly new. Now I say this: If you will send your hundreds to an early death from African malaria, why not give at least a few of your heroes to apostolic labors here in America, where they may die after many years of hard work in lecturing and catechising and interviewing and converting kindly fellow-citizens? No one wonders that the ends of the earth are searched for souls to be saved, for that is our church's mission; but I wonder at being thought eccentric for appealing for missionaries to save souls right at our own doors.

In the many non-Catholic missions which we have given, nearly all of them in public halls, we have learned many strange things, but strangest of all is the ripeness of the harvest. The fruit is so ripe that it is falling from the trees and is being carried away by every passer-by. Even the religious perplexities among our countrymen, their very divisions and subdivisions, spring from their eagerness for the truth. They want to be holy with the holiness of Christ, and that makes them enter and then it makes them leave one and now another denomination. They are a religious people who are accessible to Catholic argument—would that all bishops, all provincials of communities, all priests and nuns, would write this fact on their hearts! Let it be posted up at every recruiting station of our Lord's peaceful army, that the American people can be drawn to listen to his Church. Let it be announced in the seminaries, let it be placarded in the novitiates and colleges and scholasticates the world over: Behold, THE GREAT REPUBLIC: IT IS A FIELD WHITE FOR THE HARVEST.

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THE APOSTLE OF THE ALLEGHENIES.

BY K. HART.

ONE hundred years ago, on the nineteenth of March, a young man, heir to a princely title and fortune in the Old World, voluntarily resigned the pomp and magnificence of his position, and in the small settlement of Baltimore, Maryland, was ordained by Bishop John Carroll to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

It was well for this youthful enthusiast that he could not foresee the thorny paths his feet were thenceforth to tread, the long years of utter isolation from congenial society, and the consuming *heimweh* for familiar faces and places that he was never again to behold. Happy for him that "thorn and flower were shadowed by each passing hour"; else perchance heart had failed him at the outset of his career, and the Apostle of the Alleghenies had never been.

Mr. Augustine Schmet or Smith, otherwise Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, came of a long line of illustrious ancestors—men mighty in battle and statesmanship. The first of the name was a Lithuanian warrior, surnamed Goliza or Galiza because of the rough, hairy mittens he wore, made from the skins of animals slain in his forays.

Centuries later a descendant of his, Prince Galiza, was captured in a desperate charge against the King of Poland, imprisoned thirty-eight years, and finally liberated in 1552 by Sigismund II. of Poland.

An illustrious chieftain, Prince Vasilli Gallitzin, as the name had come to be, boyar or commander of the Cossacks and prime minister to the Regent Sophia, was born during the reign of Czar Michael, the first of the Romanoff dynasty. This prince was a vindictive and powerful enemy of the Turks and Tartars, waging constant and successful warfare against them.

Another Gallitzin, a prominent personage at the battle of Pultowa, and afterwards governor of St. Petersburg and Finland, was made field-marshal by Catherine I.

The first Gallitzin to confess the Roman Catholic faith was a prince in the time of the despotic and unprincipled Empress

Anna. During an unusually severe Russian winter the celebrated Ice Palace was built for the amusement of the empress and her court, and a farcical wedding ceremony performed. As punishment for his desertion of the Greek faith, the unfortunate prince was forced to personate the bridegroom, and with his bride was imprisoned in the Ice Palace and frozen to death.

Prince Dmitri Alexeievitch Gallitzin, diplomat, Russian minister to Paris, and an intimate friend of Diderot and Voltaire, married in 1768 Amalia, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Field-marshal Von Schmettau, and sister of General Von Schmettau of the Prussian army. Shortly after this event Prince Gallitzin was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Holland by Catherine II., and took up his residence at The Hague with his bride.

In that city their son Demetrius was born December 22, 1770, to high rank and untold wealth. His early surroundings form a striking contrast to the home of his old age, a lonely cottage in the Allegheny Mountains, and to the poor, mean tomb where this prince of the Gallitzins sleeps.

At two years of age he was commissioned officer of the guard by the empress, and his future career seemed assured.

The princess resigned all social pleasures, and devoted herself entirely to the education of the little prince and Marianne, his elder sister. She retired with them to a secluded country residence near The Hague, naming it *Nithuys* (Not at Home), indicating her desire for freedom from interruptions. In her son's ninth year she removed to the quaint old University City of Münster, engaged competent tutors for the children, travelled with them during vacations, and later sent Demetrius to a military school, to prepare him for his future position in the Russian army.

He was a reserved, timid child, easily influenced, and apparently without will or energy. This disposition was a great trial to the princess, herself of decided opinions and strong character, and there was little sympathy or confidence between mother and son, to her life-long regret.

The prince and princess had no decided religious tendencies, and the children were not influenced toward any particular creed. It was tacitly understood that Demetrius, by birthright a member of the Greek Church, would conform to the custom of his ancestors and profess that faith at his majority. But influenced by the example of his mother, who after a severe illness joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1786, he was confirmed in the year following, taking the name of Augustine at his mother's request. He then expressed a desire to become a priest, but was immediately and decidedly opposed by his parents.

In 1792 he was aide-de-camp to General Von Lillien of the Austrian army, but was dismissed from service, with all foreigners, directly after the sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the assassination of the King of Sweden—acts attributed to the Jacobins.

The disturbed condition of Europe, consequent upon the French Revolution, made the customary continental tour for the completion of a nobleman's education impossible for the young prince, and it was decided that he should travel in America before fulfilling his commission in the Russian army.

A travelling companion was found in a young priest, Felix Brosius, who had been prepared for missionary labor in the New World. They sailed together from Rotterdam August 18, arriving at Baltimore October 28, 1792, with letters of introduction to Bishop John Carroll.

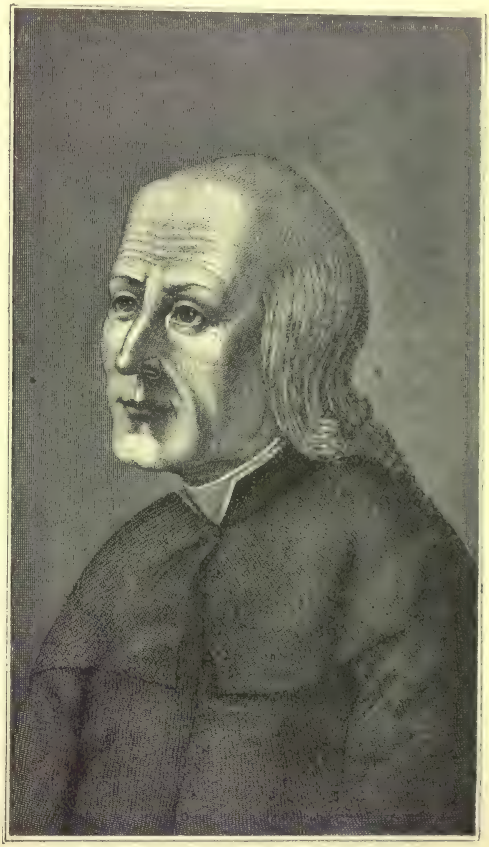
Baltimore was the See City of the Roman Catholic diocese in the United States; its first bishop was John Carroll of Maryland, appointed in 1789. The diocese included all States east of the Mississippi, excepting Florida, and numbered about thirty thousand souls. In November, 1791, the first synod was convened in Baltimore, twenty-two clergymen attending.

The scarcity of priests for this immense territory was somewhat relieved by numbers of exiled clergymen from France, among them Mr. Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States. In 1791 the Society of St. Sulpice in France sent Mr. Nagot, three Sulpician priests and several professors, to Baltimore to establish a seminary for the education of American priests.

When Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, or, as he was known for convenience in travelling, Mr. Augustine Schmet or Smith (from Schmettau, his mother's maiden name), reached Baltimore and realized the need of reinforcements in the missionary field of labor, his desire to become a priest increased, and he determined to take the decision of his career into his own hands. He offered himself to Bishop Carroll as a candidate for the priesthood, was accepted, and entered the Sulpician Seminary to study the constitution, laws, and geography of the United States, preparatory to becoming a citizen. He joined the Society of St. Sulpice February 13, 1795, while only a deacon.

At that time he was in personal appearance, to quote Miss Brownson, "rather tall, five feet nine or ten inches, with that peculiar, reticent, dignified air giving the effect of imposing height; a slender, lithe, yet compact figure; a fine, clear complexion, and the handsomest dark eyes that ever glanced love or anger, splendid, fathomless in their tenderness, flashing fire at the slightest contradiction, full of mischief and merriment. Masses of shining black hair clustered around a delicately-formed, haughtily set head, and a prominent aquiline nose gave character, force, and dignity to his countenance. All the brilliant paraphernalia of gold lace and embroidery, military buttons, and epaulettes seemed to belong to his slender figure and dark eyes by every right of fitness."

Small wonder that the prince and princess were unwilling to surrender such a son to hard missionary labor in an unknown wilderness. They bitterly opposed his plans, but finally consented reluctantly, and on St. Joseph's Day, 1795, he was ordained priest. He was the first priest to receive his entire theological education in America, "from the first page of his theology to the moment he arose from the consecrating hands of the bishop, for ever to bear the seal of the Lord's anointed."



DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN.

His close confinement and studious habits at the seminary impaired his health, and immediately after his ordination Bishop Carroll sent him to Port Tobacco, near Lancaster, Pa., to recuperate. He was awhile assistant priest at Conewago, Pa., near

Gettysburg, then officiated in Baltimore, returning shortly to the Conewago missions. In 1797 he was detailed to quell some lively demonstrations of evil spirits in Cliptown, Va. The manifestations were exceedingly obstinate and malevolent, and the Rev. Mr. Schmet failed to subdue them. He returned to Conewago, resuming his duties at the missions.

His life there was not an easy one; his strict, unbending ideas of right clashed continually with the ignorance and obstinacy of his congregations, and he was often sick at heart and utterly discouraged. Bishop Carroll advised conciliatory measures and a less arbitrary management. But the prince-priest, in whose veins ran the blood of despots, was unable to yield his points, and after endless contentions with his parishioners was removed, and sent in the summer of 1799 to a small settlement five miles from the highest point of the Western Alleghenies, and two hundred and fifty miles west of Philadelphia.

"McGuire's Settlement," in Cambria County, Pa., consisted of a few Roman Catholic families; it was originally settled by Captain McGuire, who gave a considerable number of acres for church property and use.

On this land Prince Demetrius Augustine, now an humble priest, built with his own hands, assisted by the rough mountaineers, a log hut for himself, fourteen by sixteen feet, "with a little kitchen and a stable"—a princely dwelling for the heir of the Gallitzins—and a church forty-four feet long and twenty-five feet wide, of white pine logs, with shingled roof.

The church was completed for Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, 1799, "the only House of God from Lancaster to St. Louis, and the first chapel in what now comprises the three dioceses of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, and Erie." It was beautifully decorated with pine and hemlock from the surrounding forests, and illuminated with candles made by the women of the settlement. A strange sight, the gently-reared prince-priest intoning the Mass with full ceremonial in that rude hut amidst the nearly unbroken forest, his congregation the rough pioneers of the mountains!

The prince, or Father Smith as he was called, purchased considerable property in the settlement; this he divided into small farms and sold at nominal prices to Irish, Swiss, and German immigrants. The settlement grew rapidly, and Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, the apostle of the backwoods of Pennsylvania, settled down to his life-work among the lonely mountains.

In 1802 he became a naturalized American citizen, taking the name of Augustine Smith, and retaining it until 1809; he then applied to the Legislature for permission to resume the family name; an act authorizing him to do so was passed December 15, 1809.

Prince Dmitri Gallitzin died in March, 1803. As Demetrius Augustine had forfeited his inheritance by leaving his regiment without the czar's permission and by becoming a priest (priests being disqualified by Russian law from holding property), the vast property fell to Princess Amalia. The Russian estates were seized by the heir to the title in lieu of Demetrius Augustine. By advice the prince brought suit in the Russian courts through his agents, hoping that his inability to inherit might be set aside. Confident of success, he extended his purchases of land, cleared a large tract and sold it at nominal prices to the poor, naming the hamlet Loretto, and built a larger cabin for himself of hewn logs, and a grist-mill. It was his ambition to found a little colony in which to work, as it were, upon virgin soil.

THE CHURCH (A. D. 1817), CHAPEL, AND RESIDENCE OF FATHER GALLITZIN, LORETTO, PA.

His mother continued and increased her remittances to him until financial disturbances in Europe consequent upon Napoleon's actions, and depressions in value of the Gallitzin estates, rendered them infrequent and unreliable; they finally ceased altogether. After the death of Princess Amalia, in April, 1806, a small sum was sent to him with promises of more.

The Russian lawsuit was decided in favor of Princess Marianne, the sister of Father Gallitzin; she became sole heiress of the immense estate, part of which she proposed selling and sharing the proceeds with her brother.

Meanwhile he had incurred heavy expenses, expecting to defray them with the legacies from his mother; unfortunately these never reached him, and he was greatly embarrassed for funds and harassed by creditors. Bishop Carroll advanced sums of money frequently to relieve these difficulties; with these Father Gallitzin paid his debts, built mills and tanneries, and in 1817 a frame church, the largest and finest yet seen in that part of the country, the foundation of which still remains. In this church there were no pews or benches, merely a few stools for the aged parishioners. The men stood on one side, the women on the other, and the little children clustered around the altar railing. On entering, the women were obliged to take off their bonnets and tie handkerchiefs over their heads, to "avoid occasion for display." It was Father Gallitzin's custom to walk twice around the building before commencing the service, to waylay stragglers; and woe to those unlucky wights who thought to escape "his look of fire, his voice of thunder, and will of iron."

Owing to the burning of Moscow in 1812 the Russian estates were unproductive for several years, and the expected aid did not materialize. Father Gallitzin's creditors again became importunate, and scandals and dissensions prevailed among his congregations. The colony grew rapidly, and he appealed repeatedly for an assistant. But Bishop Carroll was either unable or unwilling to grant his request, perhaps realizing the difficulties a subordinate priest would encounter under Father Gallitzin's arbitrary supervision. A Mr. Fitzsimmons assisted him for awhile; then the parish priest of Loretto was again alone in his rapidly spreading parish, extending some seventy miles.

At length succor arrived from Europe. Princess Marianne sold some property and sent ten thousand dollars to him. William I. purchased a valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities from the Gallitzin family, stipulating that the proceeds should be sent to his former friend and playmate, now an humble priest; and better days seemed dawning for the Loretto colony.

The fine library now in the "Priest's House" at Loretto was acquired about this time, and some paintings by old German masters were sent from Europe; one, "The Adoration of the Magi," now hangs over the altar in St. Mary's Chapel, Loretto.

In his few leisure hours Father Gallitzin sustained a religious controversy with a Protestant opponent. These justly celebrated *Letters on the Scriptures*, first published in newspapers, were afterwards collected and issued in pamphlet form. His witty and logical *Defence of Catholic Principles* is considered equal if not superior to Bossuet's *Exposition.*

TOMB OF FATHER GALLITZIN, LORETTO, PA.

Through the division of the diocese of Baltimore in 1808, containing eighty churches and sixty-eight priests, Bishop Egan of Philadelphia became Father Gallitzin's superior. He was appointed vicar-general of Western Pennsylvania, and was offered bishoprics several times, but declined, preferring mission work at Loretto and vicinity. Bishop Carroll was made Archbishop of Baltimore, and died there December 3, 1815.

The unexpected marriage of Princess Marianne Gallitzin in 1817, at the age of forty-three, with a dissolute nobleman, and her death soon afterwards, deprived Father Gallitzin of her assistance. Her will, suspected of being false, left all her property to her husband, thus depriving the priest of his long-cherished hopes. He was advised to contest the will, but was unable or unwilling to incur the expense of a European trip.

Burdened with a heavy debt, which after fifteen years of weary waiting he was utterly without means of liquidating; beset by urgent creditors and harassed by dissensions in his congregations, the sorely-tried man sank beneath this accumulation of troubles. Sad, lonely, disappointed, destitute of congenial friends and sympathy, he succumbed to a severe illness. In his dire distress and need the tide of popular opinion turned in his favor, and his people remorsefully flocked to his assistance, contributing funds to save his home from sheriff's sale. An unknown friend paid a large debt for him, and the Loretto colony, for which he had spent sums amounting to $150,000 of his own money, was saved from dissolution.

He recovered slowly, with the loss of much energy and ambition. He gradually resigned outlying missions to a younger priest, and for several years was relieved from arduous duties; then the removal of the priest relegated them again to him.

In 1830 he resigned his title of vicar-general on account of differing in opinion from his bishop, retaining the labor and responsibilities of the position.

Gradually, as he was forced by failing strength and advancing age to give up various missions, a band of assistants formed around him—young priests who relieved him of burdensome duties. Small settlements branching from Loretto sprang up—St. Augustine, Carrolltown, Gallitzin, Summit, etc. These subdivisions of his immense parish gave him more leisure for literary work; his style is trenchant and sarcastic, at times witty.

In the winter of 1839 he began to fail perceptibly; the rigors of his life told upon his never robust constitution, the venerable Apostle of the Alleghenies was nearing the end of his labors. He refused to omit his Lenten duties in 1840, and towards the close of Holy Week his overtaxed strength rapidly failed. On Easter Sunday he celebrated Mass for the last time; the last words of his priestly office to his people were, "It is consummated." In Miss Brownson's words:

"He lay quietly resting until the evening of May 6, 1840. When the hour came for the laborers to go home they saw that he was going too. The prayers for the dying were read, the doors were opened, and the crowds in the house and chapel prayed with tears and sobs. In a few minutes all was over; the heavens were opened, and all their joy-bells were ringing a welcoming peal."

The funeral of Father Gallitzin took place on May 9, attended by people from all parts of his extensive parish. A procession formed at his residence, and in impressive silence bore him through the paths he had so often wearily trod to the church, thence to the "First Cemetery of the Alleghenies."

In 1847 his remains were removed to a vault at the church entrance, and a monument of rough blocks of mountain stone erected, bearing this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
PRINCE DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN.
BORN DECEMBER 22, 1770.
WHO, HAVING RENOUNCED SCHISM,
WAS RAISED TO THE PRIESTHOOD,
EXERCISED THE SACRED MINISTRY THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF THIS REGION,
AND, DISTINGUISHED FOR FAITH, ZEAL, AND CHARITY,
DIED MAY 6, 1840.

His property, consisting of real estate in Loretto, was bequeathed, after his debts and funeral expenses were paid, to the Bishop of Western Pennsylvania in trust for the clergy of Loretto. He desired that some lots be reserved for a new church edifice; this, the present St. Michael's, was erected in 1852. In the same year the Franciscan monastery, on a neigh-

THE FIRST CEMETERY IN THE ALLEGHENIES.

boring hill, became an incorporated college, the corner-stone having been laid in 1848.

Adjoining the church is a fine, large boarding-school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, containing an exquisite chapel ; over the chapel entrance is the appropriate text : "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Loretto is beautifully situated on the side of a typical Allegheny mountain—soft rolling curves gently sloping away into lovely, fertile valleys. The main street is replete with objects of interest connected with the devoted priest, to whose labor and love the town owes its existence, from the ancient cemetery with its once regnant, now sadly mutilated image of the Virgin, to the curious old shop bearing the quaint, suggestive sign :

"OMNIFARIOUS STORE.
ESTABLISHED 1837."

The central figure in these associations is the ungainly monument at the entrance to St. Michael's Church. There is a movement on foot under the furtherance of the present parish priest, Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, to replace it with a memorial worthier of the saintly relics beneath. It is exceedingly desirable that this project should materialize without delay, as wind and weather have played sad havoc with the rude resting-place of the Prince-Priest of Loretto.

THE NEW SPRING.

BY DANIEL SPILLANE.

SPRING is in the air, and the old sun is
Rising in th' infinity of space
To shed new summer rays; our dearth has won
His sympathy, for he has seen the face—
The bleakness of our world side, the dun
And loneliness—and conscience has begun
To prickle in his heart. So he will hie
Full soon to bear those mystic tints—yet none
Of dark—unto the landscape's breast, and joy
Will spread o'er nature everywhere. But by
A law supreme in nature's mystery,
Our summer flowers, their em'rald hues, the coy
And fragile forest joys, are loaned us, be
It not forgot, and in due time shall flee
Again back to the counter-side of earth
From whence the sun now bears them stealthily;
And when within his heart he brings the mirth,
The gladness of new light, when our desert
Of budding spring has set in sunshine's glow
O'er earth around, let us be-learn a pert
Yet subtle truth, that as the seasons go,
And change to stern opposites of light—
Of light and dark; of cold and heat—yet so
It's truly ever with the joy and woe,
The contrasts of our lives; for sure as night
Has day, and surely as the winter's blight
Swift flies before the spring, there yet is balm
For wounded hearts somewhere; so sorrow's fright
And wintry sighs of care before the palm
And flowers of that new spring shall go, and calm
Shall reign, and life be as a holy psalm.

PERSONAL HONESTY IN CIVIC REFORM.

WE cannot fail noticing that the tendency of the day is to attempt the cure of civic ills by legal enactment. Whenever an abuse of the governing power is discovered, a new law is proposed; whenever a good enough statute is practically made inoperative by lax or corrupt officials, a supposedly more virile law is suggested. New laws and changes of old laws are coming to the fore asking for enactment with such avidity that one must wonder how or by what means we have hitherto maintained social order. But we are passing through a period of change, and our chrysalis condition begets excitement, and we may or may not develop civic perfection.

We have not wholly recovered from the painful ordeal of last fall, and the period of calm and deliberate judgment has not fairly begun. A mass of unutterable official filth has been laid bare; and the track of the corruptionist has been found in the high as well as the low places. We can stomach many and various offences, but we were not prepared for such widespread official degradation and civic dishonor.

The period of unrest is upon us, and we must be up and doing, and this seems to be—proposing laws. We are going to make officials honest and keep them honest—all by law. Statesmen, committees, and numerous reformers of honest and good purpose, all seem to agree that there must be a new law for this or that particular bureau of government; and they differ only in the kind, quality, or degree of the new legislation. Some demand a radically new measure; others are satisfied with a change of name. And yet when this new legislation is at last delivered to our municipal care, may it not become ineffectual? While the machinists may have in it an atom of the old guile of Adam, and the honest reformers may have blessed it with the full leaven of civic virtue, it must finally be administered by officials and mere men.

It will be admitted by all fair observers of our local method of government that our present laws are reasonably wise, moderate, and effectual, when honestly applied. Our difficulty has been rather with the officials charged with the administration of law. A system of official dishonesty has grown up which of necessity compels an officer to be either personally dishonest or to wink at another's backsliding.

It is difficult to see how new legislation will permanently rid us of this evil. More checks may be placed on official misconduct, or mayhap a new registering machine against official dishonesty may be devised. But after we have concluded our blessed business of reforming, and returned to our regular vocations, we will be compelled to leave the officials to wrestle alone with the new methods. Then will occur the test; and if officials be dishonest, we can expect to see evasion of law and connivance at wrong resumed with absolute certainty, for we know that humanity is prone to sin.

Then it will more clearly appear that the remedy is in changing men and not measures; in making it difficult for dishonest men to attain public office or place. The agency that most effectually and permanently lessens dishonesty and thereby increases general honesty is, after all, that of the church.

The recent public utterances of Leo XIII., approving participation by Catholics in public efforts for the common good, here become exceedingly pertinent. They promise the help of the church in that general instruction to the people on what is honest, as applied particularly to our duties as citizens, in impressing upon us the special duty and care of properly exercising our rights as citizens. The antagonism of the church to the saloon is one practical way of advancing civic reform; and if it were not for the secret and unlawful aid of dishonest officials the saloon would be less in public view than it now is. Saloon politics are as incompatible with honest civic reform as with the church. Party interference with municipal affairs is, next to the saloon, the most serious obstacle to better government. Many intelligent men think that a candidate for public place or trust must be selected because of the badge he wears, and not because of his fitness or honesty. When we elect men to local office on the badge system we next have the spoils system; and then we have reached the most pregnant source of official dishonesty. If this or that society of badge-wearers cannot survive when taken from the public crib, its power for public good must needs be miserably limited. Party government may or may not be a great public blessing; but when its vitality is made to depend on its chances to fill local offices, it then takes on the character of the Hessian troops. And when we go into politics for the money there is to be got, we then fit ourselves for a reign of official as well as personal dishonesty.

MISSIONS AND MISSION-WORKERS IN "THE GREAT LONE LAND."

BY E. S. COLCLEUGH.

IN the opening chapter of Parkman's *Jesuits in North America* he pictures the modest chapel surmounting the natural ramparts at Quebec, and the leaky, dilapidated "residence of Notre-Dame des Anges," on the St. Charles.

Here, in 1634, dwelt six priests and two lay brothers. "This," he says, "was the cradle of the great mission of New France." Here was nourished the germ of a great enterprise ; here sallied forth the advance guard of a vast army. From that early day to this the French Catholics of America have been found far on the frontier attesting the earnestness of their faith and the intensity of their devotion by lives of rigorous self-denial.

They faltered not as they penetrated pathless wilds inhabited by savage beasts and still more savage men. Though cold, hunger, isolation, and hardships of all kinds met them, they knew no such word as fail. Giving up all ambitions save the one, they faced the possibility—the almost certain probability—of a lonely death far from all they had held dear; but when one fell a martyr to his devotion, recruits were not wanting, eager and ready to fill his place.

Up the wild Ottawa, across lonely Lake Nipissing, amongst the thousand isles of Huron, and beneath the pictured rocks which border the "Big Sea Water" they pushed their way in those early days. Side by side with the fur-traders, the gay, rollicking *voyageurs*, they penetrated the wilderness about Hudson Bay and shared the isolation of the frontier outposts at York Factory and Norway House.

Some, crossing tempestuous Lake Winnipeg, took their winding way up Red River to lift up the cross beside the lodges of wild Assiniboines, and to establish at St. Boniface a mission which has become an ecclesiastical centre from which radiate missions extending throughout the entire North-west. Others stemmed the swift waters of the Saskatchewan and wandered far into the very heart of the "Great Lone Land."

At isolated Isle à la Crosse, lonely Chipewyan, and on the shores of the Arctic-rolling Mackenzie, their successors to-day are found, tirelessly laboring among the dusky aborigines.

Within the past six years it has been my fortune to traverse many almost unbeaten tracks in British America, and I have come in contact with many of these self-exiled men and women. While I shall not enlarge upon their work enough to give facts and figures, I cannot resist the temptation to pay a passing tribute to their heroism, devotion, and self-denial.

I recall one—a frail, delicate-looking priest, Père Bonauld—whom I met in 1888 on the Saskatchewan. At that time no railway had penetrated the country, and the river furnished the only highway into the wide-reaching valley of the North Saskatchewan. The canoes of the natives, and long brigades of York boats, were for long years the only means of transportation. Then came a time when the Hudson Bay Company called in the aid of steam, and occasional steamers ran between the Grand Rapids, near the river's mouth, and Edmonton—a thousand miles away by the sinuous course they were obliged to follow.

Upon one of these chance steamers I had found my way to the little mission and Hudson Bay Post, whose Cree name, "Oopaskwayow," had been beheaded and gradually curtailed, until "The Pas" was all that was left.

At "The Pas" my attention was attracted by a figure whose dress at once betokened the priest. About him were gathered an excited group of natives, each eager for a word, and all evincing marks of affection unusual in their apathetic race. Inquiring the cause, I was told he had particularly endeared himself to them during a fearful epidemic which had visited the locality a few months before. Within the limited radius of a mile or two sixty-two lay dead at one time. Terror was universal; fear kept many away, but, forgetting self, tireless in his devotion, this pale priest worked on, ministering to the sick, baptizing the dying, and comforting the bereaved. Day after day, and night after night, he had no rest until the eleventh day, when he fell fainting from exhaustion. The pestilence, however, was already waning, and the thankful Indians who nursed him back to life were reluctant to have him depart. But in the frontier missions the jurisdiction of a priest extends over a wide area, and the time had come when he must leave for new fields.

By frequent conversations during the few days we were fellow-passengers on the steamer I learned that he had left France fourteen years before. His round of duties had kept him a part of the time at Cumberland House, a part at "The Pas," but the greater portion up on the Churchill River. All his journeys had been made either by canoe or dog-train, and this was the first time he had set foot upon a steamer since coming from France. His delight at being once more in civilized society, and his interest in his work, made him an exceedingly interesting fellow-voyager. When we reached Cumberland House he took me to his little church, there calling attention to the altar-rails a marvel of carving, which, as he expressed it, "were cut out with one leetle small knife," by his predecessor.

The impression gained during that summer's trip has been deepened since by stories I have heard of kindness shown to sick travellers (Protestants) by the sisters at Isle à la Crosse, by the work I have seen at St. Albert, and more particularly by the knowledge gained during a journey made last summer into the far North-west.

BISHOP GROUARD.

One bright Sunday morning, July 1, I met Monsignor Émile Grouard, O.M.I., Bishop of Athabaska-Mackenzie, on the little steamer *Wrigley*, and for two entire months our routes were the same. The *Wrigley* carries supplies to the Hudson Bay posts on Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River, making one trip in the season to Fort McPherson, the most northern fort occupied by the company. At almost every post there is a mission, for—as one writer expressed it—"the converting and bartering nomads have ever gone hand-in-hand."

Starting from Fort Smith, just below the long stretch of unnavigable rapids on the Slave River, our first stop was at Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake. We arrived at about two in the morning, but his lordship was on the alert. Scarcely had the anchor fallen when he was off, holding service and visiting the sick. He only caught the steamer by a hard pull of three miles across a bay where we were wooding up.

From Fort Resolution to Fort Rae is a run of about fourteen hours, across the great lonely inland sea, from whose shores the "Barren Grounds"—the home of the musk-ox—are reached. Fort Rae occupies a little peninsula at the extreme limit of the long arm reaching north from the lake. The little cluster of buildings occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, another cluster whose gleaming cross and flag of St. Michael points out the mission, these, with the aboriginal tepees in the foreground, make up this desolate little outpost. I visited the bare, scantily-furnished house occupied by the father in charge, and was received by Bishop Grouard, who made up in graceful courtesy all that the place lacked in chairs. From the bishop I learned that there are about eight hundred Dog-Rib Indians about there. I asked why they were thus named, and he said aboriginal legends pointed to a dog as the tribal ancestor. "Thus," he continued, with a funny little twinkle in his eye, "these untutored savages are approaching civilization, and perhaps claiming priority, for, long before Darwin came forth with his monkey theory, this tradition was handed down from father to son."

We had reached the post at midnight; at eight sharp the next morning the whistle called us hurriedly on board and again the *Wrigley* was off. Doubling upon our track, we reached the wide lake, and threading our way between two large fields of ice, and dodging innumerable tiny icebergs, sailed out of sight of land with our prow set towards the outlet of the lake, the great Mackenzie River. To attempt even the briefest description of our journey from the source of this mighty stream to its delta would prolong this paper indefinitely. My purpose is to give but a passing glance at the principal missions. We reached Fort Providence the evening of the second day after leaving Fort Rae. We could tell as soon as we caught sight of the post that the steamer had been sighted. Flags were hastily run up, canoes quickly manned to run out to meet us, a few straggling Indians at the crest of the hill grew into a crowd, which, as we neared the landing, pressed close to the water's edge, almost into it. This is one of the few places where a landing can be made without the aid of yawls. The bishop, the first to cross the gang-plank, was met by the priest and a whole flock of dusky followers, who fairly blocked up the way in their eagerness to kiss his lordship's ring and receive his blessing.

LEGENDS POINTED TO A DOG AS THE TRIBAL ANCESTOR.

The first greetings over, the crowd surged up the hill-side and we followed. Our reception by the sweet-faced sisters who have charge of the school was almost as cordial. So seldom do they have visitors "from outside," as they say, that one is sure of a hearty greeting. When they found I knew Montreal, their old home—well, I received a double welcome. The school numbered twenty-three girls and ten boys. I was shown all over the building, and its scrupulous neatness spoke well for the training the girls are getting. Besides this school there is a

THE SWEET-FACED SISTERS WHO HAVE CHARGE OF THE SCHOOL.

tiny church, and the priest's residence, which he shares with four "brothers." As the little ones were ranged outside to receive the bishop I caught two or three snap-shots with my kodak. The pictures thus obtained I shall long cherish in memory of a pleasant but too brief visit.

There is a mission at Fort Simpson, but as Simpson is headquarters for the whole Mackenzie district of the Hudson Bay Company, I found so much in other lines claiming my attention that I failed to visit it. At Fort Norman, one hundred and fifty-eight miles from the Arctic Circle, the building occupied is very unpretending, but I had an opportunity to photograph what they proudly point to as "the oldest bell in the North."

Fort Good Hope is on the east side of the river, but fourteen miles from the frigid zone. This post has had a varied career—"no permanent abiding place," one might say. The old Fort Good Hope was one hundred and twenty miles further down the river, then it was removed to upper Manitou Island. A flood in 1836 swept it entirely away from that site and it was rebuilt on the present one. In spite of all they kept the name, and I suppose think they have good hope that their migrations are ended.

The mission here is very flourishing; Madame Gaudet, the wife of the keeper of the post, being a most devout Catholic and doing much to aid the church. I called upon the venerable father in charge. He and a little Irish "brother," who accompanied him when he went into the country, have spent the last thirty-four years at this mission. The "brother" showed me, with great pride, his fine potato-patch, and the young priest who assists (I failed to catch his name) showed me about the grounds, and took me into the church, which is really the show-church of all the North-west. It would be a credit to any congregation. It is well finished and furnished, as is the father's residence. I could get pictures of these buildings, but no small photograph could do justice to the beautiful wild roses, perfect thickets of sweet bloom, which were about us on every hand. All through the North, even at my furthest point, these dear little reminders of home blossomed with a luxuriance I never saw equalled elsewhere, and at Fort Good Hope there was promise of an abundance of gooseberries and raspberries. The sun, which we hardly lost sight of during the twenty-four hours, forced vegetation most rapidly in spite of the high latitude.

Red River enters the Mackenzie about twenty miles above Point Separation, the beginning of the delta of the Mackenzie.

THE MISSION AT FORT NORMAN—"THE OLDEST BELL IN THE NORTH."

At the confluence of the two streams the Loncheaux Indians have a little church, two or three houses high on the hill, the cross uplifted in the midst, and on a green slope below little wooden palings mark the last resting-places of their dead. At the time we passed, about two hundred and forty Loncheaux had their summer lodges on the little bench below the hill. Two "bands," as they express it, meet here because it is excellent fishing-ground.

Bishop Grouard had expected to have a steamer of his own last summer, but was disappointed. The priest from Fort McPherson had come to the Red River encampment, partly in pursuance of his parish duties—if we can apply the term parish to so wide an area—and partly to meet the bishop. As we neared the encampment the whistle sounded, and it met with the usual response of yells from both natives and dogs; but when Bishop Grouard showed himself on the deck, a running salute of guns was fired in reckless disregard of the extravagant expenditure of ammunition. The whole place seemed literally to swarm with people. Canoes by scores put out, and in a short time we bade fair to have all the crowd on board. Their designs in this direction were only frustrated by the captain, who ordered the ladder taken in as soon as the priest had come on board. He brought with him one of the most forlorn-looking little waifs I ever beheld: a little orphan girl about six years old, clad only in a single garment of deer-skin, filthy beyond description and so ragged that I wondered it did not drop off.

Scarcely was the excitement of this stop allayed when we began to meet the "oomiaks" and "kyacks" of the Esquimaux, and we needed not to be told we were nearing the Arctic Sea.

Peel River enters the great river a few miles below Point Separation, and Fort McPherson, our last post, is about forty miles up that tributary. It was midnight, although as light as ever, when we arrived; but a drizzling rain and the fact that we had to anchor far out in the stream prevented me from going ashore that night; but, as usual, the bishop was up and off, taking the priest and his wild little aborigine with him. Hunting for "Husky" curios, visiting their lodges, and attempting to cram my note-book with all the stories and legends I could gather, filled the two days we remained. I did not see the bishop until we were ready to weigh anchor; then he appeared with the little Loncheaux so changed that I could hardly believe it was the same child. Where he had procured an entire child's outfit I cannot tell, but there she was, all ready to be handed over to the sisters at Fort Providence.

Our return journey included the same stops we made going north, and the days went on full of novelty and interest, whether we were stopping at the call of some natives, who are always on the alert to embrace the one opportunity they have in the year to beg for tea and tobacco, steaming beneath the frowning walls known as "The Ramparts," looking out at the beautiful Nahanie mountains, or gathering the big bales of rich furs at each fort.

Each Sunday the bishop held service on the forward deck, and each morning and evening saw him apart from the rest engaged in his religious meditations.

At Fort Smith we bade "good by" to the little *Wrigley* that had been our home for a month. A portage of sixteen miles—in an ox-cart—took what was left of us to Smith Landing, where we met the *Grahame*, a stern-wheel steamer which navigates the upper Slave and the lower Athabaska rivers.

We sailed from Smith Landing at four in the morning, but it was not so early but service had been holden, and as the whistle sounded the starting signal all the congregation trooped down to the water's edge to hear the last words of benediction.

About two days' run from the landing is old Fort Chipewyan, on the western shore of Lake Athabaska.

Much might be written of this old post where Mackenzie, Rae, Back, Franklin, Simpson, and Richardson rested ere they took their adventurous and hazardous wanderings still farther into the trackless wilderness; that, however, would require an article devoted solely to Chipewyan. We centre our present interest in the little mission-village which, about a mile from the fort, follows the curving shore beneath the shadow of a rock promontory. Here the bishop has his headquarters, a church, and a school of forty children. I visited the school and dormitories. A set of shelves attracted my attention in the entrance hall as I noted the forty pairs of quaint wooden shoes the little ones clatter about the rocks with, but put one side as they enter the immaculate buildings. The children sing and recite beautifully, although I could spend but little time. The bishop himself took me into the church, whose chancel decorations were his own work. Three central panels represent Christ with St. John on one side and the Blessed Virgin on the other. The left side has also three figures, "Our father Adam and the serpent and fig-leaves," as my cicerone explained; "Our father Abraham" and "Moses." The other side is "St. John the Baptist," "St. Joseph," "St. Peter, with the key." Painted upon the boards as they are, they exhibit much talent. "Could have done better on canvas, but the boards," with his little, expressive shrug, "they are here."

A fine garden, redeemed from the combination of rock and bog, is pointed out to every visitor, and a field whereon was grown the wheat which took a prize at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. A saw-mill is in operation, and close by a little steamer built by the "Brothers" awaits completion.

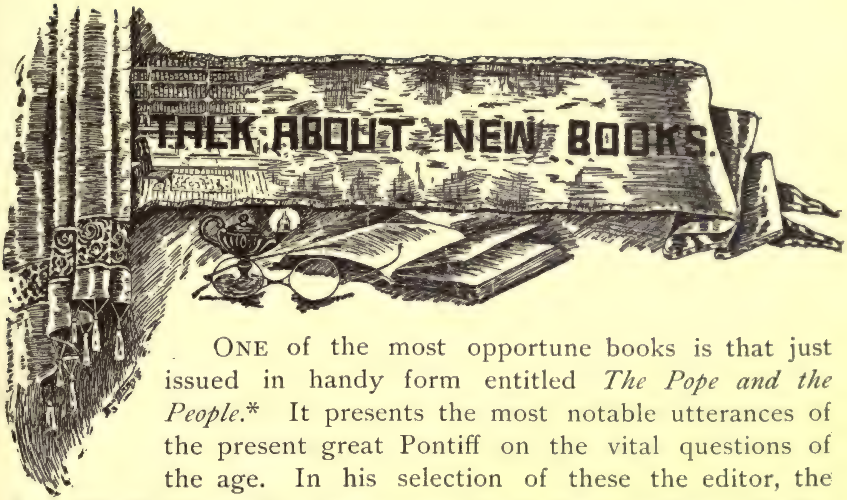
I expected the bishop would remain at home for a little rest, for he had been journeying about a month in an open boat before I met him at Fort Smith, but the necessity of procuring supplies called him to Edmonton. When the *Grahame* was ready to leave Chipewyan, we saw two brothers rowing his skiff rapidly across the little bay, and again we welcomed his cheery face.

Although it is not a long run from Lake Athabaska to Fort McMurray, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska rivers, it took us about five days. Stopping to cut hay for the oxen we were transporting from Smith Portage to their winter quarters at McMurray, to chop wood for the steamer's supply, and logs to be rafted to Chipewyan to repair the *Grahame*, made little detentions hardly looked for in these days of rapid transit, but we were far beyond all that. This we decidedly realized when, at Fort McMurray, we left the steamer and took open boats, for more than a hundred miles, against swift maddened waters. This stage of the journey is only accomplished by what they call "tracking." Of the crew of ten men but two, the bowsman and the steersman, remained on board; the others walked along the river-bank, seven dragging the boat by a long line, the eighth or "end-man" walking behind to clear the rope from fallen trees, sharp points of rock, and other obstructions. For thirteen days we thus toiled up stream by day, and camped on shore at night, resting over Sunday on some forest hill-side. At morning and evening each Sunday the bishop would appear in the midst of the group of bronzed *voyageurs* with a pleasant: "Well, boys, you are not busy now; don't you think we'd better have prayers?" A little later, by ringing a hand-bell, he summoned them to the open space before his tent, where, clad in his scarlet and white vestments, he stood by a little portable altar in God's own temple, the vaulted sky for a roof, grand forest trees for pillars, and the whisper of the pines and the sound of onward-rushing waters the only accompaniment to the strong, sweet voices of those hardy sons of the wilderness. The bishop and the kneeling group before him made the foreground of a picture whose details I find entered in my note-book: "It is a strange Sunday. One I shall scarcely forget. A bend in the river above and below shuts off the view, making it seem as if we were on the shores of a lake. Four white tents climb the hill-side—the poles of the bowsmen clustered tepee fashion, covered with blankets, have been utilized as a shelter. At the top of this structure a pair of pantaloons swinging to and fro bears witness to some one's attempt at laundry work; mosquito-nets and all sorts of queer shelters in all sorts of colors; a dozen camp-fires crackling in the forest stillness, their flames sending keen red lights into the shadowy aisles of the wilderness. Before us, the brigade of boats covered with tarpaulins, and looking, for all the world, like funeral barges. Behind us, far above the tents, gleaming through the pines, and making the

HERE THE BISHOP HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS.

poplars cast checkered shadows on the white canvas, peeps out the sinking sun, which has been hidden all day. Below us, where the river bends, the hill-side bare and desolate, save the skeleton trunks of numberless trees whose life and verdure were scorched out by some sweeping forest-fire, so recent that nature has not covered its ravages with her mantle of green. Across the river, moss-bearded, ancient firs crowd close to the water's edge, and the white caps of a rapid toss showers of spray almost into the shadowy recesses. A little further off the soil has been cut away, and the sun gleams on a yellow bank where great boulders stand out here and there, but never a vestige of green; then up, up, still up, to where their arrow-points stand, clear-cut against the sky-line, climb the firs. The cloud-flecked summer sky, and the picturesque group in the centre, make up a whole long to be remembered."

At the head of Pelican Rapids we met the steamer *Athabaska*, and two days upon her took us to the end of more than four thousand miles of inland voyaging. I had to wait two or three days at the Hudson Bay post at Athabaska Landing before I could obtain conveyance to Edmonton. The bishop, with his accustomed celerity, secured a buck-board and an Indian pony and hurried off. The steamer's run was finished, and he had all the return journey to make in the small boats; therefore despatch was essential if he reached home before frost came. Midway on my journey to Edmonton I saw the little pony jogging along, and a minute later the bishop was on the ground, hat off and hand extended to bid me adieu. There, in the solitude, our paths diverged, he to his work on the wild shores of lonely Athabaska, and I to plunge into the hum and bustle of the outside world.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the most opportune books is that just issued in handy form entitled *The Pope and the People.** It presents the most notable utterances of the present great Pontiff on the vital questions of the age. In his selection of these the editor, the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J., has shown much discrimination. In the course of his long and brilliant life Leo XIII. has put forth a vast amount of literary work, and the great difficulty with any one undertaking a selection for any special purpose must be the bewildering mass of treasure which lies ready to his hand. But the fact that there are just at this moment some questions pressing for instant treatment and solution, not only in the spiritual sphere but in the moral and material one, furnishes a guide and a motive to the judicious collator. Before noticing the more important of these writings it is extremely fitting that attention should again be drawn to the singularly strong and clear statement of the Pope's position on the relations of church and state, inasmuch as in some quarters an invidious desire to distort and misinterpret the words of the recent Encyclical to the American Catholics is apparent. In the famous Encyclical of 1885 on "The Christian Constitution of States" we find the following explicit declarations and definitions:

"The Almighty, therefore, has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the Ecclesiastical and the Civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right. But inasmuch as each of these two powers has authority over the same subjects, and as it might come to pass that one and the same thing—related differently, but still remaining one and the same thing—might belong to the jurisdiction and determination of both, therefore God, who foresees all things, and who is the Author of these two powers, has marked out the course of each in right correlation to the other. *For the powers that are, are ordained of God.** Were this not so, deplorable contentions and conflicts would often arise, and not unfrequently men, like travellers at the meeting of two roads, would hesitate in anxiety and doubt, not knowing what course to follow. Two powers would be commanding contrary things, and it would be a dereliction of duty to disobey either of the two.

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* *The Pope and the People. Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

"But it would be most repugnant to deem thus of the wisdom and goodness of God. Even in physical things, albeit of a lower order, the Almighty has so combined the forces and springs of nature with tempered action and wondrous harmony, that no one of them clashes with any other, and all of them most fitly and aptly work together for the great purpose of the universe. There must, accordingly, exist between these two powers a certain orderly connection, which may be compared to the union of the soul and body in man. The nature and scope of that connection can be determined only, as we have laid down, by having regard to the nature of each power, and by taking account of the relative excellence and nobleness of their purpose. One of the two has for its proximate and chief object the well-being of this mortal life; the other the everlasting joys of heaven. Whatever, therefore, in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs, either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority. Jesus Christ has himself given command that what is Cæsar's is to be rendered to Cæsar, and that what belongs to God is to be rendered to God."

This ought to silence once for all the oft-repeated calumny that the church desires to seize and absorb the secular power of the state, or usurp its functions in any way. Nothing could be more foreign, indeed, to her mission, or more destructive to her influence, should she ever be so false to herself as to attempt it.

On more than one occasion Leo XIII. has written on the rights of labor, and his words have been universally accepted as full of profound wisdom. One of the most remarkable of these utterances is found in the Encyclical of May, 1891, inasmuch as it was seen to fit exactly to the situation then developed in the conflict between capitalist and working-man. The following extracts from different portions of this document are eminently entitled to the consideration of the thoughtful :

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* Rom. viii. 1.

"We now approach a subject of great and urgent importance, and one in respect of which, if extremes are to be avoided, right notions are absolutely necessary. Wages, as we are told, are regulated by free consent, and therefore the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part and seemingly is not called upon to do anything beyond. The only way, it is said, in which injustice might occur would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or if the workman should not complete the work undertaken ; in such cases the state should intervene, to see that each obtains his due ; but not under any other circumstances.

"This mode of reasoning is, to a fair-minded man, by no means convincing, for there are important considerations which it leaves out of account altogether. To labor is to exert one's self for the sake of procuring what is necessary for the purposes of life, and chief of all for self-preservation. *In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread.** Hence a man's labor bears two notes or characters. First of all, it is *personal*, inasmuch as the exertion of individual strength belongs to the individual who puts it forth, employing such strength to procure that personal advantage on account of which it was bestowed. Secondly, man's labor is *necessary ;* for without the result of labor a man cannot live ; and self-preservation is a law of nature which it is wrong to disobey. Now, were we to consider labor so far as it is *personal* merely, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatsoever ; for in the same way as he is free to work or not, so is he free to accept a small remuneration or even none at all. But this is a mere abstract supposition ; the labor of the working-man is not only his personal attribute, but it is *necessary ;* and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of one and all, and to be wanting therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live ; and the poor can procure it in no other way than through work and wages.

"If a workman's wages be sufficient to enable him to main-

* Genesis iii. 19.

tain himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort, he will not find it difficult, if he be a sensible man, to study economy; and he will not fail, by cutting down expenses, to put by some little savings and thus secure a small income. Nature and reason alike would urge him to this. We have seen that this great labor-question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners.

"In the last place, employers and workmen may of themselves effect much in the matter we are treating, by means of such associations and organizations as afford opportune aid to those who are in distress, and which draw the two classes more closely together. Among these may be enumerated, societies for mutual help; various benevolent foundations established by private persons to provide for the workman, and for his widow or his orphans, in case of sudden calamity, in sickness, and in the event of death; and what are called 'patronages,' or institutions for the care of boys and girls, for young people, as well as homes for the aged."

We would earnestly bespeak a wide perusal and an attentive study of this invaluable volume. This is rendered all the more feasible from the form in which it is produced, which brings it easily within the reach of every working-man and woman.

The usual methods of scientific disquisition are the reverse of attractive, in a good many cases, to the people who listen or read. This fact, which has long been proverbial and truismatic, is in itself a proof of the power of science, since in the pursuit of it the strong repugnance of the human mind to the dry, the formal, the minutely laborious and the polysyllabic, is triumphantly overcome by those who have devoted their intellects to the study of its relations to nature. Some of its most brilliant expositors, however, are men gifted with powers of language and adaptability to the capacities of their audiences which make their treatises or discourses exercises more fascinating and delightful than the most entrancing opera, concert, or drama. We do not speak in this connection of some scientists whose lectures seem designed more to show the lecturer's own *esprit* and powers of wit than to demonstrate the truths of science. Men of this kind are undoubtedly clever, but they are not of much benefit to the cause of scientific research. But we speak of such lectures as those of Professor Ernst Mach, of Prague University,* a translation of whose works has just been made by Mr. T. J. McCormack, of La Salle, Ill. They are styled "popular lectures," and not inaptly so, for in their treatment the simplest language is employed, and yet we find the most beautiful of ideas unfolded in the exposition, and the mind irresistibly drawn away from the commonplace and banal things of life by the magic wand of the scientific interpreter. The methods of illustration and experiment employed in the pages of the book are all wonderfully simple, yet singularly efficacious in conveying clearly and convincingly the truth which the lecturer wishes to impress. The book shows how much has been done in modern days to make the study of natural laws a thing within the grasp of minds of average calibre, by disentangling it from the cumbersome. There is considerable diversity in the subjects treated, yet a diligent perusal of them will show how nearly they all are related, or at least how the interdependence which seems to be the organic law in all nature is a characteristic, necessarily, of the subjects which a scientific lecturer finds to his hand. The Force of Liquids, the Fibres of Corti—a very remarkable discovery in human auriscopy—the Causes of Harmony, the Velocity of Light, Why Man has Two Eyes—these give examples of the nature of the themes examined. We would wish that thoughtless people could have some idea of these treatises, just in order to learn how many popular beliefs on even the simplest things are so utterly at variance with the real facts when the test of science is applied to them in the philosopher's laboratory.

There is nothing said in the work to indicate what the religious opinions of the writer are, but it is to be remarked that he pays a high tribute, as an honest and candid student must whenever called upon, to the vast benefit to civilization which the Catholic Church has rendered by her adoption and preservation of the Latin language. This led to a sort of uniformity amongst the nations when they began to emerge from barbarism, and laid the foundations of civilization in Europe. But it need not be inferred, from the absence of any reference to the subject in the book, that so intelligent an observer as the learned professor could be insensible to the smallness of the proportion between the spirit of the Christian religion and the language in which it was diffused, in the great work of building up a civilized system. This is where the domain of the apparently marvellous is reached, and the mind is brought face to face with the mysterious workings of divinity in the destinies of mankind.

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* *Popular Scientific Lectures.* By Ernst Mach, professor of physics in the University of Prague. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour has a literary bent whose character, taken in conjunction with his well-known political views, indicates a singular intellectual condition. He is strongly predisposed toward logic and philosophy, and his method of dealing with these subjects is searching and analytical, but from a literary point of view too severely simple. Yet no one can fail to be struck by the incisiveness of his reasoning and the justice of the conclusions he draws from a certain set of premises, though these premises themselves may be illusory or unwarranted. A few years ago he published a book called *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt.* It was a clever book, although it proved nothing save that the writer was in a state of mind not free from doubt, whatever it might be with regard to philosophy. It seems to have been only one of a series—a trilogy, perhaps—as we now have a second, taking a higher ground, and assuming the character of an apology for people who are weak enough to believe in a Deity and an immortal soul. This book is called *The Foundations of Belief.** Some of its chapters were published as independent essays recently in the *International Journal of Ethics.*

Mr. Balfour explains that his new work is intended as an introduction to the study of theology. As to theology itself, that is another matter. He frankly confesses that he knows nothing about it. He is merely pointing out the building and opening for the intending student the door, that he may enter in.

When one has read through this book, he will have no difficulty in discovering that its author has now taken the negative side in the discussion which he himself started in its predecessor. Whether this logical tergiversation is merely adopted as a means of showing his proficiency in the art of debate or is the genuine outcome of a desire to ascertain by logical test the truth about the tremendous problems of life and eternity, we may not undertake at this stage of the literary parturition to venture to say. But no one can help being struck by the grave oversight made by the very clever logician who presents us with his views pro and con. How can a man who confessedly knows nothing about a subject undertake to introduce that subject to others? Apparently unable to make up his own mind that theology is a thing with a real basis, or only a system resting on a false assumption, he undertakes to lead others into such "an attitude of mind" as will induce them to enter upon the study of the greatest of all human subjects of thought.

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* *The Foundations of Belief.* By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Balfour seems, however, to have reached, in his mental struggle, just so much positive ground as that, after all other resources of speculation have been proved worthless, the belief in a Deity is an essential for humanity; for after examining all the negative sides of the question very closely he goes on to ask:

"What support does the belief in a Deity ineffably remote from all human conditions bring to men thus hesitating whether they are to count themselves as beasts that perish, or among the sons of God? What bridge can be found to span the immeasurable gulf which separates Infinite Spirit from creatures who seem little more than physiological accidents? What faith is there, other than the Incarnation, which will enable us to realize that, however far apart, they are not hopelessly divided? The intellectual perplexities which haunt us in that dim region where mind and matter meet may not be thus allayed. But they who think with me that, though it is a hard thing for us to believe that we are made in the likeness of God, it is yet a very necessary thing, will not be anxious to deny that an effectual trust in this great truth, a full satisfaction of this ethical need, are among the natural fruits of a Christian theory of the world."

It would be in logical sequence that, after producing such a book, Mr. Balfour should at once enter a theological class himself; but the book itself is the proof that logic in action and logic in argument are very different things in the mind of the clever debater who has written it.

*As Others Saw Him** is a work by an anonymous author, suggested, perhaps, by *Ben Hur*, from the stand-point of a Jew contemporary with our Divine Redeemer and an eye-witness of the closing scenes of his life in the sacred city. We believe that much good may be derived from the perusal of this work, which is extremely striking and vivid, for it undoubtedly helps us to realize very clearly the state of affairs in Judea and Jerusalem at the time of our Lord's sojourn there. No one can deny that it is helpful in a large degree to get an insight into the currents of religious thought, the social life, and the political complexities which formed the background for the awful tragedy of the Atonement; and such a picture is easily realized from this volume. The unknown writer appears to have studied his subject very diligently, as he descends into many minute details regarding the ways of the Jews and the topography of Jerusalem. Touching the death of the Saviour he presents us with the thought that appears to have entered the minds of many Jews who believed in a Messiah of a more earthly type, who was to deliver them from national enslavement rather than from the bondage of sin, and yet saw such proofs of his divinity that they were doubtful and deplored his judicial murder. These wavering sophists solaced themselves with the reflection that he was himself responsible in the greatest measure for the tragedy, by his choosing to remain silent when the Jews handed him over to the Roman authorities on a political charge. The chapter describing the scene at the execution of the Saviour is particularly impressive, full of simple power and the expression of doubt and remorse which make it perfectly natural.

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* *As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Mystery or Miracle Play of the Middle Ages, a poetical form long neglected, is revived by a rising young French poet, E. Ponvillon, in honor of Bernadette of Lourdes.* The scheme of the Mystery is so comprehensive as to satisfy the most ambitious lyrists, whose plan embraces time and space, heaven, earth, hell, purgatory, the past and the future, and not only men and angels but divine beings. The form which Goethe chose for his greatest work, and even Dante, is somewhat analogous to this ancient device, only that it was more contracted in scope and scenic effect, and limited in what we may call stage property. There can be no question but in the story of Bernadette the poet had the widest range that the most exacting imagination could desire ; and when we mention the fact that some of the actors whom he makes talk and brings under the benign magnetism of Bernadette are insects and birds and snakes and field animals, it must be owned that he has availed himself of the poet's license to the extent that recognizes not the extravagant. This fact alone removes this Mystery from the categories of those that are available for stage representation ; but there are supernatural occurrences of a far more wonderful order which entirely remove it from the practical region, and may seem indeed to many too awful to be presented to the eye or the mind in any imitative way. The play is intended to be read and studied devoutly, and not to be acted. Yet it presents us the story of Bernadette clearly and consistently throughout; showing her inner life, her wonderful gift of supernatural grace, her temptation, and her death. The language of the poem rises into exalted strains at times; again the movement flows on in homely simplicity, and at times borders a little on the childish, especially in the dialogue portions between St. Bernard and the Guardian Angel. A prologue to the work is rich in the fervid yet tasteful imagery which the best usage of the French tongue freely allows in poetical composition, and even in suitable prose work. The English translation of the poem is the only version which has come to hand; it is the work of Mr. Henry O'Shea, who dates it from Biarritz.

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* *Bernadette of Lourdes : A Mystery.* By E. Ponvillon. Translated by Henry O'Shea. New York : Benziger Brothers ; London : Burns & Oates.

The day of inquiry is at its noon, in the religious world; into the origin and the causes of Christian cleavage minds are searching now as they never have searched before. No period could be more opportune for a full and unsparing exposure of the true history of the great Revolt of the sixteenth century, done without passion and having regard only to the interests of truth and the enlightenment of all who honestly desire light. There are many millions of men and women who sincerely believe that that Revolt was a spiritual and an intellectual movement, springing from the human conscience and the desire for independence in the realm of human thought. The truth lay buried under the accumulated *débris* of centuries of falsehood and concealment of proof, but gradually it is being dug out as the overwhelmed cities are being excavated on the slopes of Vesuvius.

The extraordinary interest aroused by Dr. Gasquet's great work, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, has fastened especial attention on the English branch of the Revolt. Whatever may be claimed for it on intellectual grounds amongst the German states and elsewhere on the European continent, a totally different origin is found in the case of England. There it was at once the outcome of a protracted constitutional struggle for the spiritual independence of the church, and an insatiable greed on the part of king and nobles for the temporal possessions with which the piety of past generations of land-owners had endowed the church. The material base of operations secured for the Revolt by the plunder of the monasteries gave it a leverage without which it never could have gained the lodgment it has since maintained. Hence the inner history of the beginnings of the movement in England possesses an intense interest, not only for the ecclesiastical student but for the canonist, the secular legist, the political economist, and the student of constitutionalism in government.

A most valuable supplement to Father Gasquet's work is the *History of the Church in England*, from the pen of Mary H. Allies.* It covers the ground from the germ days of the Revolt to the climax of the movement in the establishment of the Anglican Church and the death of its foundress, Elizabeth Tudor. This field is wide enough to occupy tomes; the value of this work lies in its concentration of the events upon which other writers might consume months of the student's life. This result is gained without any loss of literary style or harmony of arrangement; rather, the symmetry of the work, we opine, is enhanced by boldness and conciseness in outline.

The unhappy connection between church and state which existed in many European countries at the time had resulted in many abuses in the affairs of the church, yet with all these drawbacks it was a tremendous bulwark against wrong. It stood between the poor and the rapacity of crown and feudal lord; it stood between the ambition of the monarch for sovereignty in the spiritual domain and the rights of bishops and clergy. Its weakness lay in accepting the king's nominees for ecclesiastical positions and allowing absentees and foreigners to hold benefices. If it had but been complaisant to Henry's sensualities, it might have never become the prey to his avarice and that of his parasites, but here was the rock upon which it split. Wolsey was no typical churchman; he was a statesman first. Had he but shown the firmness of Sir Thomas More in resisting the king's unlawful will, he might have stayed the gathering of the torrent which swept him away in its fury.

The story of the suppression of the monasteries, which has been told pretty fully for the first time by Father Gasquet, is largely relied on by the authoress for some of the most effective chapters of her history. Only a hundred and five monasteries elected to save themselves by the consent of their inmates to take the conscience-breaking oath of supremacy, whilst about three hundred and five establishments, by their refusal, incurred the doom of annihilation. Then came the turn of the great abbeys, then of the nunneries. The smoke of the faggot, the ring of the headsman's axe, the hideous butchery of the treason-gibbet, made the accompaniment to this robbery meanwhile, all over the land, as one after another bands of noble men and women, religious and lay, refused to forswear themselves at the pleasure of a human satyr. In these pages the story of the Tudor Terror is well told. Every fact related in it rests upon the indubitable testimony of the state papers of the day.

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* *History of the Church of England*, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Queen Elizabeth. By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

The Reformation had been effected with a loss of many thousands of lives, but with a gain to Henry's treasury of about seventy million dollars, and of untold wealth to the lords who had assisted in the work of plunder. That it began in a desire to make the king master in spirituals as in temporals was at length demonstrated in the imbecile proceeding of citing the martyred Thomas à Becket to come and appear before Henry to account for the causes of his death. Failing his response to this fool summons, it was decreed that the saint had been justly punished for his offences against the royal supremacy. This solemn farce was followed by an incursion of the king into the realm of central spiritual authority, usurping the spiritual power as exercised by pope and canonical court, by virtue of which canonization is proved and decreed. St. Thomas's name was formally erased from the roll of martyrs, his bones were exhumed and burnt, and his rich shrine at Canterbury desecrated and sacked.

Thus the foundations of Protestantism were laid in England. Begun in lust, they were cemented with rivers of blood, and capped with an outrage on religion and humanity more revolting than any which marked the French Revolution and the enthronement of the Goddess of Reason. The story of the gradual rise of the fabric of Anglicanism from this base is vividly told in this valuable history.

It is not necessary, in commending Walter Lecky's new volume, *Down at Caxton's*,* to say that it is a work worth reading merely for its style. Those who are familiar with his work in these pages amongst others know by this time that he is one who discards conventionality in literature and says what he has to say in his own fashion. As it happens that this fashion is bright, shrewd, and apt, even though at times a trifle sententious, they know what to expect in this cluster of essays. They are chiefly biographical sketches of present Catholic writers, more or less familiar to the reading public. No doubt they will be read with a great deal of interest, because, although some of them have been presented by friendly pens before, the touch has not always been so discriminating as in this case. We would just as soon that Walter Lecky had given us something of a constructive rather than a critical character, like his own *Adirondack Sketches.* We seem to be moving about in a circle just now—not a vicious circle necessarily—each author writing about another author, and the other author telling the interviewer how he wrote such and such a thing. This is weak, and argues a poverty of invention which may not really exist.

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* *Down at Caxton's.* By Walter Lecky. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co.

The sketches embraced in *Down at Caxton's* embrace some characters beloved of Catholic writers—Richard Malcolm Johnston, Charles Warren Stoddard, Rev. J. B. Tabb, Agnes Repplier, Katherine E. Conway, M. F. Egan, and several others. It will be found that, even although some of these have been sketched already, the light in which they are seen under Walter Lecky's analysis goes deeper down and searches out thought and motive and mental fibre better than any preceding expositor.

The last piece in the volume is a valuable contribution to a thorny question. It is a paper entitled "Literature and our Catholic Poor," in the course of which the obstacles which stand in the way of the literary reformer and the best way of overcoming them are discussed. The subject is treated from the point of view of one who has practical knowledge of the difficulties of getting good Catholic literature into Catholic hands, and the myriad allurements of the baneful stuff which takes the place of its wholesome brother. As a great deal of wild and foolish ink has been expended on this subject by well-meaning persons who know nothing about the subject save that the evil exists, it were well that this endeavor to elucidate it should be widely read and studied. As the book is produced at the very modest price of thirty-five cents, it is accessible to a very large section of the public who read.

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I.—PHILLIPS BROOKS'S ESSAYS.*

To the student of literature many of these essays will prove advantageous reading, and notably the very simple essay on poetry read so long ago as 1859 before the Howard School at Alexandria, Va. To the student of church history, in so far as the Episcopalian Church in the United States has made history or pertains to it, some of the religious essays will not be without value. To those who regarded Phillips Brooks as a factor in the religious world of his day two essays are of peculiar and distinct interest as representing the bent of his religious thought, viz., Authority and Conscience, being a paper read before the Ninth Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Detroit in 1884; the other, Orthodoxy, delivered before the Clericus Club at Cambridge, in 1890. The fathers of the Ninth Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with Archdeacon Chasuble or some other such prelate at their head, must have groaned aloud in their distress of mind as they listened in utter amazement to this paper on Authority and Conscience. Only the Broad-churchmen could have found any consolation in it, and even they must have shaken their heads in some doubt, for so broad is his doctrine that the idea of a church is almost, if not entirely, eliminated. If there be authority in matters of religion worth consideration it must be infallible. This we take to have been Dr. Brooks's idea concerning authority in religion. He rejects, of course, what he is pleased to term "the localized infallibility of Rome." He rejects also the infallibility of "the ecumenical mind." He rejects likewise the infallibility of the Scriptures. "And if we lay aside—not sadly and reluctantly, but gladly as getting rid of an incubus,—if so we lay aside the notion of infallible authority, then what remains? I answer individualism."

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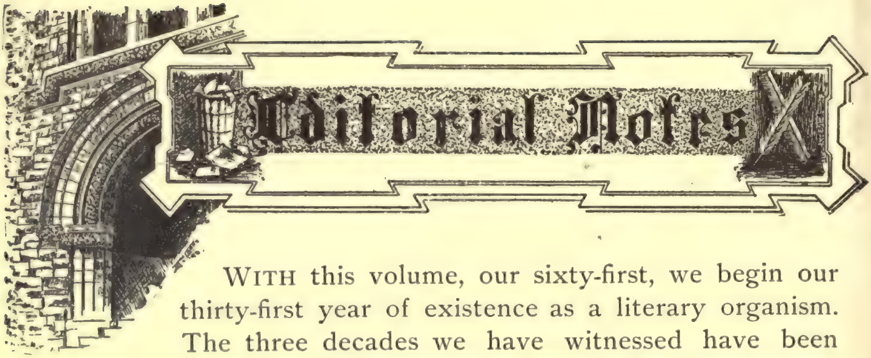
* *Essays and Addresses: Religious, Literary, and Social.* By Phillips Brooks. Edited by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Why then a church, or bishops, or priests, or the sacraments? The wonder to our mind after a careful study of this essay is that Phillips Brooks remained in orders and was consecrated to the episcopate of even a Protestant body. Somewhere in this essay he says: "Individualism in matters of thought means private judgment." And mind you, individualism is what he takes in place of infallibility. He is as honest as he is fearless, and it is these two noble qualities in the man that make his personality so charming. For surely these words with which he closes his essay on orthodoxy are both bold and honest: "Personal judgment is on the throne and will remain there—personal judgment enlightened by all the wisdom, past and present, which it can summon to its aid, but forming finally its own conclusions and standing by them in the sight of God, whether it stands in a great company or stands alone."

It is this infallible personal judgment, alas! that makes the Agnostic, that creates that broad Christianity without Sacrifice and the Passion, that is human sympathy and human love and human kindness, which even the pagans had.



Editorial Notes

WITH this volume, our sixty-first, we begin our thirty-first year of existence as a literary organism. The three decades we have witnessed have been fruitful of great results for the Catholic Church in these States. Its development as an instrument of civilization during that period has been enormous. It stands at the head of the intellectual forces of the age, and leads the way in every field where the goal is the amelioration, the advancement, and the elevation of the human race. The eyes of the world, it is no exaggeration to say, are fixed on the Catholic Church of America, fascinated by the attitude she is assuming, and the boldness of the course she has struck out for herself in accordance with the spirit and the needs of the time.

To what extent THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been a factor in the development of this great agency it is not for its conductors to say. To others must be left the task of gauging our endeavor by the light of results. That there are results of a notable character is matter of common knowledge, and in this fact lies our reward and our justification. Many of the pens which contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD in past years have since left their mark in other fields of literature, where their names would be unknown in all probability but for the opportunities given them in these pages.

We have always striven for the highest literary excellence as the *sine quâ non* of a representative Catholic organ, yet we have not been insensible to the growing taste for pictorial accompaniment. There is no doubt that in certain classes of literary subjects the illustration is a valuable auxiliary to the author's pen, and we have availed ourselves of this fact very frequently in recent years. We have practical assurance that this departure from a conservative rule is in keeping with the object we have in view, and we intend to persevere in and extend the principle with a due regard to the question of appropriateness. The success of the experiment warranted a still more progressive step—that of reducing the price of the magazine. This was done a year ago, and, we are gratified to say, with the best results. The circulation of the magazine has been more than doubled since these new measures were taken.

It was the idea and the purpose of the saintly founder of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the late Father Hecker, to place it at once in the first rank of magazines. His desire is a sacred bequest and heirloom to those who now conduct it, and they will always exert themselves to uphold and perpetuate it.

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The Holy Father celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on February 22, and was the recipient of many felicitations and gifts on the notable occasion. His health continues remarkably good, and his spirits full of something like youthful vivacity. It is not long since Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, and the great old statesman is so robust physically that he can still cut down trees and walk at the rate of four miles an hour. Present appearances all point to the strong likelihood of those two great old men living until they have both seen their most cherished projects and ideals, the one in the spiritual and social order, the other in the political world, in the category of *faits accomplis.*

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With this issue the series of "Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary" come to a close. They have been followed, we are well aware, with very deep interest, and have proved an exceedingly valuable addition to our ecclesiastical history. Many will desire to have the work in a separate form, and to meet that wish the series will now be put into the publisher's hands for production in a substantial volume. We expect to be able to announce the date of the appearance of the "Glimpses" in a very short time.

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We do not think too much attention can be given to the article by Rev. Dr. Zahm, in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, on the new system of teaching the blind the art of reading and writing. The subject is one of the first import.

The arrangements made by THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the immediate future include special articles by Mr. Orby Shipley, Mr. Gilliatt–Smith, and Rev. Kenelm Vaughan on important questions affecting the English Church.

The subject of social improvement will be taken up in THE CATHOLIC WORLD by a distinguished writer who has made it, as well as labor ethics, a special study. We have also arranged with Mr. Henry Austin Adams for a series of papers.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE has been for half a century actively engaged in profitable work for the social and intellectual advancement of young people. His remarkable book, *The Man without a Country*, has furnished a most useful object-lesson in patriotism. As a member of the Chautauqua Council he has had abundant opportunities to exercise a directive influence over the reading matter designated for a vast number of eager seekers after knowledge in the humbler walks of life. He holds that every citizen of the Republic should have but one standard of etiquette for the workman and for the capitalist ; for each and all, brothers and sisters of the human family, there should be manifested in various ways the noble etiquette of the Golden Rule. According to his teaching, for " civilized states " it is a fundamental mistake to suppose that " knowledge is more essential than virtue in government."

The *Chautauquan Magazine* has published the address by Dr. Hale to the C. L. S. C. Class of 1894, in which he expressed kind wishes for the Catholic allies of the Reading Circle movement and the Columbian Reading Union. From the view-point of a sociologist he estimates that the proportion of the working force in America, which has only muscle and nerve to bring to the common weal, is but eleven in a hundred. The hewers and diggers, stevedores on the wharves, street laborers in the cities, counting all designated by Shakspere as groundlings, the number will not exceed eleven in a hundred of the whole population. This calculation is somewhat optimistic, and may be very much below the actual standard in any particular town or city. It allows eighty-nine per cent. of the total population to have the capacity for the intelligent study of literature and science, and an appreciation of the value to society of purity, honor, justice, and truth. Dr. Hale thinks that the state can attend sufficiently well to the primary teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that the volunteer efforts for self-improvement are necessary for " the twenty million people between sixteen years old and forty-six who rule this nation. These twenty million are to receive a liberal education. The annual class of new students will be approximately one-thirtieth of the number—three hundred and thirty thousand people."

It is claimed that about seventy-five thousand persons were assisted in their search for this liberal education by the Chautauqua system in 1894. Numerous universities and colleges in their regular courses of study, and by the aid of university extension lectures, also provided for a vast number of students. By the mail service, by publications relating to science, government surveys, information from consuls in foreign countries, and by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the United States devotes a large amount of money annually to increase the facilities for higher education.

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One who has had for the first time an opportunity to attend the meeting of a Reading Circle, which cannot with propriety be named here, thus writes: You probably know something of my admiration for that really gifted woman, the president. She has so concentrated my interest by her brilliancy, that so far I know little of the lesser luminaries. You, perhaps, may be acquainted with her powers, and with those of many others like her ; but to me, who have met so few really fine women, she seems a marvel. Not that she is in the least showy or pretentious. She is as learned as she is pious and zealous, in fact able in all ways.

As Mark Antony, I believe, says somewhere of Brutus, "This is a man!" I felt like saying "This is a woman!" as I listened with delighted attention to her explanation of books and their contents. The first day I went off so overwhelmed that I was ready to throw my books into a corner, so convinced was I of my utter inability to teach anything, so convinced of my having heretofore done it all the wrong way. The president is a born teacher of the superior sort. She is the very soul of this enterprise.

We congratulate the Reading Circle that has such an accomplished president, and recommend our friend to take notes patiently and throw away no books, especially none written by Catholic authors.

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We charge nothing for advice to publishers. This hint is for them:

"I notice a suggestion made in the Columbian Reading Union in regard to the reprinting of articles from back numbers of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The suggestion seems to me a very happy one, and I would like to see it acted upon by having the poem 'The Cid,' by Aubrey de Vere, which appeared in four numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August–November, 1892, put in shape to be used by Reading Circles, as well as by students of literature in high-schools and academies. If it were gotten out in a neat, handy form, and properly advertised, I believe it would sell in large quantities.

"The Cassell Publishing Co. has his 'Legends of St. Patrick' in paper covers at ten cents. The essays by Brother Azarias, that appeared in the *Quarterly*, would also make a valuable book. MARGARET S. MOONEY,

President St. Scholastica Reading Circle, Albany, N. Y."

* * *

A very interesting method of studying an author was given by a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Select one of the best specimens of an author's work—for F. Marion Crawford *Saracinesca* is to be chosen—then at the next meeting of the Reading Circle members may come with a little note-book in which is written what the opinion of the book is, any little anecdote about the characters or the places where the scene is laid, something that has been heard or read about the author, and a short personal opinion of the book as a specimen of good English, as to what its influence would be on the average reader, and whether it is a book that might be called permanent or evanescent.

These written opinions should not occupy more than five minutes in reading, and you will be surprised to find what a fund of information is yours when the evening is over; as for your own note-books, if you will only keep them, you will be still more surprised, as the years go by, to see what lucid ideas you had about the books you read and how you remembered them. In taking a book of poems it would not be necessary to read every poem in the book, but pick out the ones that you fancied; with a volume of history it will be wise to read it closely, not to attempt to have every member in the club read their opinions, though each one should write them, but the three or four, or five or six, who are mentally ahead of the others, should be asked what they have as a summing up. With a novel less care is necessary, though from many novels a great deal of history and a great deal of good pure English may be learned.

* * *

The senior class in one of the leading Catholic academies of Pennsylvania had assigned as a subject for composition "Indiscriminate Reading." In the paper written by Miss Grace M. McElroy we find a graphic account of her visit to a book-store, and her observations of the crowd which gathered for the weekly story-papers. She admits that girls have minds more or less fickle even when they leave school, and that some get very much absorbed with the romantic doings of Lord —— and the dreadful folly of Lady ——. The effect of such reading is to make the average girl discontented with her lot in life. "I have in view," she writes, "a friend reared in the atmosphere of a Catholic home; her natural taste for literature has been directed by a wise father, and the consequence is that every womanly virtue has been developed, and a high, noble character formed, which is eminently fitted to guide and direct others in the path of right."

Miss Genevieve E. Reid admits that the neglect of Catholic literature is often apparent in the Catholics of the present day. "Does one out of ten read anything that is out of the usual run of the popular novel? It is only too true that they do not; that their interest is not awakened in that which they should seek to advance. And if this be true in a school where they have every advantage for Catholic training, how much more there is to fear out in the world! There the average girl is satisfied with the novel, because she has not acquired a higher taste."

* * *

The Confraternity of St. Gabriel has for its spiritual director the learned chancellor of Philadelphia, Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D. For almost five years it has been engaged in works of mercy for the spiritual consolation of the sick, and for converts suffering from the isolation which their change of faith has imposed upon them. Under its auspices a circulating library has been established, and a considerable quantity of secular and religious literature has been collected and distributed. The Annual Record of the Confraternity contains this letter from a priest in South Carolina: "Returning from an extended tour through my missions, of which I have fifty-three scattered through South Carolina, I find your kind letter. Permit me to express my high appreciation of the noble work your confraternity is engaged in. To alleviate the sorrows and the sufferings of the sick by furnishing them with reading matter which will elevate the soul to God is, indeed, a most beautiful Christian charity. None knows this better than the priest of God, who in his own small way, from time to time, does the work of your confraternity.

Your other feature of providing healthful reading matter to converts is especially commendable. The good effects from such a work cannot be over-estimated. We have many poor people in this mission who have been born and raised Catholics and who know of a Catholic church only by hearing of it. This mission covers an area of 12,000 square miles. We have fifty-three regular stations, covering a distance of 1,000 miles. All this territory is covered by one priest, and, although he changes his place of habitation every night, you can see how seldom these poor people have a chance of hearing God's word from the pulpit. And there is no telling how much good a single newspaper may accomplish, both to our own people, by keeping before their minds the doctrines, practices, and progress of the church, and to those outside the fold by dispelling prejudice and paving the way for conversion.

All the members of my congregations that your Confraternity has favored are very grateful for your kindness, and you may rest assured that I keep you all in my unworthy prayers. J—— B——."

We have reason to believe that a great missionary work is waiting for missionaries in the Southern States. Priests are obliged to travel vast distances. They can use to the best advantage Catholic literature which will preach the truth silently. We hope that St. Gabriel's Confraternity will be enabled to extend the work already begun in the rural districts where reading matter is so scarce and so eagerly sought after. On receipt of ten cents in postage the Secretary, Mrs. Isabel Whitely, 3803 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will send a copy of the Record.

* * *

The Azarias Reading Circle at Syracuse, N. Y., is established under the fostering care of the Rev. John F. Mullany. It has prepared an extensive plan of study, which is here somewhat condensed that it may be used by other Reading Circles. Five numbers are assigned for each meeting; the last number is reserved for current topics:

November—Literature: Jenkins (Shaw). Prose: Essays and Biographical Sketches. Talk on the Aim of Reading Circle, Rev. John F. Mullany. Evangeline, Part I., Longfellow. History: Cæsar's First Invasion of Britain (Lingard).

December—Paper on Catholic Veneration of the Cross, by Rev. J. Wilmes. History: Cæsar's Second Invasion of Britain; Customs, Manners, Religion, Government of Britain, to introduction of Christianity. Poetry: Evangeline, Part II.

January—History: Christianity prior to Anglo-Saxon Period; Paper on Introduction of Christianity. Poetry: Courtship of Miles Standish; Biographical Sketch of Longfellow. History: Anglo-Saxon Period; Paper: Synopsis of Anglo-Saxons. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, Brother Azarias; The Continental Homestead—Condition of Women. History: Danish Period; Essay on Life and Character of Edward the Confessor. Literature: Development of Old English Thought; Keltic Influence. History: Norman Conquest. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, to the Old Creed and the New. Poetry: Essay on Man, Pope; Hymn on the Nativity, Milton. History: Reign of Henry I. Literature: Development of Old English Thought; The English in their Insular Homestead, to St. Hilda. Poetry: Lycidas, Milton; Elegy, Gray. Historical Review.

February—History: To Plantagenets. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, chapter iv.; Essay: The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Feudal System. History: From Henry II. to Edward III. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, chapter v. Poetry: L'Allegro, Milton; Ode to St. Cecilia, Dryden. History: From Edward III. to Houses of Lancaster and York. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, chapter vi.; Essay on Life and Character of John Wycliffe. History: From Henry IV. to Henry VIII. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, chapter vii. Poetry: Paradise Lost, Book I., Milton. Paper on Magna Charta, William J. McClusky.

March—History: Henry VIII. to James I. Literature: Development of Old English Thought, chapter viii. Paper: The so-called Reformation, Rev. John F. Mullany. History: James I. to Charles II. Literature: Middle English Period, Jenkins (Shaw). Poetry: Paradise Lost, Books II. and III. History: Charles II. to George I. Literature: Modern Period to William Shakspere. Poetry: Paradise Lost, Books IV. to VII. History: George I. to George III. Literature: To Section Second, The Augustan Age. Poetry: Paradise Lost, Books VII. to X.

April—History: George III. to Victoria. Literature: Section Second, The Augustan Age. Poetry: Paradise Lost, completed. Prose: Reading, Utopia, More. History: Reign of Queen Victoria. Literature: Augustan Age, continued. Poetry: Julius Cæsar, Shakspere. History: English Constitution. Literature: Augustan Age, continued. Poetry: Il Penseroso, Milton; Ode to a Skylark, Shelley. Prose: Reading, Utopia. History: Historical Review. Literature: Augustan Age, continued. Novel Reading: Kenilworth, Scott. Poetry: Princess, Tennyson. Paper on Life and Character of Orestes A. Brownson, William Lalor.

May—Literature: Augustan Age, completed. Poetry: Idylls of the King, Tennyson; Merchant of Venice, Shakspere. Prose: Novel Reading, Kenilworth completed. Literature: General Review. Poetry: Lalla Rookh, Moore; The Deserted Village, Goldsmith. Essay on the Life and Character of Thomas à Becket. Poetry: Lalla Rookh, continued; Lady of the Lake, Scott. Novel Reading: Ben Hur, Wallace. Poetry: Dante's Inferno; Locksley Hall, Tennyson. Prose: Ben Hur, completed. Talk on Dante, Rev. John F. Mullany. Poetry: Dante's Inferno, completed. Prose: Reading of Callista, Newman. Biographical Sketch of Newman.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Lingard, Gibbons, Burnet, Hume, Green, Macaulay. Alzog's Church History; Darras's Church History; Monks of the West, by Montalembert; History of the Variations, by Bossuet; Protestantism and Catholicity, by Balmez; *Mores Catholici*, by Kenelm Digby; History of the Reformation, by Cobbett; Historical Sketches, by Newman; English Cathedrals, Van Renselaer; Ecclesiastical History, by Bede; Lies and Errors of History, by Parsons; Contemporaneous History, by Fredet; Genius of Christianity, by Châteaubriand; Anglo-Saxon Antiquities, by Lingard; Apostolic Succession, by Right Rev. Bishop Ryan; St. Thomas of Canterbury and His Biographers, Freeman; Protestant Reformation, by Spalding; Thomas à Becket, by Aubrey de Vere; Mary Tudor, same author; Sir Thomas More, by Bridgett; Early Churches in Britain, by Miss Allies; Life of Gregory VII., Bowden; Our Christian Heritage, Cardinal Gibbons; Old English Literature, Brother Azarias; Books and Reading, Brother Azarias; Philosophy of Literature, Brother Azarias; Phases of Thought and Criticism, Brother Azarias; English Literature (sixth edition), Arnold; English Literature, Hart; English Literature, Taine; English Men of Letters, Morley.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Essays on Scandinavian Literature. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. *Short Studies in Party Politics.* By Noah Brooks.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, New York, Chicago, Toronto:

Municipal Reform Movements in the United States. By William Howe Tolman, Ph.D. With an introductory chapter by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Latin Poetry. By R. Y. Tyrrell, Regius Professor of Greek in Dublin University. *Stories of the Foot Hills.* By Margaret Collier Graham.

CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., New York:

Old Age, and other Poems. By Frederick Emerson Brooks.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Our Lady the Mother of Good Counsel. By Georgina Gough.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:

Thoughts on Religion. By George John Romanes. *The Free-Trade Struggle in England.* By M. M. Trumbull. Second edition.

MUEHLBAUER & BEHRLE, Chicago:

Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, according to the Roman Ritual. *Office of the Dead.* Latin and English.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Sacerdotis Vade-Mecum, seu Rubricæ Generales Missalis Romani in Commodiorem Celebrantium Usum. By Rev. J. L. Andrews. *Meditations on the Way of the Cross.* By the Abbé Henri Perreyve. Translated by Miss Emily V. Mason.

HELENA T. GOESSMAN, Amherst, Mass.:

The Christian Woman in Philanthropy. By the Publisher.

OFFICE OF THE "AVE MARIA," Notre Dame, Ind.:

A Short Cut to the True Church; or, the Fact and the Word. By the Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Third edition.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston:

Kleine Geschichten. By Dr. William Bernhardt.

THE ARENA PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.:

Meditations in Motley. By Walter Blackburne Harte.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

FRENCH STATESMEN ON SECULAR EDUCATION.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

FOR nearly two decades France has been making an experiment of popular education entirely divorced from the religious factor. In place of the traditional religious instruction, a system of non-religious morality has been introduced. As early as the Paris Exposition, Dean Lichtenberger, of the Protestant Faculty of Paris, published in a memorial volume, prepared expressly for the Exposition exhibits, the opinions of leading educators of the country to the effect that the new experiment was a failure. Again and again since then have French statesmen declared that the absolute secularization of popular education in that land is a mistake and is the cause of much of the degeneration of public morality. Just at present the question is again in the forefront in France, and a collection of opinions from various sources makes decidedly interesting reading. A collection of views has been made by the well-informed Paris correspondent of the influential journal *Evangel.-Luth. Kirchenzeitung*, of Leipsic, and published in the sixth issue of the current year.

M. Berenger, Vice-President of the Senate, who for years had been connected with the lamented De Pressensé in the struggle against public immorality, has recently written:

"The immorality which is increasing in France at such a terrible rate must be ascribed chiefly to three sources, namely, the absence of all religious instruction in the education of the children; the lack of moral education; and the lack of discipline. Religion must again be put into its proper prominence, and a strong moral discipline must be exercised."

Among the educators who from pedagogical reasons have recently pronounced against the present system is the General School Superintendent, Felix Pécant, himself a liberal in religious matters. In a report to the Minister of Education he says that in general the pupils in France are learning better in the public schools than formerly, and then asks the question: "But does all this training of the young make them better?" His answer is a decided negative. And while he thinks, from his liberal stand-point, that a better training in such branches as æsthetics, literature, poetry, and music would elevate the moral standards and conduct, he is rather sharply criticised for such an opinion by the equally liberal *Temps*. In characteristic words this journal says:

"The programme has been for more than ten years, under the semblance of religious neutrality, to make the ethical education in the schools to consist in the morality of scientific Positivism, *i. e.*, in the affirmation of the dignity of man, in the teaching of patriotism, in the worship of mankind. When then a child thus filled with exalted ideas of the dignity of mankind entered life, and in public assemblies, in the shop and the walks of life, suddenly found out that man was a bad and wicked being (animal), that in his fatherland intrigues and injustice prevailed, that human society was full of passion and wrongs, what was the inevitable consequence? What a contrast between what it learned in school and what it learns in actual life! This is the great disappointment which the morality of Positivism ever produces and will produce. Man was Auguste Comté's God; but man is a kind of a god who puts an end to faith as soon as we become acquainted with his real being."

Professor Ernst Lavisse, the well-known advocate of Idealism, has in recent times again and again declared the non-religious character of France's system of education to be the fundamental reason for the failure of the whole system. Among other things he says:

"What have we made out of the education of youth? A series of teachings and examinations. But to believe that these constitute the elements of a good education is one of the lies of optimism current at school prize distribution. We have forgotten the real theory. Our whole educational machinery is arranged for the manufacture of diplomas, from the child upward to the age of the doctors and licentiates; but neither our schools nor lycées, and still less the faculties, have attained to moral mediocrity [*milieu*]. I know this is a hard word, but the claim that neither our higher nor lower schools have attained to moral mediocrity is a true word."

The recently deceased minister, President Burdeau, who has himself broken with the Roman Catholic Church, and for the matter of that with the Church as such, writes to Lavisse in these words:

"I am firmly convinced that what you say is the truth. By making the only goal of our endeavor the prosperity of man, we forget that the true lever in the world and the safest source of happiness is found in self-sacrifice. The individual is a monster in nature, and it only attains its proper balance and health when it yields itself up to the whole as its ideal. As much as I admire the Greek philosopher, especially Socrates, yet I am of the opinion that it was Christ who spoke the greatest word that ever fell from human lips, when he declared that the supremacy of the earth and of the heavens belongs to those who know how to love and to sacrifice."

THE REVOLT OF ANGLICANISM.

(*H. Morden Bennett, in St. Luke's Magazine.*)

ONE of the principal things which detains so many who would otherwise become good Catholics is the marvellous vitality which Anglicanism has shown of late, and it was one of the last stumbling-blocks which the writer had to surmount. He saw around him, especially in later years, an apparently fully equipped Church, with her daily Communion Service and daily round of Choral Offices, attended by devout congregations; her zealous clergy, visitors and teachers; her orderly rites and ceremonies; her missions and retreats; her free and open churches; her immense activity in church building and restoration; her foreign missions all over the world, etc. And, seeing all this, he had to ask himself the all-important question: Is not the Finger of God at work here? Can these dry bones of the last three centuries have quickened into life of themselves? And can a communion that shows such a resurrection be anything less than a part or branch of the one true Church? Here was a difficulty, and no small one is it to those who have never themselves experienced what it is to be a Catholic. Only the "Kindly Light" of Faith can overcome this difficulty, or show what the true nature of all this movement is, viz.: a call from God to return to communion with the one true Church, in which all that is good in Anglicanism is to be found in superabundant measure, and of which everything good in Anglicanism is only an imperfect copy, with nothing original in it at all, except what little Church life has been retained through the three dark centuries of the past. For as soon as this Light has shone upon one in some slight degree, and one has begun to think a little, and to look beneath the surface of things, a very different state of things is disclosed to that which outwardly appears. To begin with, much of this grand edifice, erected by High-Church workmen chiefly, rests on a foundation of disobedience—disobedience to Privy Council and Ecclesiastical Courts of Law, disobedience to bishops, disobedience to Prayer-book regulations, disobedience to the Thirty-nine Articles. In the second place, the tendency to borrow (without acknowledgment) everything that may be of service from "Roman" sources, and at the same time to forbid entrance into "Roman" churches, and the use of "Roman" books, shows a spirit that makes for division rather than for peace and union.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

(*The Homiletic Review.*)

THERE is no hope of a settlement of the existing troubles so long as the relations between capital and labor are impersonal, so long as men are estimated merely according to the amount of work they can perform, and so long as servants are nothing but "help" and laborers nothing but "hands." Usually those dependent on a wage for their living are more highly regarded and better treated in a republic than in the old monarchies; but even in the United States they are frequently treated with an insolence which is an insult to all the better instincts of manhood and womanhood. There are large circles in which labor is deemed unworthy of a gentleman and lady, and in which those obliged to perform it are looked down upon as an inferior class.

The continuance of this condition not only means godlessness and inhumanity, but also serious danger. Laborers are determined not to submit to such treatment, and every human being declares that they are right. But how can the right relation be established between the different classes? We answer, by *personal contact.* They must learn to know each other better. It will then be found that broadcloth can cover a noble heart, and that the most aspiring souls and most upright characters can be found among the toiling masses. . . .

Experience both in America and Europe proves that in very many cases the best gifts are personal, and do not consist of money, food, or clothing. The most valuable help is that which enables the poor to help themselves, which educates them, teaches them self-respect, cleanliness, industry, and economy, and which gives them the conditions to rise by their own foresight and energy. Often what the poor have *made* is far more valuable to them than what is given to them. Able and worthy men do not want to be treated as paupers, but they ask only for such conditions as will enable them to help themselves.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

On Wednesday, October 2, 1895, the Catholic University of America will open four Departments for lay students, as follows:

1. DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY:

Including full courses in Logic, Certitude, Metaphysics, Cosmology, Rational and Experimental Psychology, Ethics, Sociology, Relations of Philosophy to the Natural Sciences and to Religion.

These courses will lead up to the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. Students who have not already taken the degree of A. B. at some recognized College, will be required to stand their examination for it soon after entering the University.

2. DEPARTMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL AND APPLIED SCIENCES:

Including full courses in Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoölogy, with Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering, and the fundamentals of Philosophy.

In this Department also students may take the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D., the conditions as to the A. B. being as above. Or they may receive the Diploma of Civil, Electrical, or Mechanical Engineer; in which case the educational requirements for admission will be those usually demanded in Schools of Technology.

3. DEPARTMENT OF LETTERS:

Including full courses in Hebrew, Syriac, Assyrian, Arabic, Coptic, Greek, Latin, French, German, and English Language and Literature, with the fundamentals of Philosophy.

Degrees and requirements as in the Department of Philosophy.

4. DEPARTMENT OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES:

Including full courses in Ethics and Sociology, Economics, Political Science, and Law.

In this Department students will be prepared for admission to the Bar, and for the degrees of LL. B., LL. M., and LL. D. They must prove by examination, or by proper certificates, that their previous education has fitted them for these studies.

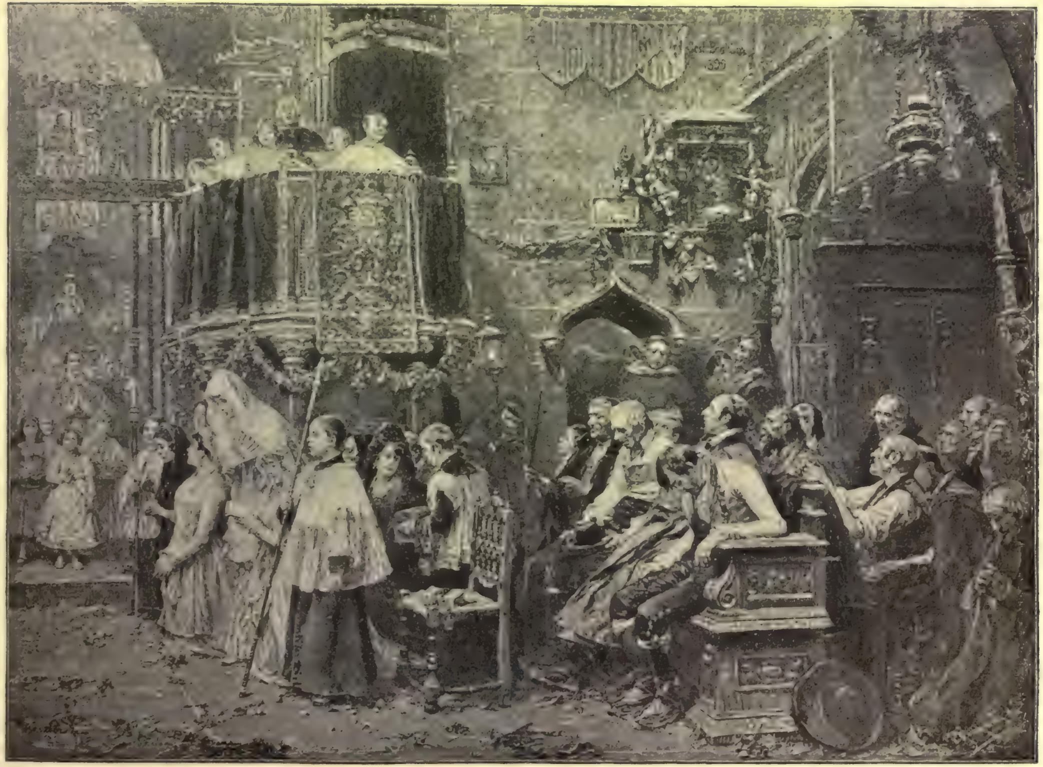
In any of the Departments, students not aspiring to degrees may be admitted, as special students, to follow any special courses for which they are fitted.

Annual fee for all courses, $100. Special rates for special students.

Thirty scholarships of $100 each, that is to say, exempting from the annual fee, will be awarded to students proved by competitive examination or by satisfactory testimonials to be exceptionally deserving.

For further particulars, apply to Rev. Professor Edward A. Pace, Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, or to Professor William C. Robinson, Dean of the Faculty of the Social Sciences, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

JOHN J. KEANE, Rector.



Mary's Day Festival Procession in Germany.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXI. MAY, 1895. NO. 362.

BONAPARTE AND THE BLACK CARDINALS.

BY B. MORGAN.

THE FIERCE light which beats on Napoleon's throne has left one point in semi-darkness—the inner history of his divorce and remarriage, and the one ringing note of opposition he was forced to hear thereon. Thiers has dealt inadequately, if not unfairly, with the facts; Talleyrand has given them a distinctly false coloring. The present writer has been enabled to piece together the disconnected items from the best contemporary authorities, viz.: the official documents at Rome and Paris, and the memoirs of Consalvi, Pignatelli, etc. The Black Cardinals were the members of the Sacred College who refused to give the sanction of their presence to Napoleon's marriage with Marie-Louise, thereby incurring the emperor's hostility, and among other penalties being forbidden to wear the cardinal's dress or any insignia of ecclesiastical rank.

Historically the episode is of the first importance; the principle affirmed by the cardinals being essentially the same as that which separated England from the church in the days of Henry VIII., while the consequences of their action had a direct influence on the Concordat question. Napoleon's design of divorcing Josephine was neither hastily conceived nor precipitously executed. A list, drawn up by his orders in 1807, containing the names of eighteen marriageable princesses, proves that even then he was deliberating on the choice of a mother for his heir. When Wagram was fought and won, two years later, the time appeared ripe for action, and on October 15,

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1809, Napoleon and Josephine went through a solemn form dissolving by mutual consent the civil ties which had united them for thirteen years.

Here the question might have ended had a civil contract been the only obstacle to a new marriage. In Catholic countries the church recognizes no marriage which is not contracted in accordance with the decrees of the Council of Trent: the parish priest (or his delegate) of one of the contracting parties must officiate and there must be two witnesses of the union. These conditions, though essential, are of ecclesiastical ordinance, and as such are within the dispensing power of the pope.

But, unfortunately for the smooth working of Napoleon's designs, the religious ceremony had taken place. On December 1, 1804, Cardinal Fesch, authorized by papal dispensation, had given the blessing and sanction of the church to the union, without the presence of the *parochus* or of witnesses.

It is certain that Napoleon was reluctant to submit to this religious marriage, but Josephine's entreaties and the exigencies of her solemn coronation as empress induced him to yield.

NAPOLEON URGES "STATE REASONS" AS GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

Although the emperor afterwards affected to look upon the recognition of his divorce and remarriage as a matter of course, there is abundant proof that he had always foreseen the difficulties in his way. Precedents were dug up, loop-holes were looked for; nothing, in short, was left untried by him to find a justification in the eyes of the church. During his return from Bayonne, in the spring of 1808, he had received a deputation consisting of the archbishop and clergy of Bordeaux, and during the conversation the question of divorce was introduced by Napoleon. "Man cannot put asunder what God has joined together," said the vicar-general in answer to an argument of Napoleon. "Yes, yes," returned the emperor sharply, "that is true in ordinary cases—without it there would be no stability in the institution of marriage—but it cannot hold when the interests of the state are at issue." His interlocutor assured him that no distinction was admitted, and Napoleon, in anger, began to cite a number of instances in Poland, Hungary, etc., where the church had pronounced for divorce. The president of Bordeaux Seminary was standing close by, and the emperor turned to him for corroboration. But the president proved to be a staunch churchman as well as a sound theologian, and replied that the cases cited were simply declarations of nullity *ab initio*—there had been no marriage. Two results followed from this encounter: the archbishop received orders within a few days to dismiss the president and vicar-general, and Napoleon devoted all his efforts to prove that his marriage with Josephine had been null and void from the beginning.

THE POPE, JEROME BONAPARTE, AND MISS PATTERSON.

That the whole question belonged to the jurisdiction of the pope Napoleon knew perfectly, but he was equally aware that whatever concessions he might hope to obtain from Pius, this would never be one of them; the knowledge had been forced upon him by the pope's refusal to annul the marriage between Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. Nothing remained, therefore, but to obtain, if possible, the sanction of the local ecclesiastical authority. Josephine and Napoleon accordingly presented their case before the diocesan court, alleging several and somewhat contradictory grounds of nullity. The board at first refused to consider the case on the plea that it had no jurisdiction; but the objection was overruled, and a decision of nullity arrived at on the ground that Napoleon's marriage had not been celebrated in accordance with the essential requirements of Trent. The diocesan sentence was at once used as a lever for moving the metropolitan authority, and three days later this too pronounced in favor of nullity—this time, however, on the ground that Napoleon had not given a proper consent.

It is useless to deny that both sentences were a lamentable proof of weakness. The theological question could scarcely present a difficulty to an intelligent Catholic school-boy. The diriment impediment had been removed by dispensation, the emperor's consent had been freely and clearly expressed, and finally neither diocesan nor metropolitan court possessed a shred of jurisdiction in the case.

Doubtless Napoleon would not have gone to all this trouble to obtain such a palpably weak sanction for his second marriage had he persevered in his original intention of an alliance with a Russian princess, of the schismatic church. But he had now set his heart or his mind on Marie-Louise, and a canonical decision was necessary to meet the feelings of the Catholic house of Austria. Indeed, the Emperor Francis had openly declared that he would never consent to the marriage until the divorce had been granted by the church.

LOCAL SANCTION HIS ONLY HOPE.

If the decisions already given scarcely fulfilled such an exigency, it must be said that Napoleon's agents made the most of them. The difficulty of approaching the Holy Father was advanced as a reason for claiming jurisdiction for the local courts—and, in short, Francis was content so long as appearances were saved. Some trouble was still threatened by the Archbishop of Vienna, who refused to publish the bans in his diocese; but he was powerless outside his own province, and publication in Vienna, was dispensed from by Cardinal Maury, who, in spite of the pope's positive prohibition, had now assumed the title and office of Archbishop of Paris. Thus everything seemed to be smooth for the new alliance when suddenly a note of opposition arose from whence it was least expected, and the history of the Black Cardinals began.

THE CHURCH A BRANCH OF THE STATE.

In his vast scheme of centralization Napoleon designed Paris to be the capital of the conquered world. After imprisoning the Holy Father he had insisted on transferring thither the Papal insignia and archives, and had forced the College of Cardinals to make their abode there; partly, no doubt, to augment the splendor of his court, but principally that he might be able to control the potent influence of the church. For the emperor's purpose it was necessary that the cardinals should be enabled to live in a style suitable to their dignity, and to this end he allowed them a yearly pension of 30,000 francs ($6,000). As he had already confiscated their patrimonies he could well afford to do this, and they might fairly regard it as partial restitution; but Napoleon took no pains to conceal the fact that he considered them as his salaried servants, and many of the cardinals refused to touch his money.

The difficult situation of the church forced them to submit to their humiliating position in Paris, and their general acquiescence in Napoleon's treatment of them lulled him into the conviction that he was entire master of their principles as well as of their persons and property. While the divorce proceedings were pending he ignored them altogether, but he remembered them in time to require their presence at the nuptials. Accordingly they received four invitations for the four marriage functions—the presentation at St. Cloud, the civil contract, the religious ceremony, and the solemn reception at the Tuileries. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

What were they to do? The diocesan decision they knew to be worthless, and their presence at the religious ceremony would be not unnaturally construed as an approval of it. Scylla on one side; on the other the Charybdis of the emperor's heavy wrath not only against themselves but against the pope and church. Time was pressing, and at Consalvi's suggestion the cardinals agreed to meet at his hotel to discuss the difficulty.

THE CARDINALS PROTEST.

Cardinal Somaglia, the pope's vicar-general, was the first to raise his voice in defence of principle. He was prepared to yield as far as conscience would allow, but on no consideration would he consent to give the sanction of his presence to what he knew to be an unlawful marriage. The question was debated far into the night, and resulted in an almost equal division of votes. All the cardinals recognized the invalidity of the second marriage, but of the twenty-seven present fourteen felt justified in attending even the religious function. Their presence, they argued, did not involve their sanction. The remaining thirteen decided not to assist at either the civil or religious ceremony. They made known their decision to Cardinal Fesch, and, in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances, refused to move from their decision.

Meanwhile the rumors of unexpected resistance reached the emperor. He took little notice of them beyond commissioning Fouché, then at the head of police, to interview the refractory cardinals. Fouché repeated the arguments of Fesch, but failed to shake their constancy. They were indeed willing to attend the function of civil marriage, as the church held it to be of no importance, if this would satisfy the emperor. Fouché gave no guarantee, the cardinals retreated to their first position, and so matters stood till the crisis.

On Saturday, March 31, the official presentation took place at St. Cloud. A few cardinals were absent through illness or other good reason; the main body attended. On the following day the civil contract was signed, but among the crowd of ambassadors, ministers, and high officers that thronged the galleries only twelve purple robes were to be seen. Fesch was there, of course; Maury, once Napoleon's greatest opponent, now his most subservient courtier; and with them the two Dorias, Spina, Albani, Caselli, Ruffo, Tondarini, Vincenti, Erskine, and Roverello.

A SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

April 2 was the day fixed for the solemn entrance into Paris of the allied kings and princes, and the ceremony of religious marriage. The French capital throbbed with excitement and enthusiasm. From the barrier of Neuilly to the gates of the Tuileries two flashing lines of troops kept back the surging, glory-mad throng that "came to see great Cæsar pass." Within the chapel there was scarcely standing-room for the brilliant guests. It was indeed the acme of Napoleon's glory. And yet the thorn was under the rose. When the emperor with his quick, nervous step left the crowded halls amid thunders of applause, those who knew him could see the frown on his face grow blacker—and they knew the reason. Indeed, while the chapel was thronged in all other parts, sixteen empty seats immediately on the right of the altar stood out in ugly contrast. The protest was at once crushing and unmistakable. Three cardinals were absent through illness; thirteen had sent no excuse—Mattei, Pignatelli, Scotti, Somaglia, Consalvi, Brancadoro, Saluzzo, Galeffi, Litta, Ruffo-Scilla, Oppizioni, Gabrielli, and Di Pietro.

They had asserted their principle, but having done so, they were now ready to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and attended in a body the solemn reception at the Tuileries.

LEAD AS A CANONICAL ARGUMENT.

In the first paroxysm of his anger Napoleon had spoken about having the cardinals shot for their contumacy, but night and counsel changed his plans.

On the reception day the Tuileries was crowded with the emperor's guests. Hour after hour passed by in waiting until about five o'clock in the evening. Then an aide-de-camp appeared, but before admitting the expectant throng to the imperial presence, he announced in a loud voice that the emperor declined to receive the cardinals who had absented themselves from the marriage; they were ordered to withdraw from the palace. The insulted prelates filed down the grand staircase in silence. At the foot another indignity awaited them—their carriages and servants had been dismissed by the emperor's commands. To complete the day's lesson, Napoleon admitted the other cardinals and lavished on their absent colleagues a tirade of abuse in which Oppizioni and Consalvi were singled out for especial opprobrium—Consalvi because he was the most outspoken of the absentees, and Oppizioni because all his dignities had been conferred through the mediation of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON AS "BOSS."

On the following day (April 4) Bigot de Preameneu, the minister of worship, received the following imperial communication: "Several cardinals, though invited, did not attend my marriage. I desire to know the names of these cardinals and to ascertain which of them have bishoprics in France, in my Italian kingdom, or in the kingdom of Naples. It is my intention to dismiss these individuals and to stop the payment of their allowance, *not considering them cardinals any longer*. You will report, etc."

In sending the required list Bigot omitted the name of Monsignor della Somaglia, but if this was a ruse to separate the most powerful of the culprits from his colleagues, it was foiled by the cardinal's firmness. He insisted on sharing the fate as well as the feelings of his colleagues.

The receipt of the black list by Napoleon resulted in the following orders: "The minister of worship will summon to his hotel the cardinals who, without the excuse of illness, failed to attend the ceremony of religious marriage. The minister will tell them that without the pope they are nothing, and in any case in which they might possess jurisdiction the minority are bound to obey the majority; that his majesty has seen in their present conduct the same spirit of rebellion which they have displayed for the last ten years, which has obliged his majesty to take Rome, and which has stimulated them to induce the pope to fulminate against him an excommunication that is the laughing-stock of the present time and will be not less so that of posterity." . . . The letter ends: "It is because they are considered already condemned that they shall be no longer permitted to wear ecclesiastical distinctions or the cardinal's dress."

DIGNIFIED PROTEST OF THE BLACK CARDINALS.

In fulfilment of these instructions a circular was at once issued by Bigot ordering the cardinals to meet him at his office at nine o'clock the same evening. Fouché was the only other official present. Bigot made known the emperor's commands, and Consalvi protested against the charges of rebellion and disaffection. During Bigot's address and Consalvi's remonstrances Fouché had spoken no word. Now, however, he came forward as the well-meaning friend of both parties. The emperor had misconstrued their action. Why could they not draw up a statement explaining that their absence had not that extreme significance attached to it by the emperor? It was an unfortunate misunderstanding and might be set right by a few words. Bigot joined Fouché in persuasion and the bait took. The cardinals were urged to lose no time, as the emperor would leave Paris on the following day.

After a deliberation lasting over five hours the cardinals drew up a document in which they disclaimed all rebellious purposes—their absence was due to the non-intervention of the pope in the annulling of the first marriage—they did not set themselves up as judges nor to pronounce doubts on the validity of the dissolution or the legitimacy of the children who might be born; but there was no mention of an apology, no admission of regret for their action. The discussion lasted well into the night, and at daybreak Cardinal Litta hastened to present the document to Napoleon, through the mediation of De Preameneu. The minister took the document without comment, read it, expressed himself satisfied with its tenor—but, unfortunately, the emperor had left Paris during the night and no choice was left him but to obey orders.

THE CARDINALS BANISHED.

What the orders were soon became apparent. In a few days the government sequestrated all goods belonging to the Black Cardinals, the government allowance was stopped, and finally, on June 13, a police order was issued commanding them to leave Paris within twenty-four hours for specified destinations in the east of France. Money was provided for the journey, and they were to receive an allowance of fifty dollars a month for their support. The munificent provision was not accepted.

Continuous intercourse between the cardinals became henceforth impossible. They were scattered and placed under the vigilance of the police. While as a rule two cardinals were assigned to each town, care was taken to separate those who had lived together in Paris; and as some old notes were opportunely discovered recalling the fact that a difference of opinion had existed between Mattei and Pignatelli it was considered piquant to have them live together.

THE CARDINALS NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS.

This sudden change of life could not be other than trying. Few of the cardinals spoke French, most of them were well advanced in years. The bishops of the dioceses in which they were lodged were, with one exception, too much in awe of Napoleon to compromise their position by an excessive display of kindliness to the exiles. The clergy followed their example, and as time went on their negative attitude developed into sullen hostility. Napoleon took care to let them know that he construed friendship for the cardinals as enmity to himself.

But the cardinals were not without friends. Many of the neighboring nobility refused to be cowed by the emperor's anger. On the day of their departure from Paris a society was established to supply funds to the exiled and beggared princes of the church. The government soon became aware of the new association; suspected members were subjected to the closest espionage, the cardinals were examined by the sub-prefects of their districts, the activity of the police was redoubled, and numerous arrests were made. Relations with the pope or the Black Cardinals were now recognized as sufficient cause for imprisonment or banishment.

Still the movement grew apace, enlarging its original purpose and affording not only monetary assistance to the pope, the Black Cardinals, and the impoverished clergy of Belgium, but providing the means of communication between Pius and his court. Even the Red Cardinals, as they were called, including Fesch, came to the assistance of their colleagues. Maury alone refused—worse still, betrayed his own clergy for complicity in the movement.

Meanwhile the pope's position at Savona had been going from bad to worse. His health, always feeble, began to give way utterly as the tide of misfortune rose higher and higher about the church. Deprived of his advisers, surrounded by spies who watched his every movement, and continually besieged by the ecclesiastical partisans of Napoleon, it is no wonder that he began to consider the advisability of abating his just claims. In May, 1810, the Chevalier Lebzeltern offered him the mediation of Austria, but he declined to act without the assistance of his court. Cardinals Spina and Caselli, in July, urged him to give way; and in the spring of 1811 the bishops of Tours, Nantes, and Trèves made a joint representation begging him to yield, for the peace of the church, on the question of the canonical institution of the French bishops. None of these influenced him, and the first sign of yielding was not given until he consented to confirm the decisions of the so-called National Council held at Paris from June to August of 1811. But his concession was useless; Napoleon refused to accept it.

BONAPARTE'S VENGEANCE.

At the beginning of the same year the Abbé d'Astros was arrested. The examination of his papers led to the discovery that he, in conjunction with Padre Fontana and Monsignor de Gregorio, had been for some time charged by the pope with the administration of the ecclesiastical affairs of Paris under the superintendence of Cardinal di Pietro. Napoleon's anger knew no bounds when he discovered that the pope's opposition to Maury had been practically enforced. Di Pietro, who was credited, incorrectly as it happened, with having published the excommunication of Napoleon, was at once thrown into prison. His companions in exile at Semur, Cardinals Gabrielli and Oppizioni, on refusing to give evidence against him, were imprisoned, as well as Fontana and De Gregorio. The sword of Damocles hung above the other exiled cardinals, but they were allowed to pursue the monotonous routine of their life.

The news of the pope's removal to Fontainebleau was not calculated to give them satisfaction, nor were the rumors of the attempts made to influence him. On January 1, 1813, the emperor made friendly advances to his captive. Smarting under the Russian disaster, Napoleon felt it necessary to use all his efforts to bring to an end his war with the church—but on his own terms. Throughout January all the devices of diplomacy were brought to bear on Pius, with the result that the pontiff consented on the 31st to accept what is now known as the "Concordat of 1813" as a basis of settlement. One condition, however, he insisted on: until the Black Cardinals were released and at liberty to consult with him he would not ratify the treaty.

THE CONCORDAT AND THE CARDINALS.

Napoleon was forced to give way, and within a few weeks the pope was once more surrounded by his natural court. His first act was to select five cardinals as intimate counsellors—they were all Black. This and other indications showed Napoleon the parlous plight of his unratified Concordat, and he determined on a characteristic *coup* which would be likely to make the pope's retreat difficult if not impossible. With the view of influencing public opinion he broke his promise to keep secret the terms of the proposed arrangement.

The deliberations at Fontainebleau went on. If the terms of the present arrangement were sufficiently bad, the cardinals soon learned how far Napoleon had wished to drive the pope when they saw the draft of the conditions originally insisted on. They ran as follows:

I. The popes before their coronation will swear to ordain nothing against the four Gallican propositions.

II. They will for the future have the right of nominating only one-third of the cardinals, the remaining two-thirds devolving on Catholic sovereigns.

III. The Holy Father will issue a brief condemning the conduct of the Black Cardinals.

IV. Cardinals Pacca and Di Pietro will be excluded from all amnesty and not allowed to approach the pope.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that such terms would have been a death-blow to the independence of the church.

In the discussion of the present treaty opinions were at first divided, even a few of the Black Cardinals being in favor of accepting the treaty in substance. The rest, whose views finally prevailed, urged the immediate rejection of the treaty. Pius was only too glad to endorse their decision, and they were ordered to draw up a letter for the emperor, to be afterwards copied by his own hand.

POLICE ESPIONAGE OVER THE POPE.

The story of the difficulties attending the composition of this important document reads like a page of romance. Every movement of the pope and cardinals was watched and reported by Napoleon's spies. The prelates could not confer in the palace and were obliged to hold their meetings, with the utmost precaution, in the rooms of a sick cardinal. When the letter was drawn up the pontiff began to copy it, but so feeble and broken was he, and so carefully watched by Napoleon's agents, that he could not write more than half a dozen lines each day. Every morning, while he heard or celebrated Mass, a police agent visited his rooms, opened the bureaus with duplicate keys and searched among the pope's documents. The letter was, therefore, never left in his possession over night. Consalvi and Di Pietro brought it with them every morning, the pope wrote a few lines, the letter was taken away and transferred to Pacca, who brought it again in the evening, when the same process was repeated. At last the long and important document was copied in full, and entrusted, on March 24, to Colonel Lagorsse for immediate delivery to the emperor.

It was a severe blow to Napoleon in his thickening difficulties, but he had no intention of accepting such a reverse quietly. Days passed and no intimation came to Fontainebleau that the letter had reached its destination. But a change was immediately apparent in the treatment of the pope and cardinals. The crowds that had thronged around the pontiff were no longer admitted; the cardinals were refused permission to speak with him on business, and on the night of April 5 Cardinal di Pietro was taken from his bed, conducted by a police official to Ausonne, where he was once more deprived of the purple and kept under the strictest surveillance. The "Concordat of 1813" was declared a law of the empire, and the pope and cardinals freely accused of tergiversation and bad faith.

EXIT BONAPARTE; RE-ENTER CARDINALS.

The remaining facts are open history. Napoleon restored Pius to his dominions when he could no longer hold them, but hostile to the last to the Black Cardinals, he exiled most of them a second time. His abdication at Fontainebleau set them free again, and they were welcomed with transport at Paris—even Talleyrand congratulating himself that he was privileged to be instrumental in obtaining freedom for them.

Even in the solitude of Elba, when the world had slipped from his grasp, Napoleon never forgave the Black Cardinals, ranking them to the end as his bitterest enemies. Enemies they were indeed in a sense, but not bitter or personal ones. Their courage and perseverance were given to the church when she sorely needed both, but in all their persecution they betrayed no resentment against Napoleon. *Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur pro justitia.*

CLAVDVNTVR·BELLI·PORTÆ

LE PÈRE PHILIPPE.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

LE bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Père Philippe, laying his hand gently on the head of little Myrtle; and as she shyly answered, "Merci, mon père," he continued in the soft Franco-Indian *patois*:

"And now, my little one, hasten to gather bright blossoms that the shrine may be dressed for the morrow." And happily important, away sped the little Myrtle to perform no easy task, for few flowers were to be found so far north in early May, and well knew le Père Philippe that the shrine would again be decked with tall, tree-like bouquets of brilliantly dyed straw flowers before which nature's sweet handiwork would fade in very shame.

Down the straggling village street slowly went le Père Philippe, his tall, slight figure clothed in a close-fitting black soutane. Past the scattered shanties that sheltered his little flock, past the barely cultivated tracts of land from which they drew their scanty supply of cereals, through the dark, cool wood where the foot of the trespasser sank noiselessly on a cushion of mouldering leaves, and out again into the sunlight that flooded the bold face of the cliff. There the sad eyes were lifted from the open book, and looked over the sparkling waters of the broad river, gazing wistfully eastward to the far-away beautiful land of his birth. That land which had been all sunlight and gladness and love, with never a cloud to dim the brightness of the long days as he roamed the woods with his gun and dogs, struggled with his books and his tutor in the great library of his father's house, or dashed through the streets of the little town at a mad gallop, causing sundry worthy dames to peer at him as he passed and exclaim with uplifted eyes and hands, that "monsieur's eldest son was a wild youth and would come to no good end"; and always beside him, inseparable as his shadow, ally in all ventures, imitator in all pranks, was his only brother Alec, his junior by five years. Unlike as it was possible for brothers to be were the swarthy, black-eyed Philippe and the gentle younger son.

"Philippe must be sent away to school; he is leading my delicate boy into positive danger," wailed the mother plaintively.

"Tush, tush, Louisa! he will but toughen the lad; make him strong and manly, not a statuette with yellow curls," replied the big, bluff father, watching his boys on the lawn as they brandished long swords stolen from the library. But alas, alas! for Philippe: even as the parents looked the fun grew fast and furious, until, carried away with excitement, Philippe dealt his more timid opponent a heavy blow on the brow.

With a cry of pain the child fell back, and in an instant Philippe knelt beside him in an agony of remorseful terror. Only for a moment—then he was roughly pushed aside by an irate father, who caught the boy in his arms and carried him swiftly to the house. And then came days that the boy—now grown to manhood—could never forget. Days when his grief-stricken mother passed him with averted face, on her way to the room where learned men held daily consultation about the little bed.

No one spoke to him—no one seemed to see him. Even the dogs in the court-yard avoided him, and from the servants nothing could be learned save that Alec was still alive. And so one day the heart-broken boy found courage to creep softly into the sick-room. There were a great many people present, and it was some time ere he caught a glimpse of Alec, poor, gentle little Alec, his white face almost ghastly beneath a wreath of bandages. It was awfully quiet as one of the doctors spoke, in a grave, low voice:

"Unless something unforeseen occur the boy will live, but he will lose his sight."

"Are you sure?"

"We are well-nigh certain, monsieur."

With down-bent head the stricken father turned away only to encounter the wretched cause of all this agony.

"Is that you, Philippe?" he thundered, forgetful of the little invalid—"you who have succeeded in spoiling a brother's life! Leave my sight, miserable boy, and never let me see you again."

The passionate words sank deep into the aching heart, and Philippe interpreted the speech literally. Not until years after, when vainly searching for his parents in the place he had once called home, did he know of the terror-stricken search, the widespread inquiry, and the passionate grief that followed his flight.

All this and more was in the mind of the man who stood gazing into the sunlit river; and so deep in revery was he that he did not see coming out of the woods the tall, gaunt figure of an Indian woman whose dishevelled hair fell about her bowed shoulders and half hid her sunken cheeks, while from her parted lips came a weird, guttural sound which shaped itself into the rhythm of a rude improvisation. With stealthy rapidity she advanced until she seized his arm, crying:

"Can you see him? Can you see him, coming in the flying canoe? It is time he returned. There was little light when he left, and now the light is going. Oh! when will he be here?"

"Hush, hush! my child," murmured the priest soothingly; "wait yet a little. I cannot see him now, but the sun has not yet set; perhaps—"

"But it is so long," moaned the poor mad creature; "it is so long, and the storm that came from the sea, and the boy that was a babe is now a man; he must come soon!" And again she wailed with the passionate, blood-chilling lament of an Indian widow.

"We must wait in patience, my child, and some day he will come back for you."

"For me!" she cried in an ecstasy of delight—"come back for me? It is true!—le père has said it. He will come back for me"; and as swiftly as she had come she disappeared.

"Lord, give her peace," murmured le Père Philippe; "she has been faithful for twenty years."

Slowly the sun set, throwing dark shadows to meet the solitary man on his homeward way. It was wonderfully tranquil in the usually noisy street; the mingled sounds from the households were blended and softened ere they reached the ear.

"Here comes le père!" cried a girl's shrill voice, as he reached his own enclosure, and a score of black-eyed, copper-skinned children sprang up to greet him. Then began the little evening ceremony which had done more to soften and civilize these wild young natures than many years of patient endeavor. With twenty pairs of eyes fastened on his face, and twenty pairs of eager feet stayed to his slow tread, they moved about the little garden which was not his but theirs.

"Another bud on your rose-tree, Marie; ah! but that is good indeed; and your corn, John, who ever saw better grown corn so early? and Nichola's potatoes without a weed among them, that is like my patient Nichola; and the blue eyes already bloomed for the feast day. But how came this destruction?" he asked sternly, looking from a trampled garden to the circle of children. No one spoke, but a dozen accusing eyes glanced stealthily at the culprit, who stood silent and stolid.

"How did this happen?" repeated le père; "can there be anger and strife among you? Marie, I trust you will tell me."

"O mon père!" answered the girl, "it was not Jean's fault; but because of his brother, who has quarrelled with Peter's brother about—about Myrtle Nichola—"

"That will do," interrupted le père sadly; "and now we will have the story."

"Ah!" exclaimed the children in gratified chorus, throwing themselves with native grace on the grass at his feet.

"Let me see," mused le Père Philippe, "of what was the story last night?"

"Of the ass of Balaam, the prophet," cried the children together.

"Good! and to-night it will be of the faithful white-winged dove that flew back to the good Noe over the flood." And in the hush of the coming twilight the beautiful story was told. A sighing breath from the children ended the little sermon, and with one accord they rose and went quietly homeward. Not so le Père Philippe, who had heard enough to make him anxious. "They are but children, passionate, untamed children—a curious mixture of wisdom and ignorance; ah, me! I fear we may Christianize but not civilize them," he mused, and walking swiftly he noticed that the groups about each doorway seemed strangely excited. At his approach a constrained silence fell on the people—such silence as falls on children caught in some act of mischief.

Straight to John Nichola's house and through the low, dark doorway went le Père Philippe, into the common living room, which reeked with fumes of tobacco and cookery, the odor of tanning furs, with here and there a suggestion of sweet grass, and herbs, and onions.

On an old lounge lay the lord of the manor silent and taciturn, while his over-worked, scrawny wife glanced anxiously from the recumbent form to the girl who sat staring angrily into the fire.

"I have come," said le père quietly, smiling as he accepted the proffered seat.

"It is well," grunted the smoker, pipe in mouth, with an expressive glance at his daughter.

"It has been a long drought; when will the rain come?" inquired the visitor after a strained silence, skilfully appealing to the pride of his weather-wise host.

"Before the moon is full."

"So soon? John Atteau told me only yesterday not until the wane."

"John Atteau will never see the wane," muttered the Indian.

"Indeed! And why?"

"Has mon père not heard?"

"I have heard nothing," answered le Père Philippe; which was, indeed, true enough.

"Go away!" commanded the master to the women, who slowly slunk out of the room.

"There has been death to-day in the village. John Atteau killed Peter's son because of my girl. John Atteau has run away, but there are those who will track him through the forest"; and the Indian grimly returned to his pipe. Knowing the Indian character as he did, le Père Philippe asked no more, but rose and left the house. Next morning he left the village.

"I must find John Atteau ere he come to harm," he resolved, forgetting in his eagerness that the haunts of men are not so easy of investigation as the paths of his beloved forest; and, heedless of all save the fugitive, he patiently journeyed on. There was but one road to travel, for the runaway would undoubtedly seek refuge in the nearest city, where crimes like his were more likely to pass unknown and unpunished. Sometimes a lumberman offered a lift on the journey and was filled with wonderment at the conversation of his fellow-traveller, or a settler gave a night's shelter, feeling amply repaid by the wealth of forest lore he received; again, an Indian shared his canoe with the revered black robe, going many miles out of his way with dignified courtesy; and so at last le Père Philippe reached the city. Then for a moment his heart sank. Was this huge settlement, that resounded a very Babel, the little town he had left but a score of years before? Could he have come a hundred weary miles in vain? "This is the inn," announced his last conductor with abashed air, noting the consternation of his companion.

"My good, innocent children," murmured le Père Philippe, passing the crowded bar on his way to the office. "I have but little, little"—he had almost forgotten the word—"I have but little money," he said to the innkeeper, placing his solitary gold piece on the counter; and ere that astonished individual could collect himself he continued, "Have you heard aught of John Atteau? I have come to find him."

"I know no such man," answered the innkeeper, pocketing the money; "but you can have a bed."

And so le Père Philippe was domiciled and the search began. Instinctively he kept to the lower portions of the town, and many a revel was suddenly broken by the silent appearance of le Père Philippe. This failing, he turned to the residential quarter, and day and night the search went on, for the thought of the fatherless village left small desire for rest.

One stormy night, in the midst of wind and rain, le Père Philippe went slowly through the dismal streets, peering eagerly into the down-bent faces of the passers, and so intent that he paid no heed to a rapidly driven carriage which drew up to the curb, and as the door was flung back he reeled under the stunning blow. Out sprang a man who, as he supported the tottering figure, offered his apologies for the careless haste which had caused the mishap.

"Alec," exclaimed a sweet, clear voice as a lady emerged from the carriage—"Alec, will you not ask the gentleman—"

"Alec," murmured the dazed man, as he looked at the handsome face bent anxiously above him.

"I fear, sir, you are severely hurt. Will you not come into our house for a short rest? My name is De Lansverdy."

"Mon Dieu, it is impossible!" cried le Père Philippe in a harsh, strained voice—"Alec de Lansverdy!"

By this the trio stood in the entrance hall looking fixedly at one another, and then the wife, with delicate kindness, stole softly away, leaving the brothers alone; for with the instinct of a loving heart she divined the meaning of the mystery, and felt that their joy would be mingled with pain. Late into the night she sat in her darkened room listening to the soft murmur of their voices, broken sometimes by the dual tread. Toward morning her husband came to her, his handsome face grave and pale.

"My love," he whispered, bending to kiss her tenderly, "he is Philippe of whom I have told you; but so changed, so old. Will you come down to him?"

"O Alec! I am so glad for him and for you," she answered as together they descended the staircase.

"And this is my dear brother's wife," said le Père Philippe softly as he looked into the sweet upturned face; "you will forgive my abruptness of last night," he added with gentle courtesy; "when I am gone Alec will tell you all."

"O mon Père Philippe!—" began the little wife; but he softly interrupted:

"Nay, say no more: Alec will tell you all. I have been more blessed than I deserve, and I must return to my good children in the settlement, for they have missed me. Alec has promised to do my task here."

"Can we not keep him, Alec?" whispered the wife.

"It is impossible, dear heart; I have argued half the night. His very soul is bound up in a parcel of savages," he answered bitterly; and then aloud: "Will you give us some coffee, Marie?"

It was a sad and silent meal, yet over all too soon. "Good-by, my dear sister," murmured le Père Philippe. "Alec—good-by"; only a long, strong hand-clasp, but the two men looked steadily into each other's eyes and the bitter past was forgotten. Then le Père Philippe, with stumbling steps and down-bent head, went swiftly from the room.

"O Alec!" sobbed the little wife as she watched him from the window, "his heart is broken in going back."

"Such a night to send for you, mon père, and you just home; and for what? Not a reasonable Christian, but a woman crazy for twenty years," grumbled the old housekeeper as she delivered Jean's message.

"Not a word," said le père sternly, and in five minutes he stood in the sick-room. On a low bed, little more than a pallet of straw, lay the dying woman seemingly in a troubled sleep, moving restlessly at times as she moaned and murmured, The superstitious Indians had fled at the approach of death, and only one woman sat by the bedside, while an old squaw cowered muttering in a corner. "Le bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Père Philippe as he crossed the threshold, and at the sound the solitary watcher raised her head, disclosing the pale wan face of Myrtle Nichola.

"Shall I go away, mon père?" she asked meekly.

"Remain, my child. I am glad to find you here; it is good to serve the dying."

"Merci, mon père," she answered, and for a long time no more was said, while the old squaw ceased her muttering and the young girl rendered many womanly offices to the unconscious woman. Would she awake in the last dread hour, or drift out and over the dark river with mind still clouded and reason gone? This was the thought uppermost in the minds of the watchers, when quietly the sleeper waked and looked about her with dim uncertain eyes.

"Do you know me?" asked le Père Philippe, bending toward her, but she did not hear.

"It is very dark," she murmured, trying to push an imaginary veil from her face, while Myrtle placed an oil-lamp close to the bed; but still the querulous voice continued.

"It is dark, dark, dark; oh! why is it so dark?" and a low sobbing as of a frightened child filled the room.

"Hush, hush!" whispered the girl; "it is not dark and we are all here—le père, and Mary, and I." Gradually the sobbing ceased and the dying woman lay quite still for a moment, and then—

"What is that?" she cried, sitting up with sudden strength; "hush, what is that? Oh! I hear the whispering of the river, and the swish, swish of the paddle, and a canoe, a canoe of the bark of the birch-tree flies over the waves"; and as she spoke her voice rose to a pitch of piercing sweetness, her eyes lit up, and her trembling arms were extended in an ecstasy of impatient delight, "and—oh, my husband! my husband! he is coming for me; it has been so long; the babe in my arms is a man, and he has come for me. At last! at last! at last!"

The glad cry ended in a faint whisper as she fell back on her pillow.

"She is dead," whispered le Père Philippe to the terror-stricken girl; "le bon Dieu has been very good."

A death in the settlement usually furnished topics of conversation for a fortnight; not so Peona Salta's. No one save the watchers knew of the last weird scene, and with the rising of another sun her tragic life was all forgotten and the settlement was in a ferment of excitement. Men in their eagerness forgot to relight their everlasting pipes, and discussed the news in the village street. Women were seized with an uncontrollable desire to borrow or lend, assist or ask advice—out of their own cabins; and all because the rumor crept about that John Atteau was returning. No authority could be discovered, and while the braves grew heated in argument to prove the tale a fable, the women pointed with knowing air to Myrtle Nichola's happy face; and so it came to pass that when the girl crept down to the river's brink at nightfall, half the village followed stealthily to see the meeting of the lovers.

"Le bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Père Philippe as he passed them in the moonlight by the river.

A CORNER OF ACADIE.

BY M. A. TAGGART.

THE primitive red stage bounced and bowled down the hard road, its black leather curtains flapping in the wind. A cloud of dust arose behind it, in which the inevitable yellow dog, rushing out from each house to bark at it, became lost to sight, and little bare-legged children hung on gates, and tall, thin women looked out of windows, all speculating on what could bring the stage out of its course, as they watched it go by.

Viewed from an artistic and exterior point of view, it was an interesting survival of ante-railway days; but that was not the point of view of those who for thirty miles had been tossed by its unspringing springs, and we were glad to see our youthful driver rein up before a small house, sitting attractively back in the fields which continued past it down to the water's edge.

This was West Pubnico, our destination, in a sense an undiscovered country, for as it is off the road to "all wheres," to quote an old man of the region, one going there goes with full determination. Since there are not many who know of its existence, those who take this determination are necessarily few; thus it is to the traveller from the States an undiscovered country.

One reaches it by the steamer to Yarmouth, thence by coach to Pubnico. The thirty mile drive is a very pleasant one, although the stage is of such a primitive stamp. The road is good, and lies past a succession of beautiful lakes, wooded to their shores and dotted with islands. Coming as we did in the middle of June, the orchards were white with blossoms, the lilacs just bursting forth, the violets blooming by the wayside, all of which emphasized the fact that we had stepped back a month in the season.

A northern aspect is given to the country by the absence of any trees except varieties of spruce, hemlocks, pines, and other evergreens hardy enough to bear the climate. The hackmatack, as the tamarack, or larch, is called here, breaks with its feathery bright green upon the dull browns, olives, and dark greens of the other trees, and the long moss sways in the wind from the trunks of the patriarchs:

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
. . . . . .
Stand, like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

West Pubnico is a point of land eight miles long by one and a half wide. Its western shore is washed by the waters of the beautiful Argyle Bay, or Lobster Bay, which is really the ocean making up into the land. It is said to lap in its embrace three hundred and sixty-five islands, but as this is the regulation number it is not necessary to pin one's faith to the absolute correctness of the statement; let us say three hundred and sixty-seven fir-clad, rocky, and beautifully irregular islets, around which the surf breaks in a perpetual murmur, mingling with the sighing of the pines, but with no other sound except the cry of the sea-birds. Anything more grandly desolate than the shore of West Pubnico on Argyle Bay would be hard to fancy, and while the solitude, the salt and balsam-laden air do their healing work, over and over, as one stands alone on those rocks, the line repeats itself:

"The wolf's lone howl on Oonolaska's shore."

Across the narrow strip of land lies the pretty harbor, framing the east shore of the point. Quite different from the ocean side is this peaceful little sheet, its waters washing on all sides cultivated fields.

The other shore across the harbor is East Pubnico, called familiarly "the east side"; at the end lies Pubnico Head, or "the Head," and West Pubnico is known as "the west side," while as a sort of *b* to the third number on the programme is Lower West Pubnico, by the dyke built after the return from exile. Below this the point ends in the ocean, where again silence reigns, only broken by the sound of voices when once a day the men go there to purse the deep sea-trap off the end.

From the dyke up there is a close succession of small houses, alike in architecture as in condition, for this is markedly the hamlet of equalities.

It would be quite safe to go to any of these doors and inquire if Mrs. d'Entremont were at home, for nearly every one in Pubnico bears that name; the Surettes, Amiraults, and Duons being too few to more than add a slight zest of uncertainty to the question.

Between the upper end of the west side and the Head this succession of houses abruptly ends, and between them and the resumption of building, where Pubnico Head begins, stands a bit of woodland, a line of demarcation which so far no one has violated.

Those woods divide two races and religions, for the Head is English, as is the upper part of the east side, while the west side is Acadian of pure blood.

Unknown and insignificant as this little settlement is it has its history, by no means an inglorious one—the history of the persecution of a peaceful people at the hands of brutal men, who hated them for their race and religion, the history which the best beloved of the American poets has made familiar in "Evangeline."

THE EAST SIDE, LOOKING WEST; SITE OF THE CHÂTEAU D'ENTREMONT.

It was in 1651 that Charles de La Tour, coming to take possession of the half of Acadie which his majesty Louis XIV., whose lieutenant-general he was, had given him, brought with him Philippe Mius d'Entremont, a gentleman of good family in Normandy. Upon him De La Tour bestowed the lands which are now Pubnico—then called by a name of disputed origin, from which the modern name is derived. He created him Baron of Pobomcoup, at Cape Sable, and a Château d'Entremont was built on the east side. This was a fief, held as all feudal baronies were held, by the payment of an annual tribute, which took the form of something described in the grant by Indian words no longer understood, and two bouquets of flowers on the eve of St. John.

Philippe, the first D'Entremont, had three sons, two of whom married the daughters of Charles de La Tour, and thus in the veins of the fishermen of the present day, their lineal descendants, runs noble blood of old France—indeed, the tradition is that the first D'Entremont had a strain of Bourbon blood.

Be that as it may, they increased and prospered, till many houses had sprung up around the Château d'Entremont. Amiraults, and Duons, and a few others had joined them, the land had been cleared to the head of the pretty harbor, and the thrift and industry which ever characterized this upright race had wrought its certain results, and though in a colder and more sterile region than their kindred up the bay, in the basin of Minas, they flourished as they did, and like them were stricken.

It was in September, 1755, as all the world knows, that Winslow accomplished his awful task in Grand Prè. Here for many their knowledge of Acadian history stops, and they are ignorant that for two years the work of destroying an innocent people went on, amid suffering of which the story of Evangeline does not give the alphabet.

It was in 1756 that the storm struck Pubnico. The Château d'Entremont was burned and all the other dwellings.

The cruelties of Grand Prè were repeated; quite without necessity families were separated; many of the D'Entremonts were carried to England and France—one, Marguerite, lay for seven years in an English prison, and at last those whom the ocean divided from land and kindred united at Cherbourg, where their descendants are living to-day.

Jacques d'Entremont, the grandson of Charles de La Tour, and his three sons, Joseph, Paul, and Bénoni, were carried to Boston. Here they fared better than many of their compatriots, owing to an Englishman, or colonist, as he probably was, whose life Jacques had saved from shipwreck not many years before. This man happened to be on the wharf when the vessel bearing the captives came into Boston, and remembering his debt, he set about doing what he could to ameliorate the sufferings of exile and poverty for him whom he had last seen the prosperous head of a well-known family, whose roof had been his shelter through the rigors of a long winter, when he had been cast up friendless on an enemy's shore.

The Englishman led Jacques before Governor Shirley and told him the story of his rescue, urging the influence he seems to have possessed to obtain help for the exile.

The governor gave Jacques a watch, a suit of clothes, and a sword-cane, and what was more, gave him the freedom of the city, where, instead of sharing the starvation and confinement of his fellow-Acadians, he went and came as he pleased, gaining an honorable livelihood as accountant, for in those days of few schools and poor instructors the D'Entremonts were well educated.

There lie before me letters, yellow with age, scarred with their long journey to Pubnico, by way of Newfoundland, written after the expulsion by those of the family who were in Cherbourg. The writing is beautifully clear, the composition good; they breathe in resignation the cry of longing for home, of anguished desire to know whether those the writers loved were alive, or had succumbed to their tortures; they are eloquent of poverty, but they prove the superiority of the D'Entremonts to their surroundings, and substantiate the claim to gentle breeding.

The cane which the governor of Massachusetts gave to Jacques d'Entremont is preserved in the house of one of his descendants at Pubnico; it lay across my knee while I copied the following record made by his youngest son, Bénoni, in the back of an old law-book:

"Bénoni né 1745.
fussent amené à la Nouvelle Angleterre 1756.
Jacques mort 1759.
Retour au Cap Sable 1766.
Première Communion 1769."

This shows that old Jacques d'Entremont lived but three years in exile; his body was laid to rest in Roxbury, and has mouldered to dust apart from any of his race or kin.

When, ten years after the proscription, the three sons of Jacques, accompanied by Amiraults and a Duon, filled with longing for their native land, and the hope of finding again their lost kindred who might have crept back to the old spot, returned from exile to found a home where they might practise their religion and speak their own tongue, they found what all returned Acadians found, the English occupying the land their fathers had cleared.

To their desire for national and religious distinctness West Pubnico owes its origin, for hither they turned their faces and made the clearings which grew into the present village. Before the expulsion there had been what was for those days a large sum of money, and silver dishes, and skins, hidden in the ground—the money on an island in Argyle (sometimes called then *Tusket*) Bay, which bears to this day the name of *l'île d'argent.*

The secret of this hidden treasure seems to have been best known to those members of the family who had taken refuge in Cherbourg. The letters are full of allusions to it, and directions how to obtain it. Misfortune in all forms bore heavily at this time upon the D'Entremonts; not only were they persecuted by their enemies, but their friends betrayed them. One Basil Bondiot, who knew the place of concealment of the money which they so sorely needed, came to Acadia, unearthed the treasure, and made off with the greater part; a little escaped him, and ultimately reached its owners.

Here is the first letter, dated Cherbourg, the twentieth of April, 1773, when the news of the treachery seems just to have reached the exiles. A free translation of the letter is as follows:

"OUR VERY DEAR COUSINS: I have had the honor to receive your letter, dated May 16, 1772, by which we learn that you enjoy good health. We pray the Lord that the present will find you in good and perfect state, as well as all your dear family, for whom we wish all the good, and the blessings of Heaven and earth, spiritual as well as temporal. We are much disturbed that you do not speak of your dear brothers and sisters.

"As regards ourselves, my dear cousin, I cannot tell you the sad and humiliating state to which misery has reduced us. Always getting better, only to fall ill again, usually confined to the bed. Always sorrow and grief in the heart, which overwhelms us, and puts us in an inconceivable condition, (and we suffer) from the poor food which we have in this country. Ah, my dear cousins, what weeping, and what tears have been shed by us in these fourteen years in which we have been in pain and suffering, without any consolation! Our allowance has been reduced this year, we receive more (not more?) than five, four, and three sous a day. Judge whether one can live well on that, and be able to earn nothing in this country, with everything extraordinarily dear except water. I will not say more to you of this to make you understand the afflictions which we actually suffer. We have learned from a letter coming from you, that Basil Bondiot has been with you, and has dug up all our money which was hidden in Tusket Bay, after we had so many times forbidden him, when he left us, to raise it, or to show it to any one, with reason, and you tell us that this (quantien?) and thief has dug it up, and carried it off without putting any of it in your hands! We pray and supplicate you, for mercy's sake, to inquire of all the acquaintances and friends which you have, to see if you can discover where he can be, and also what he can have done with the money. Whether he has put it at interest in the shipping or in business, or at profit, or if he has still something remaining, or if he has spent it all. We pray you give us some knowledge of this. . . . You tell us that this (Cotien?) told you that we had taken away the altar silver, and (the value of?) a fourth part of two vessels. I assure you in truth, my dear cousins, that I have never received anything of it, and this is very false. You tell us that if there is still anything hidden you will find it. I reply we have no more money hidden; however, I tell you that we left between (two Indian names of islands), the two largest islands, those that are nearest Tusket River, on the north, north-west side—we left in a shed eighty-two skins of (illegible) and five skins of cattle. You will look also in another shed, which is directly opposite this one of which we speak, and you will find there within a plough-iron. I tell you also that we hid the iron of the mill in the first path coming from the houses, which one passes to go to the mill, at the left-hand going toward the shore. Look under the stone; you will find them.

"IT WOULD BE SAFE TO GO TO ANY OF THESE DOORS AND INQUIRE IF MRS. D'ENTREMONT WERE AT HOME."

"We pray you tell us in what part of Cape Sable you are established, if you are comfortable there, and if they have spoiled all for you; and whether all Acadia is inhabited, and if affairs go as well as in the past.

"Our address is care Monsieur D'Aujacque, Commander of the Islands St. Peter and Miquelon, for him to forward, if he will, to Charles d'Entremont, at Cherbourg, Normandy. You can address to whom you please of the family.

"All the family assures you of their sincere friendship, wishing you all good and perfect health. Hoping for news of you, our very dear cousins, we are with all the affection possible,

Your very humble and very faithful cousins,
CHARLES MIUS D'ENTREMONT,
PIERRE MIUS D'ENTREMONT,
JOSEPH LANDRY."

Another letter—to choose out of the collection where all are interesting—is from the sister of the three D'Entremonts, who had returned to Pubnico.

Evidently they had sent out of their scanty store money to relieve the necessities of those in France, who, even less fortunate than they, could not earn enough to sustain health.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER: I have received the letter which you did me the honor and kindness to write me, dated September 1, 1774, which tells me that you enjoy good and perfect health. I pray God that the present may find you in the same condition.

"I am sensible (one could not be more so) and penetrated with a lively gratitude for your kindness, and for the trouble which you have taken on our account, but it is impossible for me to give you proofs of my attachment and great love; as I am situated now I can only offer to Heaven my prayers for your preservation and that of your dear family, to whom I wish all the good and contentment which one could desire in this world.

"I will tell you, my dear brother, that I have not yet touched the money which you had the goodness to take to St. Peter. We shall receive it through a ship-owner of this city, who only waits for a letter of exchange to come from Paris to render us account of it. He has already even wished to give us a part deducted, and we hope to get it this week, or the week following.

"You did well in sending the money to the priest of St. Peter, who had the kindness to procure for you a very safe way of sending to us (anything) which may belong to us, if you have the goodness to bring it to St. Peter yourself.

"I must tell you, my dear brother, that your first letters never reached us; we are very much annoyed that they have been lost, because you tell us that you had set forth everything in them. Also I beg you to tell me how much you made of the silver, the clothing, and the furs, for the reason that the family of my uncles have a share in this money, but the dishes and the silver money belonged to my late father.

"I believe that you must have dug up this silver when you took up that in the shed (*cabanaux*, in Acadie, any little outbuilding belonging to the house), for it seems to me that my late husband showed it to his brother Joseph; but in case you should not have dug it up, it is in the south-west corner of the shed, and this shed is one under a tree, and the tree is a little uprooted. If you have it, or can find it, I beg you to carry it with the other to St. Peter, and I beg you also to tell me the sum of this silver.

"As to the silver spoons, my dear brother, I give them to you. They are not compensation for your trouble, but you are able to satisfy yourself with what you judge right. If you do not wish satisfaction for yourself, assess the sum which you would (have taken), send it here to your nephews, who are sufficiently in want, and who have had no help from their relations since they have been in this country, and each one thinks of himself and troubles himself very little with others. You will not speak of these things but in my letter.

"Do not make objections to accepting the spoons which I give you, for I give them with all my heart. I finish by embracing you a thousand and a thousand times, and am with all the friendship and sincerity possible, my dear brother,

"Your very affectionate sister,

"MARGUERITE LANDRY."

The spoons of which Marguerite Landry—a D'Entremont by birth—speaks are preserved in the house of a grandson of Bénoni. They are heavy, old-fashioned in style; one large, and three teaspoons. One handles them with awe, remembering their history, and how they laid in the faithful earth, where the hands of true confessors of the faith had deposited them.

The next letter is interesting for two reasons. First, because the alliance to which the writer—an aunt of the first Marguerite—alludes must have been one of the "marriages by witnesses" to which the Acadians were obliged to resort after the return, because the visits of missionaries were so rare. And secondly, because in the few lines of this older woman's letter breathes the anguish of the life she was enduring, and the longing for dear faces, and the beloved Acadie; the human cry of nostalgia which time could not still. It is addressed to "Madame la veuve feu Jacques d'Entremont, à Pobomcoup," and is dated the fourth of March, 1775:

"I have received, my dear sister-in-law, your letter dated the 7th of March, 1774, which gave me a sensible pleasure to learn the dear news of you, and of my dear nephews and niece. You tell me of their establishment. I am—one could not be more—delighted. I am not ignorant that these unions are not made except by common agreement. I am touched—one could not be more so—by the tender remembrance which you have of me, and of my poor children. It is a recollection which will not fade till God himself shall have severed the thread of my days. Be sure of the same sentiments from all my children. I cannot tell you without sorrow that they do not enjoy perfect health, or nearly so. It is a cross which God judges good for me to bear, but I must avow, to my confusion, that this cross is heavy to me. I do not say as often as I should 'May the holy will of God be done'; pain on pain, denial upon denial, and without hope of ever enjoying a condition more gracious.

"Again, my dear sister-in-law, I let myself be borne with you to dwell on that wretched hour when we were parted, and parted for ever.

"I will not give you any news, my dear sister-in-law; my son Joseph is writing to his cousin Joseph, he will set down any little thing of which he may know.

"Receive I pray you, from me and from my children, our tender embraces, and the prayers which we pour forth to Heaven for your preservation, and that of my nephews and niece, to whom we wish all the joy and prosperity in their establishment which one can wish.

"Be assured, my dear sister-in-law, that we are, my children and I, for life, with the most sincere friendship,

"Your very submissive sister-in-law,

"Marguerite d'Entremont,
"Widow of Peter Landry.

"I should tell you that the Count of Provence and the Count d'Artois, brothers of the present king, have married the two daughters of the King of Sardinia, and that none of the three (*i.e.*, king, or his brothers) have children. It is the Count de Maurepas who is Grand Minister of France. I ask you to tell me how many French are established in the surrounding country of Cape Sable, and if the English are living in the old home at Cape Sable?"

The next letter is from the son of this older Marguerite, written two days before his mother's, and undoubtedly sent with hers. It is the one in which she says he will "set down any little thing of which he may know."

It is impressive to read, with the knowledge of subsequent events which we possess, the hope which he expressed for the peace and safety of France, through the accession to the throne of Louis XVI., hopes which make us realize how truly he was Louis the Desired.

"MY VERY DEAR, AND VERY HONORED COUSIN: I hastily toss off this (letter) to have the honor to inform myself of the state of your health, and all which regards you. I pray the Lord that he will preserve you, and all your dear and amiable family, in good and perfect health. This is what I wish you with all my heart, as well as to all the dear and amiable family, to whom I wish all good, and the dew of heaven and of earth.

"As to mine (health), I am always on a bed of suffering, such as would make every one weep. My poor body is covered with disease within and without. To sum up, my very dear cousin, I cannot die and I cannot live. My dear mother and my brothers and sisters all—(illegible)—two whole days on a bed of pain; but if such be the will of God, may his will be done, and not ours.

"Ah, dear cousin, sad these days which we pass in this land, living and dying in sorrow; to see one's self so far removed from one's country, and all one's dear relations and friends, is not easy; but, however, for a year bread (the quality and price) has been more suitable than in the past. For the seven years that there was famine in France bread was sold for four sous a pound, and now it is worth but two sous a pound.

"I should tell you that the King of France is dead; died on the sixth (tenth) of May, last May; and the queen and dauphin are also dead; it is the grandson of Louis XV. who mounts the throne. He has married the daughter of the Queen of Hungary (Austria); he is twenty years old, and every one says that there has never been a king so full of wit, intelligence, and wisdom as this one, and all the world hopes that France may be better governed in the future than she has been in the past, and that she may not be betrayed and sold as she has been. France and all Christian kingdoms allied with her; Spain, Portugal, the emperor, the King of Sardinia, who would war with one; he has with all five, but for the present all is in peace." (Here follows an omitted paragraph relating to a proposed establishment of the Acadians near Rochelle.) "There has been no death among us since I wrote you. I have not received all the letters which you have written. I have received two of them, one dated the fourth, the other the seventh of March; the others I have not received. We are very much annoyed that they have not arrived.

"THE CHURCH IS A LARGE AND FINE ONE."

"My dear, amiable cousin, how I praise your destiny, and still more that of your dear children for the salvation of their souls, which one has not among the world, for if you heard and saw all that I hear and see you would be overwhelmed, and shut yourselves away. But, you will say to me, there are priests, Mass, instruction every day before one's eyes; but I tell you that there is nothing worse than to laugh at these things, and when one will not hear, and when all are unwilling to see the light, one shuts the eyes, and one sees it no more. Ah, sad are these days for the salvation of souls, and of youth in this country! To end, my dear, amiable cousin, taking courage and patience, let us imitate the holy man Job on the dung-hill, and perhaps one day God will have pity on us, and will give us the consolation we desire—give it to us all. To close, my dear cousin, nothing more can I say to you, unless with tears in my eyes and sobs in my heart I embrace you, and all my dear relations in general, a thousand, million times, and I am to you, and shall be to the last breath of my life,

"Your faithful cousin,
"JOSEPH LANDRY.

"I embrace a thousand times my dear aunt, and assure her of my very humble respect. I embrace your dear spouse, and all your family. I embrace all in general—all my dear and amiable cousins, millions of times.

"My dear mother, my dear brother and sister embrace you, your dear mother, brother, and sister a million of times with all their heart. Our compliments to Jacques Amirault, to his wife and all his dear children, whom I embrace a million of times.

"Our compliments to Charles Amirault, and to his wife, and to all his dear family whom I embrace.

"Our compliments to all the—in general, whom I (we) embrace with all our hearts. Your dear mother tells us that you are established beside the Iles de Grâve. Is this because the English have taken the old home that you are not living upon it? Tell us this, and how many French are settled at Cape Sable. Your cousin, Peter d'Entremont, embraces you, your wife, and all his cousins with all his heart. Dated at Cherbourg, March 2, 1775."

Joseph Landry—to whom after all his sufferings God gave rest more than a century ago—did not spell very well, his tenses are very erratic, and his writing hard, at times impossible, to decipher, but his letter, with its news of the day and complaint of the Voltairian spirit of ridicule for holy things, is the most generally interesting of all, and with its touching plaint that he "could neither die nor live" must close these few glimpses of the stricken people who actually suffered all Longfellow portrayed. And that they suffered for conscience' sake, in spite of the historians who would deny it, let the following oath show. It was the required oath to be taken by all who sat in the Assembly of Nova Scotia, the sufficient reason why no Acadian ever did sit there until 1836, when Simon d'Entremont, the grandson of one of the exiles, obtained its abolishment, and was the first of his race to sit in the Assembly, having taken the oath which is now presented to legislators in lieu of the former.

"I swear that I abjure, abhor, detest, and deplore the damnable doctrine called popery.

"I swear that the sacrifice of the Mass now celebrated by Catholics, and invocation of saints and of the Virgin Mary, is superstitious and idolatrous.

"I swear that no pope or priest has any power to remit sin by absolution.

"I swear that there is no partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrifice (of the Mass)."

"The ancienne habitation," the old dwelling-place of which the exiles so anxiously inquired, was taken by the English, and is the upper East Pubnico of to-day. And on the west side, by "l'Isles de Grâves," as Joseph Landry had heard, their descendants are now living. They are all fishermen, grave, dignified in deportment, upright, and God-fearing.

On Monday morning the little fleet of Pubnico schooners sets sail for the week's cod-fishing, returning Saturday night to keep Sunday. They gather in knots Saturday evenings to discuss the events on sea, and sometimes the younger people have a dance on that night when the boats are in, for it is necessary to improve the hours, since sweethearts are gone so much of the time.

On Sunday the church is crowded at Mass and Vespers. The priest has a parish of sixty miles in extent. He says Mass one Sunday in the pretty little church on the east side, and the two succeeding Sundays is upon the west side.

When the tide serves the harbor is dotted with boats, white sails, Venetian red, and an occasional yellow, illumined in the morning sunshine, and thrown out picturesquely against the intensely blue sky and the dark firs. They bring the people from across the harbor to hear Mass, and it is a pretty sight to see the little fleet winding through the islands, bringing the devout Acadians to the church, remembering what their fathers suffered that they might enjoy this very Sunday hallowing.

As one comes down the road one sees a black group of men outside the church gate, on the brow of the hill where the edifice stands, and inside the yard a similar group of women.

These Sundays and holydays are the opportunities for the meeting of friends; for some who live apart, the only ones.

When the bell sounds, warning the people that the priest is in the sacristy, all turn and obediently file into place, not one lagging after the Asperges.

The church is a large and fine one, built by the energy of the earnest priest and the sacrifices of a poor people to whom religion is the first cause for which to live, as their fathers had taught them in suffering, more eloquent than words.

The congregation is an edifying one; attentive, devout, and large. The "Marguilliers," two elderly men, following an Acadian custom, sit in the front pew on the epistle side, and guide the people in the right moment of rising, kneeling, or sitting.

There is none of the French vivacity left in these people; a life of hardship in a severe clime has effectually sobered them. They are intensely proud, honest, and virtuous. Crime is unknown in their midst, and while marriages must differ in degrees of happiness here as elsewhere, there are no domestic tragedies; the women are modest, the men constant, families are very large, and well cared for. They tell one in Pubnico that they are poor, but there is no poverty as we know it. Every one owns his little home; ready money is not plenty, but there is little needed. Twenty-five dollars a year would be a good house-rent, though few houses are rented; a dollar a week is the usual wages of a servant, twenty-five cents a day for a woman to make or wash one's clothing.

The women are very hard-working. Each house has its spinning-wheel; the wool is spun, the stockings, and even the underclothing, knitted by the busy hands that sew, and bake, and scrub, as well as tend, through a constantly recurring infancy, a family of eight to fourteen children.

The floors are painted by the women, who, though they have never learned drawing, cover the rooms with sail-cloth, upon which they paint designs so beautifully that no one could distinguish it from oil-cloth, except that it is so much warmer and better, while the "hooked in" and braided rugs are marvels of beauty.

Out of doors, these same women tend the cod-fish drying upon the flakes, and while the warm days last help get in the crop, for men are on the sea and hay must be made while the sun shines.

The girls are many of them very pretty, but it is not strange that they grow early old, or that the sprightliness of France is forgotten.

There are but two English families in West Pubnico; French is the language of the place, and English only acquired by patient labor in very good schools.

The French is wonderfully pure, considering the effort that was made to destroy all national life. It has certain peculiarities to which the ear must become accustomed, such as *ch* for *q*, in such words as *que* and *qui*, pronounced *che* and *chi;* the long sound of *i* in *chien*, *bien*, etc.—*chine* and *bine;* broad *a* in words ending in *ais*—*anglah*, *parlah*, *jamah.* Old words obsolete in France are retained here, notably the ancient way of counting, *septante*, *octante*, *nonante*, seventy, eighty, ninety; *icite* for *ici*, *iton*, *aussi*, and other peculiarities.

The climate of Pubnico is very nearly perfect for summer—would be quite so were it not for the fogs which haunt Nova Scotia. When the thermometer registers 80° the good men remove their coats, and walk home from church mopping their brows and exclaiming: "Fait chaud, aujourd'hui," adding to the American: "Vous pensez ch'il fait frette" (froid). They think of the States as a kind of fiery furnace, and as the summer progresses there, and one never becomes more than delightfully warm, none too warm for a walk at noon-day, one begins to share their view. There is no night through the summer when a blanket is not a necessity.

A kinder people could hardly be; the French blood shows itself in courtesy and natural politeness. They live like one great family—as indeed they are—being all closely related, and they share with each other property, labor, and good offices. And they show the inheritance of faith and the blood of martyrs by a virtue that lifts them far above the descendants of English settlers, as well as by better breeding and greater intelligence—that is, of course, better than those who, like them, labor to live, and are removed from the centres of learning and society.

What will be the end of this little community it is hard to predict. French has been retained so far; it is hardly possible it will always be spoken. To-day the schools are very good; two generations ago it was hard to obtain the rudiments of an education. Now the older girls speak English, many of the mothers speak it little or not at all; two generations hence, at that rate, it is not unlikely that it will have superseded the

French. With French will go much that is characteristically good; it is impossible to withstand the march of time, and with all gain comes some loss, but to one who loves the Acadian it is painful to foresee his amalgamation into the Nova-Scotian.

A railroad is projected, partially graded, from Yarmouth to Pubnico Head; with the rush of steam, and the withdrawal of our uncomfortable coach, will come more American tourists, and a complete change on the face of Pubnico.

We learned to love it, the kindly people, its intensely Catholic life, its traditions of persecution, the French of the time of the expulsion, its great lakes, the murmur of pines, its bleak solitudes, and breaking surf.

If the rush of the nineteenth century must invade the stillness of past centuries, we are glad that we knew it while it was still a remnant of Acadie.

THOUGH THOU ART QUEEN.

BY M. ROCK.

THOUGH thou art Queen in Paradise,
Though anthems in thy praise arise,
Though saints' and seraphs' voices frame
Sweet songs of which thou art the theme,
Mother thou art to us likewise.
Yes, Mary, 'neath the angry skies
On Calvary, 'mid His dying sighs,
Thy dear Son bade us use that name,
Though thou art Queen.

Then, Mother, listen to our cries,
And earthward ever turn thine eyes;
Let woes of ours thy pity claim,
Our contrite tears of grief and shame
Let not thy mother heart despise,
Though thou art Queen.

THEOSOPHY AND PROTESTANTISM.

BY REV. FRANCIS B. DOHERTY.

IN order to do justice to a quotation, it should be read with its context and in the light of it; otherwise an injury may be done to the mind of its author, the consequences of which will be far-reaching. One of the worst consequences is the promulgation of a half truth, which while it presents the golden side of its shield towards us, shows a baser metal towards our adversaries.

Much of the care in a Catholic theological seminary is directed to guard the students from falling into this mistake, exercising them meanwhile in the art of dialectical swordsmanship, by which they can sever at a stroke error clinging to truth, and despatching the former, leave the latter intact and more clearly defined.

Such a training would have prevented an unfortunate statement by a young layman, who has recently published an otherwise most gratifying letter announcing his rehabilitation in the Catholic Church. In this letter he says, speaking of Theosophy—"which I do consider more respectable than Protestantism (a position sanctioned by Catholic theology, which teaches that heresy is worse than paganism). (See the *Summa*, II., ii. q. x. a. vi.)" of St. Thomas.

At the present time, with the decay of the A. P. A. and the general reactionary interest in the Catholic Church, at a time when we are in the receipt of many hearty expressions of good will from church-going non-Catholics, such a remark is at the least unfortunate, and may tend to exasperate many well-disposed people, who are at present our friends.

Moreover the quotation is untrue in its application, and may furnish another argument to the professional traducers of our holy Faith, whose stock in trade consists of similar citations, pretending to show the un-Christian character of Catholicism, by alleging its greater opposition to other forms of Christianity than to non-Christian sects.

That such a view is foreign to the mind of the Church may be seen from the attitude of our Holy Father Leo XIII. upon all questions affecting the interests of Christianity. That such is not the opinion of St. Thomas may be seen from a reading of the very article quoted.

St. Thomas, comparing the gravity of the various grades of unbelief, quotes II. Pet. ii. 21 : "For it would have been better for them not to have known the way of justice, than after they have known it, to turn back," divides the question into two parts. The first concerning infidelity in the light of the due acknowledgment of faith, and in the second, the damage to faith in consequence of the demolition of those things which pertain to faith ; or in other words, the comparative desolation caused by the different grades of infidelity.

(1) In the former division he shows that a positive, formal heretic—that is, one who rejects the proffered or possessed gifts of faith, either by denying the truth or by stifling the impulses of grace urging inquiry—is worse than a pagan who has not heard of the truth.

This is the obvious conclusion of the scriptural text above, and it appeals to any one's sense of justice.

But this is not the point which bears upon the comparative condition of the existing forms of belief in respect to the true faith ; hence (2) the second part of the question, wherein St. Thomas says, that inasmuch as there is a greater divergence from truth in the case of the pagans than in the case of the Jews, who in turn are more in error than the heretics ; so the infidelity of the pagans is graver than that of the Jews, which is, in turn, graver than that of the heretics. An interesting exception is suggested to St. Thomas in the case of the Manichæans, a heresy which from its errors about God himself is not altogether unlike that of the modern theosophists. These he regards as worse than pagans.

This is the reading of St. Thomas, and all the comfort that theosophists can take out of it is, that their condition is at least much worse than that of Protestants, and is perhaps even worse than that of negative pagans.

Since the discussion has been opened, it may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to give a Catholic view of the comparative conditions of Theosophy and Protestantism, and the bearings of each upon Catholicism.

A survey of the field is bewildering from the surging and intermingling of the various hosts ; but, as a key to the situation is always found in the contest around the standards, so, by seizing some central figure, we may come upon a striking estimate of the whole.

Such a figure is found in theosophy's present leader, Mrs.

Besant, whose life story has been touchingly told by an admiring biographer. It is a powerful demonstration of the range of deflection caused by an early error upon an earnest, moving spirit.

A young woman of intense religious cravings, an Evangelical Protestant in training, declares, after reading the early Fathers, "that Rome shows marks of primitive Christianity of which Geneva is entirely devoid," and this contrast sets her face towards Rome and Manning.

Meeting Pusey on the way, she is told that the English Church might be Catholic, though non-Roman, and she resigns herself to the situation. Here was the error. The soul seeks the whole truth, and is not satisfied with a compromise. Anglicanism has been a road to many, and a stumbling-block to not a few. More doubts follow her marriage to the Rev. Mr. Besant, and she resolves to investigate all things; but this means all things but the right one. The belief in the divinity of our Lord remains after most else has fallen, but this is undermined by infidel reading, and, realizing her desperate condition, she appeals again to Dr. Pusey. He cannot help her now, nor stop her course. She has gone beyond his grasp. Sacrificing home and children for principle's sake, she sets out in search of "truth"; but in the darkness mistakes for it that tremulous, wandering, will-o'-the-wisp which hovers over the battle-fields of buried errors. Look at the race which this jack-a-lantern has led her—theism, atheism, free-thought, spiritism, theosophy. The angle of divergence between Manning's position and Pusey's seemed slight, but the eventuation brought the searcher into contact with Bradlaugh first, and then Blavatsky. Protestantism is not as desolate as theosophy, but this case illustrates its possibilities when error is carried to its bitter end.

Dismissing the subject of theosophy's leader, we come to the belief itself, and find that, as a rationalist system of religious belief, theosophy is confuted by its own claims, by the life of its founder, and by the elements which it attracts. The prospectus of doctrine is delightfully vague, and the explanation of "Karma," to smooth the rugged paths of mankind, is somewhat too much for practical minds, who would not derive any satisfaction from a sense that their present evils are a result of their own fault in their previous existences. These plain people might deny pre-existence, and in their own simple way, appealing to their unfailing faculty of memory in its unconsciousness of any such state, would give theosophy some trouble to prove its thesis.

Some color is said to have once been given to this theory of pre-existence by the testimony of a census-collector in a theosophical region, who, being surprised at the startling disparity between the ages given and the appearances of the same persons, charitably concluded that this might be their second or third experience upon earth.

As to the scientific pretensions of theosophy, stubborn scientists seem to ignore the fact that the solution of all the secrets of nature is possessed by the Mahatmas, and instead of seeking "a projection of the astral form," continue to experiment upon the constitution of the celestial bodies with such primitive methods as spectrum analysis.

The spiritual doctrine of theosophy is about as colorless as its own ethereal medium, although by no means as clear. Like the other celebrated doctrine of total depravity, it is not lived up to; and "Akasa," or the "Astral Light," seems to have been shed in vain upon the life of theosophy's founder in modern form.

The usual characteristics of a soul at peace were not remarkably prominent in the case of Madame Blavatsky, who, according to her memorialist, was "a great spiritual reality," in spite of "her gross corpulence, incessant smoking of cigarettes, a loud voice that grew harsh in its tones when she felt irritated—and something or other would happen to irritate her fifty times a day."

The Society of Psychical Research entertained a different opinion, when its agent's report proved the existence of letters forged by the madame, with the existence of a secret panel in the temple of Adyar, wherein the letters from the Mahatmas were received. The society's report further stated that there was a strong presumption that the testimony of witnesses to occult power was a spontaneous illusion, and it concluded by saying: "We think that she has a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history."—(Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, December, 1885.)

This new phase of old belief has made some converts abroad from that floating section of investigators who are always drifting about in search of the marvellous. They are carried along towards that vortex which has ejected for the moment into theosophical prominence the present leader, before all is swallowed up in that whirling chasm which has closed over Madame Blavatsky for ever. Lulled by the rush of the waters, the credulous ones fancy it the peal of astral bells, and give themselves up to the current. Their danger extorts our sympathy, but our heart and hand go forth to the swimmer who is breasting the stream.

In America the votaries of theosophy are largely drawn from those who regard religion as a source of exhilarating novelty, and who try everything that is advertised. Among these "fad" followers are those who affect at times an intense intellectuality, and who will sit at the feet of those only who are a little more abstruse than themselves. Contrast this dilettanteism with the serious, wholesome church work among the Christian sects, and one will readily see why it is that the vast number of converts to Catholicism come from those divisions in which faith and works render their members like unto Cornelius, the centurion, whose prayers and alms ascended for a memorial in the sight of God.

But why should Catholics concern themselves about such a distant movement as theosophy, which at its worst sweeps along only some of the driftwood of Protestantism? Because even in such a case some souls are being drawn into graver error. That these souls may have but little faith lost by the transaction is true; but no loss of faith, however small, is unimportant in the economy of salvation, and we cannot look with complacency upon the inroads of theosophy, upon the most remote lines of Christianity, nor indifferently regard the substitution of a meaningless, pantheistic mysticism for the acknowledgment and worship of the One, True God.

This is why a Catholic must place his influence upon the side of any form of Christianity, *as Christianity*, against any form of paganism howsoever refined.

This we do with "charity towards all and malice towards none," for the spirit of the Catholic Church is the spirit of her Divine Founder, "who will have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth." She extends her arms over all, in protection of her own faithful ones, in invitation to her wandering ones—to the nearer first, because they are nearer. Like that grim old relic of Catholic England, the church tower of St. Botolph's in old Boston, Lincolnshire, which, while it sheltered the town nestling at its base, bore aloft a lantern for the assistance of home-seeking sailors; so the Church's torch of Pentecostal faith shines upon the dwellers in the City of God, and upon the toilers of the deep, dimly perhaps to those who are afar, but with a warmer, kindlier glow as they approach the port, until at last they find that, like the Star of Bethlehem, it shines above the abiding place of the Divine Saviour, and entering in, they pour forth their praises to God for the great things which he has done unto them.

THE TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR NURSES OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

BY THOMAS DWIGHT, M.D.

CARE of the sick poor formed no part of the domestic economy of Greece and Rome. What to do with them must have been a new and distressing problem to the early Christians. It is probable that the care of the sick was entrusted to deacons and deaconesses. No one can doubt that in the days of the catacombs Christian charity did what it could. Later, when the church had triumphed, more systematic measures were adopted. Under the Christian emperors bishops maintained hospitals, generally near the cathedrals. The first great hospital was built by St. Basil in Cæsarea, in the year 370. St. Theodosius the Cenobiarch, who was abbot of anchorites near Jerusalem at the end of the fifth century, had several infirmaries, of which at least two were of his own founding. St. John Chrysostom built a noted one at his own expense in Constantinople. The hospices of western Europe appeared later. They were by no means exclusively, nor even chiefly, devoted to the sick, but rather were caravansaries for travellers and pilgrims, among whom were, of course, many infirm besides the victims of leprosy. The celebrated Hôtel Dieu of Paris is said to have been founded in the seventh century. Gradually, but apparently very slowly, hospitals proper were evolved. There was the less urgent need for them, that the monasteries were centres from which charity radiated, and that scientific medicine did not exist. Religious orders, male and female, were early devoted to the care of the sick. Among these were the Knights of St. Lazarus, in Jerusalem (later fused with the Knights of Malta), who in turn nursed the lepers and did battle with the infidel. From them came the words Lazaretto and Lazarette. Near the end of the eleventh century the Beguines, a religious community of women, began their works of charity, among which was the care of the sick both in hospitals and at their own homes. Many other orders did more or less the same thing during the middle ages. The Brotherhood of the Kalands, among others, did good work in the frightful epidemic of the plague, known as the Black

Death, which ravaged Europe in 1348–9, carrying off perhaps one-half of the population. A contemporary, William of Nagis, wrote as follows: "So great was the mortality in the Hôtel Dieu of Paris that for a long time more than fifty corpses were carried away from it each day in carts to be buried. And the devout sisters of the Hôtel Dieu, not fearing death, worked piously and humbly, not out of regard for any worldly honor. A great number of these said sisters were very frequently summoned to their reward by death, and rest in peace with Christ, as is piously believed."* These holy women were the precursors of the great order of the Sisters of Charity founded by St. Vincent de Paul in 1634. Of these what need to speak? In pestilence and battle, in the old world and the new, where suffering was, there, as far as their numbers and opportunities permitted, were the Sisters of Charity, still "working piously and humbly, not out of regard for any worldly honor."

We are particularly concerned, in this paper, with their relations to hospitals. In Europe they have often been employed as nurses in the public hospitals. Among us they, as a rule, own and direct their own hospitals. When they first undertook this work, especially in our Northern cities, it seemed to many new and revolutionary that hospitals should be carried on by sisters, whose white cornettes, just becoming familiar, were associated chiefly with the care of orphans. The medical profession was probably not the least astonished. In fact, the relation between the sisters and the medical staff of the hospitals,† often composed chiefly of non-Catholics, was a new and a very difficult one. It had trials for all. The sisters brought piety, devotion, charity, self-sacrifice. They did not bring either knowledge of hospital administration nor appreciation of the importance of elementary principles. They brought love of God and of their neighbors; they did not bring science. Moreover they were hampered by the rules and traditions of their order. To cite but a single instance: in the earlier days of a certain hospital no house physician or surgeon was allowed to pass the night there, unless some patient was in so critical a condition as to require his presence. There was absolutely no provision for competent assistance at night in the event of any sudden accident in the wards. The medical staff was in continual anxiety lest some catastrophe should bring discredit on the hospital.

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* Quoted in Dom Gasquet's work, *The Great Pestilence.*

† The writer's personal experience embraces only one hospital. He has reason to believe that some of the difficulties he deplores have existed elsewhere.

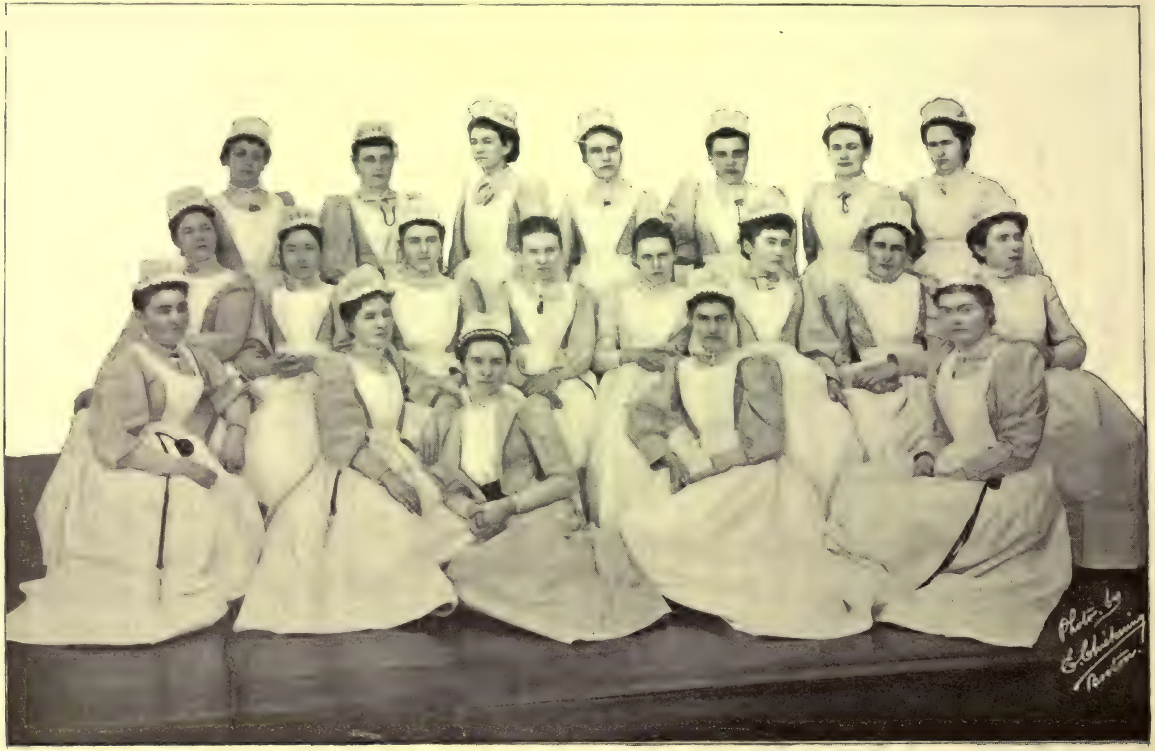
Photo. by
E. Chickering
Boston.

NURSES OF THE BOSTON TRAINING-SCHOOL.

Those of them who were Catholics had the further dread of the scandal to religion from such a mischance. The lot of the Catholic physician or surgeon on the staff was not in those days a happy one. Unable to make reply to the just criticisms or sneers of his colleagues, he was often tempted to regret the zeal which had led the sisters to undertake a work for which they had not the knowledge, and in which their traditions seemed to bar the way to success. Step by step, however, all this was changed; rules were modified, mutual misunderstandings were set right. Where all sincerely desire the same end patience perfects the work, and though still not of the highest class, the hospital has flourished.

It may be asked how it happens that the sisters, whose reputation as nurses is world-wide, should deserve such severe criticism. In the first place, it is evident that where the sisters were nurses and nothing else, without the responsibility of administration and probably less hampered by rule, they could show to greater advantage. For the full understanding of the question, as it is presented to-day, we must consider that two great discoveries within the last half-century have revolutionized surgery, and that coincidently the entire practice of medicine, both in hospitals and in families, has entered a new phase. The first of these discoveries is that of anæsthesia, which became a reality when Morton brought ether to Dr. John C. Warren at the Massachusetts General Hospital. This has made operations of daily occurrence from which both surgeon and patient would have shrunk before its merciful benumbing. The second is the aseptic system, the effects of which are perhaps even farther reaching. With asepsis the death-bearing germ is shut out when the deepest recesses of the body are laid open. This permits amazing surgical exploits which before would have been foolhardy and justifiable only as last resorts. This new system, however, is no simple one in practice. It requires careful study and training. The work of the greatest surgeon may be spoiled by the carelessness or ignorance of an assistant. A host of what once were trifles have sprung into matters of paramount importance. The time is past when ordinary cleanliness and attention were the essentials in the physical ministrations of the nurse. The profession and the public have, moreover, awakened to the fact that it is for the good of all that nursing should hold a higher position than of old, that in the nurse the physician should have a trained, intelligent, and obedient assistant. Some fifteen years or more ago, training-schools for nurses were established at some of the hospitals of our great cities. As the worth of the new nurses became evident, the demand for them could hardly be met. At the same time the care of the wards of those hospitals improved. The Catholic hospitals were doing good work, but beyond question the best nursing was not theirs. They may have been the best places for a Catholic to die in; they were not the best for him to get well in.

It was, therefore, an event of great importance when in the summer and autumn of 1892 the hospital of the sisters at Buffalo, and the Carney Hospital—also belonging to them—at Boston, opened training-schools for nurses. The former was the first actually to begin; the latter started with a much superior organization. This example has been followed at Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Detroit, and finally at Lowell. The first requisite for a successful training-school is an efficient lay superintendent. She gives instruction, directs the work, hears recitations. Occasionally lectures are given by members of the staff. After the first year, in which the theory is taught, particular attention is given to acquiring experience by successive terms of service in different departments. One feature of at least one of these schools deserves notice. It is that when pupils are fit for it, they go out to do a certain amount of nursing, especially among the poor. This is most desirable, provided always that it does not interfere unduly with the regular instruction. In the three years course there should be time for it. It teaches the students to get on without the conveniences of nursing; to use what they can find. Sometimes this has been little enough. Often they have had to go back to the hospital to get money to buy food. Thus they tread more closely in the footsteps of the sisters. The technical training, on which such store is justly set, is not enough for the perfect nurse. Self-denial, charity, patience, humility, are essential. Where can these virtues be so easily acquired as from the Sister of Charity? These virtues, indeed, are called for not only in nursing among the poor; there is ample place for them in work among the rich. When serious sickness has appeared, when anxiety and want of sleep have set nerves on edge, it is no small additional trial to the members of the family to have one or more fine ladies quartered on them, exacting in their demands, fastidious in their eating, themselves requiring service, making trouble in the household. This may not be common, but it occurs. Then it is "Oh for the cheerful, humble sister!"

At the end of the course, which is of various lengths in different hospitals, ranging from one to three years, come the final examinations.

Great as is the advantage of increasing the number of skilled nurses, especially by those trained under Catholic auspices, what is of vital importance is the gain to the sisters themselves. Though they cannot be actually enrolled among the students, they follow the courses with certain justifiable exceptions. One can hardly over-estimate the importance of this movement. It is true progress. As such it may expect opposition from those who do not know the need. It is silly, to say the least, to extol the virtues of the sisters in contradistinction to the skill of lay nurses, as though one excluded the other. There is no antagonism between them. The use of the clinical thermometer will not cool charity, nor the strictest asepsis render self-devotion sterile. On the contrary, every professional acquirement will enlarge the sisters' field of action, and enhance the respect in which they are held. To the virtues which characterize the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul let there be added every refinement of technical training.

The time was when the Sisters of Charity were the best nurses in the world. They have lost nothing, but while they stood still others have passed them. The Catholic cause requires that this should be remedied. Presumptuous as it may seem, or as it may be, I venture to hope that ere long thorough, systematic training in modern nursing shall have its place in the novitiate of the order. We should wish all success to Catholic training-schools for nurses. Like the quality of mercy, they are twice blessed. Good in themselves, they set the sisters before the pupils as models of spiritual excellence. They do double good in bringing the sisters to higher perfection as nurses. The aims and the history of the order demand that it be content with nothing less than the best. "What is there in the hour of anguish," wrote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "like the gentle presence, the quiet voice, the thoroughly trained and skilful hand of the woman who was meant by nature and has been taught by careful discipline to render those services which money tries to reward but only gratitude can repay?" Add to this the Christian charity of the sister, and we have the ideal nurse.

A BIT OF THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

V.—HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

TO read in the newspapers that a "revolution has broken out" in some one of the Spanish-American countries to the south of us fails at present to excite interest. We forget all about it by lunch-time. The reason is not that these outbreaks—as frequent as trolley accidents in Brooklyn—are not of the approved and genuine style of revolution. Far from it! They are the real article in every sense. In the ghastly details of assassination, treachery, arson, and rapine no revolution in history has outdone these which, week by week, we learn has turned some Don José Maria Eglesias Manuel de Estramadura y Las Casas out of the presidency, to make room for some other gentleman the length of whose name is like to prove no greater than the brevity of his term of office. The cause of our faint interest is the regularity in the recurrence of the revolutions.

The case of Cuba, recently exploited in the press, is different. There it is not one faction pitted against another—as our own "parties" here—resorting to fire and sword, as we to ballots—and "deals," perhaps.

In Cuba the cause of the recurring troubles is the old story of restiveness upon the part of colonies under the selfish, usually blinded policy of (step) mother-countries.

Our own quite recent little unpleasantness with maternal England has naturally sharpened our sensibilities and kindled our warm sympathies for all unfortunate dependencies. Hence, Cuba's difficulties from time to time attract our notice, and (should a revolution really break out there of vital magnitude) I fancy that our attitude toward it—our possible relations to the island in case of its emancipation—would instantly become a very serious problem for our government. That nut, moreover, would probably be cracked not until England, Germany, and other powers had said their say.

It is not certainly the purpose of this paper to outline any prophecy, nor even to make out a case for the poor Cubans groaning under what possibly is what they claim—the most illiberal, unjust, and stupid government ever contrived even by foreign and colonial ministers themselves.

Our minds having been turned toward that magnificently fruitful and lovely land, I wish to speak of the quaint civilization, the ancient customs, and the great natural resources of the remoter portions of it.

As has been noticed, this last attempt for freedom has centred in Guantanamo, Cienfuegos, and Santiago—towns in the southern and extreme eastern part of the island. No railroad reaches them (except Cienfuegos), and steamers from New York only fortnightly. Cut off from one another by splendid mountains, the lesser towns and villages of the interior (eastward) remain in virtual isolation from the world—having not so much even as intercourse with any of the seaports, much less Havana. The consequence has been that he who leaves New York in one of the good steamships of the Ward Line—not for Havana, but for the east-end ports—reaches after a voyage of a week cities now hundreds of years old, in which the language, superstitions, customs of the long dead past survive and flourish.

The archiepiscopal see and former capital, the picturesque old city of Santiago de Cuba lies on the sloping shores of a superb, broad bay, whose entrance, scarcely of width sufficient for one ship's passage, is guarded by the beetling frown of Moro Castle, perched on the sheer, bold, natural escarpments of volcanic rock which form the entrance.

Without, the indescribable expanse of the Caribbean Sea; on either hand the pink-gray, myriad-tinted sweep up to dizzy heights of the rock-bound gateway, terraced and battlemented at the top; and on within, the broadening blue mirror of the bay, palm-fringed and crystalline, with the white city far at the upper end climbing its terraced streets up to the crowning beauty of the old cathedral.

Think, then, that for a background to this picture there piles away in a tumultuous wave-line the splendid outlines of the Gran Pedro Range—mountains of a vast height, teeming with mineral wealth.

The age of old Santiago may be felt when one remembers that Christopher Columbus stopped there on his way to Mexico in one of his late voyages, and that the house in which he slept still stands. Santiago was a town before the boldest of the English navigators had but begun to cautiously investigate the shores of North America. It has changed little.

Growth does not mean change in the quite peculiar circumstances under which it there has taken place. We know that in the use of many archaic phrases, and in the manner of pronouncing words, the language of the common people in the Hispano-American old towns is more like that spoken in the times of Ferdinand and Isabella, than the more elegant and super-refined Castilian of the present day.

But, while the erudite and curious may find these interesting marks of the antiquity of idioms, the ordinary traveller is more impressed and entertained by the immediately apparent quaintness and antique flavor of outlandishness characteristic of the customs, manners, vestments, processions, games, and architecture. A very large proportion of the population of Santiago and the whole eastern end of Cuba is made up of a mixture of African, Spanish, Indian, and Creole stock—resulting in a type of mongrel human-nature which baffles one's analysis no less than it presents a picturesque complexity of traits unparalleled.

Much of the genuine African blood has remained pure, and one who knows the negro only as he has been, as it were, Americanized among us, is struck at once on seeing the African in all of his (or better yet, of *her*) original dignity and strangeness. Tribal relations and their resulting feuds exist to-day, having survived for centuries the contact and the servitude of dominant and alien races.

One good old negress, a nurse in my own family for two and part of three generations, is a true princess of the blood—her ancestor having been king of a large tribe somewhere upon the Gold Coast.

This royal blood expects and generally receives a fitting recognition. Our nurse's brother (now reigning *chef* in the kitchen of one of New York's multi-millionaires) would, if he had his rights, be king to-day—his lot having, moreover, more than one well-remembered parallel in royal history. Kings have their ups and downs.

The women of this race have a superb and graceful carriage—straight as an arrow and lithe as the rushes with which they weave the panniers which they can balance on their heads (filled with immense and ticklish piles of oranges) while walking faster than we run. Turbaned, and decked forth in a mystery of flowery muslins; great bracelets made of shells or coins, and necklaces of monstrous size—shiny of face, erect and most symmetrical of form, these lineal descendants of savage monarchs stand in broad contrast to the degenerate remnants of fused and once great peoples.

The blacks are mostly Christians (but in too many cases mere nominal ones), yet they retain among them most curious relics of dim old faiths and long forgotten cults. Occasionally a public celebration of some traditional event belonging to their past will entertain the uninitiated traveller with quite the most incomprehensible and picturesque of spectacles. Processions of elaborately adorned negroes, beating rude tam-tams, and huge and hideous images of gods or potentates, carry the wondering onlooker back to the streets of some Ashantee village, and to the still unbroken, immemorial reign of Darkness under the equator. The music of these people is weird enough, and seems to have its roots back in the native jungles.

The mingled population, too, has its own quaintness. Go, if you please, to some or other of the great plantations, say in the region of Guantanamo, and there, in the low, long huts in which the laborers live, you will find such a medley of traditions, customs, prejudices, tongues, and tempers as could not very well have failed, in the long run, to have resulted in a queer outcome.

Chinese are there, and in large numbers, married to Spanish women, whose fathers were pure French. The thrifty Catalan is there plying his trade with wily Scotchmen from Auld Reekie, and broad-faced Dutchmen with unpronounceable names, and Yankees, and Mexicans, and Englishmen, and—Cubans!

The resulting civilization (?) on these plantations is better not described. Nor can one now foresee any material improvement until the emancipation of the land from gross misrule shall open it to the beneficent and civilizing influence of an aggressive Church.

At old Santiago the student of ecclesiastical affairs will find enough to fill his mind with interest and speculation. The city is sufficiently supplied with churches, the grand cathedral, with its two graceful towers, superb old chancel, and air of indescribable devotion, being the fruitful mother of a dozen of them.

The evidences of an intense and almost pathetic faith were everywhere—such rapt and mystic adoration as one sees there before some quiet shrine being uncommon to our Teutonic reticence if not less fervid temper. And nothing can surpass the elevating, nameless beauty of a Mass sung there—transplanting one to old Spain, old times, old spirit of the Faith-ages. But one does miss the energizing power which marks the work of Holy Church in other lands.

Nor are the clergy (albeit hampered unspeakably by state dependence and interference) unwilling to discuss the facts, the causes, and the cure of the conditions. "God shall help her, and that right early." For us meanwhile it is enough to see such flowers of sanctity grown in so waste a desert, and to rejoice in looking through the quaint, sweet services back to the age when Spain was to the church, to letters, and to civilization as a strong right arm.

The padre sacristano at the cathedral (who talks and looks as if he had been confessor to at least three centuries) enjoys nothing so much as to get one willing to be his victim up to the curious old Chapter Room above the sacristy, and there to lecture by the hour on the successive archbishops of Santiago, whose portraits hang about the walls. Get him to show you the old vestments, the massive, curious, infinitely costly silver frontal of the old high altar.

To turn from the conventional (not always too artistic) brass ornaments to the antique, exquisitely wrought, silver candlesticks, lamps, crucifixes, and other objects, is to have a liberal education in church art. On Thursdays there is an unusually interesting ceremony after High Mass. The oldest silvers, vestments, banners, canopies, and crosses are brought forth, and a solemn procession winds about the church. I noticed four great silver sconces, fourteen feet high, borne by men, and the archbishop's cross and crozier—miracles of handiwork—might have come straight that day from the hands of Benvenuto Cellini himself. I have seen many picturesque ecclesiastical processions; but the faded tints, the old silver, the antique copes, the very vestments of the acolytes and boys—all gave that Thursday Eucharistic Approach to the Tabernacle an air, a tone, a feeling never before attained. And stepping forth into the square—called the "Plaza of Souls"—after the Mass, nothing one sees or hears serves to dispel the beautiful illusion. All is old; all tends to make one feel himself suddenly become a part of some old Corpus Christi pageant of the fifteenth century.

To our utilitarian, aggressive, missionary minds the dreamy and devotional surroundings need practicality, and more of what we style "applied Christianity." One could wish certainly to see more men in church—more schools, more energy. Yet there is not the less of beauty and its own sweet mysticism in the "*Mañana, chicho!*"—To-morrow, my dear!—of that contemplative, poetic people, whose nervous tension has been relaxed by centuries of *siestas* in a land where "it is always afternoon."

I found, after a long and close observance of many functions, that the *minutiæ* of ritual were of an obsolete—with us—but very interesting order. What is a rarity even in oldest European churches may be found here. For instance, the singing of the Epistle and the Gospel in the Mass is from huge ambons, or pulpits, reached by winding stairs, and situated well down the nave. The procession to and fro is most impressive; the custom dates back to the sub-apostolic times. Funerals, baptisms, Benedictions, and Stations, in fact all public functions, have interesting features not commonly seen among us. A marriage I did not see, although I very much desired to. A friend was to be married, and urged me to be present at the nuptials, and I looked forward to the ceremony—which was to be elaborate—with eagerness.

But, alas! the hour appointed was *half-past three* in the morning. I decided that *that* was curious enough in itself and sufficiently unique, so I did not care to go into a minuter study of the nuptial rites.

On one day of their lives, at any rate, the Cuban Christians outdo even our Yankee haste.

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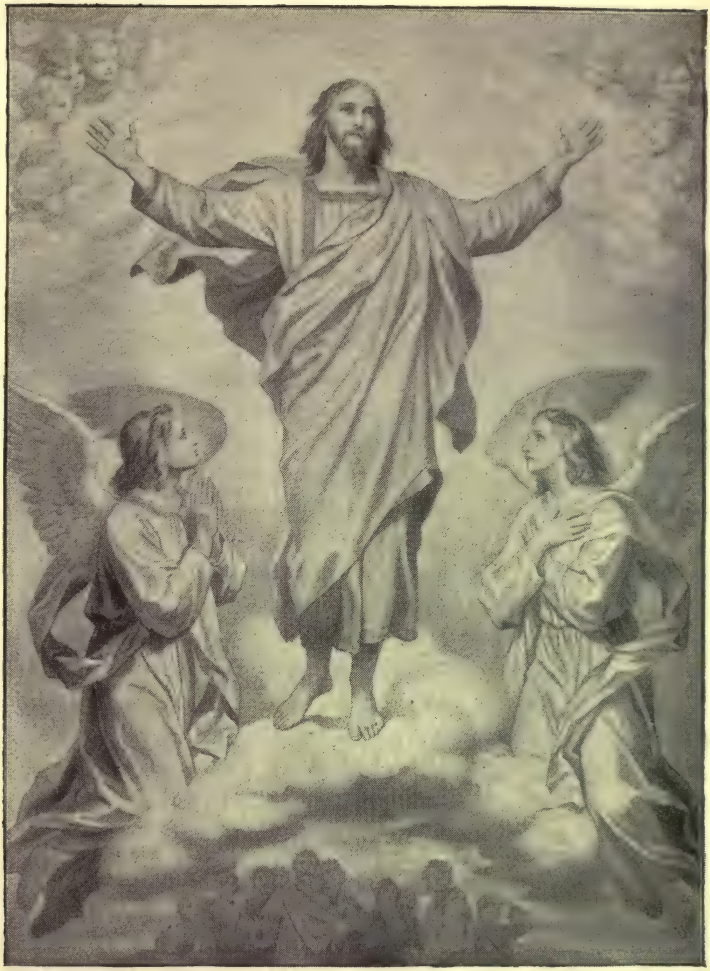

THE ASCENSION.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

"And when he had said these things, while they looked on he was raised up: and a cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts i. ix.

GOD-CRAVING Earth, untold was thy despair
At that last pressure of the Saviour's feet:
As He uprose through the adoring air,
The four winds flung forth incense heavenly sweet;
Ye clouds, which hid Him from men's eyes—ye ne'er
Shall be content save as His judgment seat!

IN THE FOOT-PRINTS OF CANADIAN MISSIONARIES.

BY J. K. FORAN, LL.B.

A TRIP up the Gatineau to-day is very different from what a journey along that river was ten or more years ago. The construction of the Gatineau Valley Railway is rapidly transforming the face of the country. Soon there will be as great a difference in travelling from Ottawa to the Desert by rail, compared with the long drives and weary tramps of a few years ago, as there is to-day in making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Ten years ago it was a tiresome and adventurous drive from Ottawa to the confluence of the Gatineau and the Desert. On past Chelsea and its blue hills; past the white waters of the Cascades; past the smiling village of La Pêche; past the well-cultivated fields of Wakefield and the phosphate mines of that township; past the perpendicular hills along Stag Creek; past Josh Ellord's mills, the beautiful exhibition grounds, and rising village of the Picannock; past the Priest's Farm—one of the most fertile tracts in all the valley; past Bouchette and its magnificent scenery; on to the Indian reserve and the immense lumbering depots and prosperous town of Maniwaki—the village of Mary. From the head of the Black River it is a three days' tramp, over rocks and around lakes, to the Logue's at the Desert. It is of this town that I wish to tell; its history is most interesting.

The township of Maniwaki is one hundred miles from Ottawa and situate upon the Gatineau and Desert Rivers. It is an Indian reserve; that is to say, the land of that township has been granted by the government to the Tête-de-Baule Indians. At the junction of the two rivers stand the village of the tribe and the town of the Desert—the former inhabited by Indians, the latter by whites, but divided merely by a street. The location is most picturesque. The blue hills roll off to the north, and down through their ravines the Gatineau fiercely plunges; to the east the rocks scramble over each other in wild confusion until they touch the clouds upon the horizon; to the south the

Ottawa road climbs up the dizzy heights and disappears beyond the pine ridges and bald summits of the Laurentians; to the west the picture is the most charming that the eye could rest upon, for along between emerald meadows on one side, and frowning declivities on the other, the blue waters of the Desert come down from the distant hunting-grounds of the Tête-de-Baule, to fling their tributary strength into the more wild and rugged Gatineau. Here were, and still are, immense lumber depots, large farms where the cattle and horses of the firms are kept in summer, countless out-buildings of a very substantial kind, and a few residences that by no means indicate the forest wildness of the surrounding country. From the heights behind the village you can see Hall's farm, Gilmour's buildings, Hamilton's depots, and other central lumbering establishments. The road from Ottawa approaches along a semi-circular range of hills; beneath, in an amphitheatre, are the houses and streets of the Desert, rising one above another until they come together where the magnificent church is flanked, on one side by the Grey Nuns' convent and hospital and on the other side by the Oblate Fathers' college and mission house. Down in the valley, protected from behind by the advance walls of civilization, and in front by the sweeping grandeur of the Gatineau, lies the Indian village—the real Maniwaki. The smoke curls from a hundred wigwams, and the dusky children of the woods ply their trade of canoe, moccasin, basket, and ornament making; they dress the moose-skins and prepare their furs for the market. The squaws rock their children in wicker cradles or carry them upon their shoulders in a blanket held to the forehead by a thumb-line.

Standing there, upon the summit of the hill that rises behind this strange town, one catches a glimpse of the two rivers meeting, and the more powerful waters of the white Gatineau engulfing the more sluggish blue of the Desert; at the same time can you see the meeting of civilization and barbarism, the advance wave of modern progress touching the last retreating swell upon the stream of primeval savage life, the pioneer strides of Christianity and the flying steps of aboriginal ignorance; there you perceive the stronger and more energetic tide of Catholic truth and missionary zeal, drinking in, as it were, the feeble and dwindling flood of primitive ignorance and paganism. Looking down upon the little town of Maniwaki, the traveller can read the history of a continent in two volumes: one containing the few but sadly beautiful legends of the Indian tribes, their past glories, their vanishing numbers, their fading strength, their approaching disappearance from the face of that land once theirs, now the property of another race; the other unfolding the wonderful annals of the church's missionaries, the civilizing of the tribes, the Christianizing of a whole people, the planting of the cross in the heart of the wilderness, the planting of faith in the hearts of the Indians.

Thirty years ago the Desert was an appropriate name for that locality, for it really was what the raftsman calls "a howling wilderness." But being such a central point of distribution for the lumbering firms and the focus to which all the Indians of that vast region converged, it was natural that more interest was centred in Maniwaki than in any other place along the northern rivers. The keen eye of the missionary priest was not long in selecting this locality for the principal point of operation in the hunt for souls. At first a little wooden church was erected, and the fathers, who went upon those long winter excursions into the shanty districts, made the priest's house their headquarters. A few years later four young Irishmen, strong and devout Catholics, energetic business men, and fervent patriots, found their way to the Desert, and there pitched their tents and set up their household gods. The day that the Logue Brothers landed at Maniwaki was an auspicious one for that country and a happy one for the missionaries of the North.

Father Pian was one of the first priests to establish a permanent mission at this place. In the summer-time the scholastics from the Oblate novitiate at Ottawa went up the Gatineau to spend their vacations, and it was a very good preparation for the life of hardships and labor which awaited them in the years to come. They carried their canoes over the portages and made the whole trip by water. At Maniwaki they spent their time instructing the Indians, teaching the rudiments of the faith to the children, and in works of mercy as well as of evangelization. By degrees, as the population of the village augmented, the stores became more numerous, the dwellings were made more comfortable, and the place began to assume an appearance of civilization; the fathers established a school for the boys—of both Indians and white men—which flourished most hopefully.

After a few years the number of missionaries was increased; Father Moreois found his way to the Desert; Father Paradis added new life to the colony by introducing his spirit of zeal, a spirit that no obstacle could damp. A fine cut-stone house was built and a magnificent cut-stone church soon appeared at its side. Wings were added to the house, and it developed into a regular college. By this time the female population had also augmented. The Sisters of Charity, or, as they are better known, the Grey Nuns of the Cross, penetrated the mountain fastnesses of the Gatineau and set up their abode beneath the shadow of the church. Before long they had a flourishing convent, a hospital, and a beautiful public hall. Now that the railway is about to enter the town we might say that the Maniwaki of the past will soon give place to a very different style of centre—a city, in the near future, it certainly will become. But as I write it is still the border-land between the advance-guard of civilization and the rear-guard of primeval barbarism.

Maniwaki is the "town of Mary." The place was first settled upon the feast of the Assumption and was dedicated to the Mother of God. When the imposing structure of the new church was completed, upon the spire, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height, a grand statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed. Strange to say that the Indians, who have a boundless devotion for the Mother of God, thought that a cross would be more appropriate; but of course they only expressed their opinion in a very mild and timid way. One afternoon, in the summer of 1886, a wild thunder-storm rolled up from the west. It was such a storm as only those regions of the North can boast. It came with terrific force, and mowed down the trees upon the hill-sides as if it were a gigantic machine cutting a swath through a meadow of clover. The lightning was wonderful in its brightness and in the rapidity of its flashes; the thunder resembled the roar of ten thousand pieces of artillery. One forked flash came forth from the bosom of a dark-rolling cloud and struck the statue upon the spire of the church. It was shattered into atoms and strewn over the village below. The Indians were terror-stricken; but they finally concluded that the Great Spirit was not pleased because a cross had not been placed upon the church, and they made a statement of their case to the fathers.

Later on a cross was set upon the spire; but the Indians then felt that they owed some kind of reparation to the Holy Virgin, so they determined to hold high festival in her honor upon the fifteenth of August each year. This being the time when the novices and several fathers, upon their vacation, visited Maniwaki, a grand *fête* was organized. A band, under the direction of Father Pierre Gladu, O.M.I., was brought up to the reserve. Father Bellaud, O.M.I., who had in turn been professor of music, elocution, philosophy, history, mathematics, and languages at the College of Ottawa, exercised his versatile genius for the amusement of the Indians, and got up a splendid display of fireworks, as well as a drama to be given in the convent hall. The Feast of the Assumption that year at Maniwaki will never pass from the memories of all who beheld the celebration.

The High Mass was the first feature in the day's programme. The choir in the sanctuary sang the Mass in Latin while the Indians, from the organ loft, chanted the responses in their own language. Father Pian preached in French and in Indian. After Mass a weird and wonderful procession took place through the streets of the village. The choir-boys in white, the priest in vestments blessing the homes of the people, the college band in uniform, the banners flying to the breeze, the Indians in all the extravagance of their barbaric splendor, and the simple colonists, in mute astonishment, formed a panoramic scene not to be duplicated on this continent. Pen cannot describe nor can imagination conceive the wonder, the awe of the Indians when the fireworks commenced that night. It would be difficult to say whether they were more amused and attracted by that outside display than by the representation of "Papineau," the drama chosen for the occasion. The day ended amidst the warmest expressions of pleasure on all sides; and ever since has the Feast of the Assumption been kept in right royal style by the Indians of Maniwaki. One evidence of the fruits of the missionary labors—at early Mass that morning over two hundred children of the forest received Holy Communion. Such is the hurried story of one station along the missionary road of the North.

CENTENARY OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE great ecclesiastical college of Ireland, St. Patrick's, Maynooth, will in June next celebrate her entry on her second century. It is a time of celebrations of this kind, this time in which we live, and in this, as in some other respects, it shows itself more graceful than previous periods. It is an evidence of thought for and sympathy with the great circle of humanity rounding itself down the ages, and not with the bare rush and tumult of the life of our own time.

Three years ago the University of Dublin—more familiarly known as Trinity College—held the high festival of her three hundredth year. Founded in 1592, she stands the monument of an important part of the conquest of Ireland by the generals of Elizabeth. The great estates which rank her among the largest landlords of Ireland were a fragment of the confiscated domains of the earls of Desmond. Her mission was to anglicize the youth of the country; for peace rested on the island—such peace over Munster, at least, as the terrible antithesis of Tacitus tells us was so often obtained by Roman arms and policy. She has not been always true to her mission of moulding Irish intellect into a Saxon shape, and guiding Irish enterprise and ambition into paths where the interests of England only would be secured. Those unhappy northern chiefs, whose voluntary subscriptions for her endowment in the first years were so liberal, had their Nemesis when Trinity time after time sent forth some tribune like Grattan, some statesman like Burke, to frustrate the hopes of those who founded her. It was Trinity men who led the majority in the Irish Parliament that passed the great Catholic Relief Act of 1793.

Maynooth College does not indeed, as she stands there with the ruins of the great fortress of the Geraldines looking down upon her, give back ray for ray the flashing of a great popular demand such as the Reform Act and its concession; but rather mirrors forth shadows—the images of change in men's minds from 1795 to 1869. But still in her life, from her birth in the throes of England's fear and Europe's agony until this hour in which we write, she expresses a great moral and social fact, the strength of patience, the weakness of tyranny. It is the crystallization into a truth that a nation's sufferance is mightier than armed hosts upholding wrong.

When the first grant of £8,000 a year was made by the Irish Parliament, in 1795, it was confessed that the policy of the penal laws had failed. The confession was, no doubt, extorted; for the old fear and the old hate remained in the Ascendency. Disguise it as they might, in unexpected, unguarded moments that hate and fear looked out. However, in the very hour we speak of conciliation was sounded from the house-tops. Charlemont in his white wig, as he walked arm-in-arm in the grounds of Ranelagh with the Duke of Leinster, admitted that it was better Irish peasants should be taught religion by priests educated in Ireland than in those hot-beds of treason, the Irish colleges abroad. Beauties under pyramids of snowy hair, in the drawing-rooms of the castle, hoped that Lord-Lieutenancy would recommend those poor Catholics to Parliament, and call Mr. Grattan, their champion, into the ministry. No more draconian enactments, no more fetters for Catholics as such, no more private prisons, nor the lash, the pillory, the American settlements.

"THE RUINS OF THE GREAT FORTRESS OF THE GERALDINES LOOKING DOWN UPON HER."

There was a parallel between the disendowment of the Presbyterians and that of the Establishment if the principle which underlay the measure was "No state endowment for any religion." But in what way did a purely educational grant come into the question? Trinity College was unaffected by the act. That is to say, no Catholic or Protestant Dissenter could obtain a fellowship or foundation scholarship, or could have a particle of influence on the government of the institution. It was still maintained for the men of the Ascendency.

The Irish priests up to 1795 were educated in Paris or Louvain, at Antwerp, Lisle or Douay, at Bordeaux or Rouen, at Salamanca or St. Isidore's. They were polished gentlemen. Like their kinsmen in the armies of every European power, they stood apart from all around them by their grace, courtesy, and accomplishments. Not more certainly did Irish valor sustain the fortunes of their adopted countries in times of danger and difficulty than Irish scholarship illustrated their languages. The story of that island was known in every garrison, in every court, in every camp from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Danube—it was known in the monasteries, the universities, the episcopal cities. The penal times in Ireland made her as well known through her priests and seminarians as she was known in the first three centuries of her Christianity by the labors of those saints whose shrines are to be found everywhere over Europe. So well was this understood by Englishmen of the last century and the early part of this that when on the Continent they masqueraded as Irishmen. A menace to the Irish oligarchy and the power that sustained it existed in those friendly relations between Irish Catholics and the nations of Europe. A paltry £8,000 a year was a small sum to lay the spectre of this danger.

One sometimes hears people contrast those priests from the Continent with the Maynooth men. Surely the Protestants who speak slightingly of the latter in comparison with the former do not desire the re-enactment of the laws which made Catholic education a felony. They do not wish that aspirants to the priesthood should go abroad for their education with the penalty of transportation on their return, and hanging if by chance they should be found a second time in Ireland. Early in the last century Swift grimly suggested to send the Irish Catholics off to the North American settlements to serve as a barrier between his majesty's English subjects and the Indians. Something like this would be the fate of the young Catholic priest when he first stepped on his native soil after ordination.

This sentiment is a quaint, if not a vicious, survival from the habits and feelings of the eighteenth century. What exasperates one in connection with it is, that it is repeated by Irish Catholics since the Land League. The Maynooth priest is the black beast of the Catholic as well as the Protestant landlord. The well-bred gentleman from the Irish College of Paris or Salamanca or Rome would not touch the doctrines of dishonest and disorderly tenants and their hireling leaders for the world! We shall see what value there is in this historic preference for the continental priest.

Irish society in the last century was the strangest *olla podrida* ever cooked from robbery, revolution, recklessness, and a wild *bonhomie* that at first startled and then intoxicated strangers. Religion as such did not enter into the mess at all; but the status of the parson highly seasoned it. Nothing ever cooked in the devil's privy-kitchen was so mad and profligate a mixture as this Irish society and its Established Church.

"THE SITE CHOSEN WAS A FORTUNATE ONE."

We know how degraded the condition of the clergy of the Church of England was in the last century. Swift in his *Directions to Servants* remarked, that in a great house the chaplain was the resource of the lady's maid whose character had been blown upon. In "Tom Jones" we have Mrs. Seagrim, the wife of a game-keeper, and Mrs. Honour, a waiting-woman, boast of being clergymen's daughters or granddaughters. It was incomparably worse in Ireland, where non-resident bishops gave powers of induction and power to confer such faculties as were needed not only on their archdeacons, but on any canon of a cathedral, and even upon the lawyers who acted as their vicars-general. Consequently favorite servants were put in orders.

Those ignorant and low-born men, who necessarily constituted the majority of the state-church clergy, of course presented a marked contrast to the well-bred man of the world, the travelled gentleman and scholar, who had come from abroad bearing, perhaps, his life in his hands in order to keep the faith alive in the popish graziers, farmers, and wretched, beggarly tenants who lived high up on mountains and far in in the bogs. The great man of the place welcomed and protected him as one who could tell of the world of speech, of manners, of courts, of adventure—of all that had the throb of life in it; so different to the stagnation, sameness, and dry-rot of a country life without duties or responsibilities. This is how the tradition in Irish society concerning those "wild geese" of the spiritual arm has come to our days with so exaggerated a sense of the high qualities of those gentlemen.

Everything fostered it. The whole country was in a conspiracy against the law on account of the enormous duties on Irish products and certain laws regulating their exportation. Smuggling went on wholesale. The wool which should have gone to a British port always found its way to France; and in return came back French brandy, claret, silks, and satins; and with these contrabands the more dangerous young seminary priest and the recruiting sergeant for the brigade. All the time government and Ascendency were resting peacefully on an awakening earthquake, for terrible elements were coming together to explode in their contact.

Strange, startling things were taking place in the world outside "the tight little island." Colonies had broken away and proclaimed themselves the United States, and offered an asylum to the oppressed peoples. France sprang up with the strength and menace of a frenzied Titan. The crowned anarchs of the world shook with ague when the representative of sixty kings from Chilperic was put to death, and banded themselves against this terrible French Republic. George III. "ordered" his Irish Parliament to pass the great Catholic Relief Bill of 1793. The squireens and other bigots of the Ascendency were no longer listened to; soldiers were needed, so were seamen. They could be found in abundance among the Irish Catholics whose kinsmen had fought in every battle of the century from Dunkirk to Belgrade. So the cannon of Jemappes introduced the bill of 1793, showing themselves loud-voiced, excellent talkers, and in due course the bill received the royal assent at the hands of his majesty's lord lieutenant for his kingdom of Ireland.

But there was a danger still. The Catholic people were ministered to by priests educated abroad. Better far, as the Catholic religion was to be tolerated, that its priests should be educated at home. They could be looked after there. This interested counsel led to the establishment of Maynooth College, with a grant of £8,000 a year from the Irish Parliament. The site chosen was a fortunate one—a country-house built for a Protestant dignitary at the end of the little town of Maynooth and under the shadow of the great castle of the Geraldines. Every reader of Irish history is familiar with the siege of this castle in the reign of Henry VIII., when the unfortunate Lord Thomas Fitzgerald rebelled against that monarch. It was more or less a religious war, too; or, perhaps more correctly, Lord Thomas linked his family grievances with the offence given to good Catholics by Henry's assumption of supremacy. The region is a romantic one—full of associations calculated to stir the hearts of the students to patriotic pride rather than impart an affection for the happy institutions in church and state which existed when the college was founded.

THE NEW CHURCH OF MAYNOOTH.

Not far is Lucan, where that splendid gentleman and soldier, Patrick Sarsfield, was born and bred—he whose sad and beautiful history is one of those rarest legacies humanity leaves behind—a legacy which Irishmen are so fortunate as to possess.

Not far beyond Lucan is quaint old Chapelizod, where James II. slept the night before the Boyne; a little to the right the commandery of Kilmainham, from which the Knights of St. John used to ride out in full panoply against the Irishry of Leinster: for be it known to all whom it may concern, these warrior monks had, or believed they had, the same privileges from the Holy See to kill the Irish as to kill "infidel Turks," Saracens, and "heathen Moors." Very frequently their reverend honors found the same Irishry tough customers, as we know from the battle of Kilmainham and many other fields. In fact, there was a war for ever going on, romantic as that of the Christian and Moor in Spain, of Scot and Southron on the English Border; and the very spot where the college stands was the centre from which it took its form and motion for most of the time. That great court of Maynooth Castle, even more than the earl's embattled mansion in Thomas Court, Dublin, was as full of policy and state-craft as the fortified palace of a Sforza or a Medici, a Scaliger or a Visconti. It was here he received his Irish kinsmen and allies, O'Conor Offaly, O'Neil, O'Donell, O'Carroll, when he wished to compel English majesty to appoint him his lord lieutenant in order to keep these same kinsmen and allies in order. Here, too, he received the barons of the Pale when he had some other policy in view; for every Earl of Kildare's loyalty to English majesty varied in intensity with his moods and interests. He gave his daughter in marriage to an O'Donell of Tirconnell, or his sister to an O'Carroll, or married his son to an O'Neil, just as if no Statute of Kilkenny made such marriages high treason. When he proceeded in state as newly appointed lord lieutenant some of those Irish cousins were in his train or nearest to his person, or even preceded him bearing the sword of state. The expectation among them all along was that some earl would declare himself independent and avow himself an Irish chieftain, instead of continuing the pretence of being a mere Saxon earl.

In 1845 the grant of the Irish Parliament was increased to £26,300 a year. From that forth Maynooth became a great theological school. In the special subjects of their profession her students have been second to none of the secular priesthood on the Continent of Europe or in the United Kingdom.

In the British colonies and in this country many of them are to be found. Let them be taken one with another, and we venture to say they will hold their own in philosophy, in dogmatic and moral theology, with an equal number of the men of any other college. The Irish people are justly proud of them. There has not been a single political and social movement for the welfare of the masses in which the priests trained in Maynooth have not borne an honorable part. The testimony given to their attainments, manners, integrity, and hospitality by Englishmen who visited Ireland during the sharpest conflicts between government and people under Mr. Balfour's administration is a very excellent test of the quality of education bestowed at Maynooth.

"THE STRENGTH OF PATIENCE."

To put it in a plain way, a member of the present cabinet, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, spoke of country priests whom he met in Ireland very much in the manner Englishmen write or speak of those scholarly Oxford men who, in a country parsonage, under elms old as the manor-house whose ivied turrets rise above the adjoining woods, pursue their studies with the critical taste and relish imbibed at the university. Mr. Labouchere, one of the ablest debaters in Parliament, a man cynical and accomplished as a patrician of the last days of the Roman Republic at home amid his gardens with the plunder of a rich proconsulate, awarded to some Maynooth priests generous praise for patriotism, ability, and piety. We could give from our own knowledge several instances in which Englishmen and women of rank and influence expressed themselves in a similar manner during the same trying time.

So there can be no doubt but that this great institution deserves well of Ireland, deserves a place in the hearts of Irishmen to whom the religion is dear which preserved their nationality despite a policy of extermination, or at least of political extinction, that during seven hundred years only rested in those short intervals when danger rendered it unsafe to continue it —just as we sometimes read in accounts of massacres "that the men had to stop for awhile" in the butchery through downright weariness.*

"ECCE, VENIO."

BY ALBA.

SHADOWS of Earth, I leave you all for ever;
Vainly for me your gilded snares are spread.
Blest be the day that sees me from you sever,
Heaven's holy path to tread!

Long have your false allurements ceased to win me—
Riches and rank and luxury and fame—
Baubles like these can wake no chord within me,
Scorning an earthly name.

Come, holy veil! In youth's unclouded morning,
When decked with all the giddy world calls fair,
Hath not my soul despised that poor adorning,
Sighing thy folds to wear?

Hark! how the longed-for chime at length is ringing.
Oh! what a thrill of joy it brings to me,
Far from my sight Time's fleeting pleasures flinging,
Christ's happy bride to be!

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*Such a thing happened when Cromwell took Drogheda, and in the sack of Rome under the Constable de Bourbon.

SAE'S LAMP.

BY F. A. DOUGHTY.

SAE had just finished her supper and risen from the table when the latch clicked and Jeff stepped in. He smiled blandly and took off his old felt hat as politely as if she were the greatest lady in the land.

"Howdy, Sae?"

"Well, I ain' so well dis evenin', Jeff. I'se kinder mizbul, my back so stiff I ain' good fo' nuffin dis blessed day. W'at de news? Take dat cha'r an' set up to de table. I fought lak as not you'd be comin' 'long arter while, an' I save' some nice chicken-fixins; dah dey is, jes' a spilin' fo' you on de stove; don't you hear 'em a-sizzlin'?"

Jeff smacked his lips with evident appreciation as he partook of this gastronomic tribute almost too hastily to ensconce himself comfortably in the seat offered.

"Ef you ain't de greatest gal I ever see to fix up a nice meal o' vittles fo' a fellah! Got to hurry home; I jes' seen de light a-burnin' fru dese heah windahs, an' I could'n help lookin' in on you to pass de time o' day," said he, giggling good-naturedly between swallows.

The coffee-pot was standing on the table. Sae quickly poured out a cupful and held it to his lips with a pose that was slightly coquettish.

"Well, drink dis to warm you up, man. Would you believe it, dat Sim done gone off an' lef' dis kitchen widout a drap o' watah? De kettle is empty; an' I a-gittin' so clumpsy wid dis heah back I can't go ter de well widout mos' breakin' in two."

This hint was as strong as the coffee and as irresistible as the "chicken-fixins" to the amiable Jeff, who at once felt that as he had found time to take the refreshments, he must not be so churlish as to decline the hint which followed close upon them.

"Gimme de bucket, Sae; I'll fill it fo' you."

"Oh, thankee, Jeff! I wish you would. As you in sich a swivet jes' step ober ter de well crost de road; it too fur ter Mr. Prince's well ter night."

As she handed him the large wooden bucket he drew his old cape in place on his shoulders and hurried off, turning his head again as he went out the door to say:

"I'll have dis watah heah fo' you kin say Jack Robinson!"

Sae began muttering something about "Miss Conny—"

"I like ter know w'at de matter wid dat well in de ole field; she say we mustn't go dah no mo'? Nuffin' can't happen ter water way down deep in a hole in de yarf ter pisen it. Young folks sutin'y is cuse! (curious)"

If fidelity was Sae's strong point conceit was her weak one, the invincible conceit of ignorance; she was an old maid, but it is impossible to affirm with certainty that she had reached the phenomenal age at which an old maid is sure she will never marry. Some said her old friend Jeff, who was "raised" with her, came courting; others said he liked to come to Mrs. Ridgeway's kitchen because the cook where he worked was cross and over-particular, whereas Sae was always feeding him on choice bits, and had the best seat ready for him by the fire; whatever the nature of his attentions, her culinary talent was at least a charm in his eyes. No housekeeper of experience will deny that a good cook, white or black, can marry only too readily.

The minutes went by one after another; Jeff must surely have met some other friend to "pass the time of day" with—he was a sociable darky. Presently the hands of the kitchen clock showed he had been gone half an hour.

Sae opened the door and peered out into the darkness; she heard footsteps.

"Is dat you, Jeff?"

"No, dat me—Sim."

The voice was gruffer than Jeff's. Sim was not "hail-fellow well-met" with everybody, nor was he prone to run for buckets of water to oblige his female friends unless they were in the regular day's work expected of him. Though not so general a favorite for temperamental reasons, he was, however, esteemed among the negroes as a scholar whose opinion was of value, for he could read and write.

"You can't have no suppah, niggah, t'well you run over to de well in de field and see w'at come o' Jeff an' de bes' bucket; he doin' yo' work; you went off an' lef' us widout any water, you did."

Sim growled out something about "the cow" as he turned to do her bidding, she standing in the open door till he returned a few minutes later.

"Heah yo' bucket, Sae, but I ain't see no sign o' Jeff; he done fergit an' runned home, I s'pose; Sim ain't de only one who fergit sometimes, I reckon!"

"'Pon my word—w'at come ober dese men? You fotch de empty bucket! Why you ain' filled it? You got no haid?"

"It was lyin' on de groun' by de side o' de well, 'oman, an' w'en I stumble agin it I jes' pick it up an' come away, kase I minded me Miss Conny say dat water no good now—she got de pints on dat. Ketch dis possom a-warrin' agin white folks when he wukkin' fo' 'em! I'll step over to Mr. Prince's quick as I git my supper, Sae, an' fetch you all de water you want. 'Pears like sumpin stop me at dat well in de field so I couldn't draw no water. I'll be glad w'en our cistern git fixed."

"'Pears like you mighty big fool, Sim—dat w'at it 'pears to me!"

Sae gave the hungry man his supper; then cleared up the things in a mechanical fashion, as if her mind were dwelling on something else. She walked about the kitchen uneasily during the evening, jumping every time the door opened, as if she expected to see some one who did not come, and felt provoked with the person who entered. Evidently Jeff's failing to return as he promised was entirely inconsistent with the opinion she entertained of him; and if Sae prided herself on one thing above all others it was her accurate reading of character.

The next morning when Sim came in to his breakfast, after milking and bringing wood and water as usual, he fixed his eyes steadily on Sae's face; it was a meaning look in which sorrow and accusation were blended.

"Ole 'oman," he began, "did you tell Brer' Jeffry Powell to draw water from dat cussed well in de field? Miss Conny she right dis time; dey done cunjuh dat well, somebody. In de name o' goodness, answer me dis question: Is *you* sont Jeff dah, or did he go onbeknownst to you?"

Sim's voice was not loud, it was deep and sounded like an avenging conscience. Sae trembled violently, she held on to a chair for support, her face taking the ashen hue under its dark color which is peculiar to ill and frightened negroes.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Sim! yes, I sont Jeff to dat well in de fiel'—w'at den?"

"*We drag his daid body outen dat well a half hour ago*, dat w'at I got to tel you, 'oman; de Lawd have mussy on you! de Lawd res' po' Brer' Jeffrey's soul!"

Sae fell to the floor with a piercing scream.

II.

From that moment Sae was a different person; to her mind it was the judgment of Heaven laid heavily upon her that caused Jeff's death, and remorse held her fast in a grip that was cruel and inexorable. She sat by the kitchen fire rocking herself to and fro, crying out in her despair these words over and over again between piteous sobs:

"Oh! why didn't I listen to Miss Conny?"

No one could assign an adequate reason for the accident that befell Jeff; true, the night was very dark and the ground slippery with mud around the well, but he was so familiar with the place that these circumstances failed to account for it. Jeff had no enemies, and Sim's theory, that the well had been "conjuhed" by a malicious person in order to entrap somebody else, was soon accepted by all the negroes, and they avoided the place like a pest-house.

But one miserable comfort remained to Sae, and that was to get up an imposing funeral for her unfortunate friend. Mrs. Ridgeway, her old mistress in whose service she still lingered, and the lady Jeff had been working for, were going to pay his funeral expenses. Sae determined that he should have not only the full number of hacks that constituted gentility to follow his remains, but a respectable headstone to mark his grave, and at once started a subscription for this object.

Jeff had been the eloquent speaker among the colored brethren, always unanimously chosen to do the talking at public meetings since the proclamation that gave them their freedom. Sim was the forcible writer, and on this mortuary occasion drew up a paper, at Sae's request, asking the aid of the villagers in this wise:

"JEFFREY POWELL.

"And he was drownded all of a sudden in the well over in the old field.

"Ladies and Gentlemens please Proscribe for the poor old boy! Father Sherrard thinks he is worthy of A System an' a Monument and therefore I put up this Proscriptum."

All tremulous and tearful, dressed in black, Sae carried this paper from house to house, both white and colored friends contributing, as much out of sympathy for her as esteem for the deceased. All saw that she had crossed a boundary line; that no longer middle-aged in appearance, she looked like a sorrow-stricken old woman; she shrank from the pity she roused, speech pained, and silence accused her.

After Jeff had been followed to the cemetery on the hill-side by a long procession of solemn-faced negroes, the ceremonies of religion performed by the priest, and the monument erected over his grave, there came a time at last when no further excitement over his untimely end stirred the daily current, and Sae was left to an awful solitude in her distress: the world in any circle soon closes over the gap death makes. She missed Jeff's visits more than she could tell any one, and realized that the pleasantest thing in all her simple life was gone for ever beyond recall.

The Monday after the funeral was court day; soon after breakfast Sae disappeared, and no one knew where she went. She did not return till late in the afternoon; then her step was uncertain, her manner wild, and the explanation she gave of her absence so incoherent that Miss Constance could not understand it; she looked at her with grave solicitude, for such a thing as Sae's leaving them alone to get dinner had never before happened.

"Is she going crazy?" pondered the lady. "Oh, dear me! I can't help blaming myself; but why should I? I told them all to keep away from the well; I didn't send him to it." Conscience, nevertheless, continued to prick Miss Ridgeway for some reason or other.

Finally it came out through Father Sherrard, the village priest, that Sae spent every Monday in the woods, for fear the constable should arrest her and take her to the court to be tried for murder. The priest saw her one day while walking in a woody path to say his "office" (the little Maryland village was mostly Roman Catholic). The young father had great influence in the Ridgeway house, from the mistress down to the man-servant and maid-servant within the gates. Of late, too, he had been calling socially with a cousin of his, Mr. Wilton Devries, who was staying at his own house. Gossip in F—— was quick enough to report that Mr. Devries was in love with Miss Constance Ridgeway; but if she looked favorably upon the handsome, dark-eyed stranger in return for his evident admiration there was no proof of it, for her manner towards him during those calls with the priest had the usual colorless chill of her favorite white chrysanthemums.

Her mother was violently opposed to matrimony in connection with this vestal; though that lady often spoke of dying, in reality she hoped to live a good while, her malady not being immediately dangerous, and she clung with the querulous dependence of a chronic invalid to her daughter, viewing askance any man who was bold enough to come courting her.

Sae stood at the gate one evening in the late twilight, the afterglow rapidly fading from a bright yellow to a rich burnt orange, then darkening into neutral tints as the moon rose. She did not want to look towards the fatal well, but her eyes instinctively wandered in that direction.

Now, as the moonlight brought the field and everything over there into prominence, she could distinctly see a man's figure leaning over the side of that well—the cape, the slouch hat—oh, horror!

"Lawd, come take po' Sae home!" she shrieked; "Jeff's *ha'nt* a-comin' arter me!"

Then, burying her head in her hands to shut out everything, feeling that a dread presence was following on her steps, she rushed blindly into the kitchen.

III.

Father Sherrard was engaged in making his private thanksgiving after Mass, kneeling at a prie-dieu in the sacristy; this being a week-day, but very few worshippers were at the early services and those few had dispersed.

The sacristy door opened softly; a negro woman peeped in with a startled, hunted look in her eyes as they flew from one side of the room to another, embracing everything there in an instant; and seeing the priest alone, she came in, closing the door after her, then falling on her knees not far from him she bowed her head low as if about to kiss the floor itself in her humility. Her attitude said more plainly than any words:

"Oh, let me find rest *somewhere!* Let me hold on to you, father, and just get inside the gates of Heaven. Help poor old Sae out of her misery! You can—only you."

The two were no restraint upon each other; they were alone with their God, united in their self-effacement.

She drew one deep sigh and groan after another, as if to bring all the pent-up woe of the last fortnight to bear upon the realms above.

The priest's thank-offering over, he rose to his feet:

"What can I do for you, Sarah?" he asked, his serious, deep-set eyes resting pityingly upon her face.

"O father!" she gasped, looking full upon him through her tears, "I come heah so you won't let de debil cotch me an' drag me down to hell! I ain' never mean to drown Jeff."

"Of course you did not," said the priest soothingly; "no one thinks you did."

"Me an' him was de best friends in dis worl', we was; an' now de pattyroller's huntin' roun' for me a' Monday; dey'll take me to de court an' git de jedge to hang me fo' murder. An' wuss'n all, *Jeff hisse'f he comin' a' ha'ntin' me,* kase I sont him to his deff in de well fo' he kin hab de las' offices o' de church. I seen him leanin' over dar de yuther night; I knowed him by his cape an' his hat—t'want nobody but Jeff, father. I mos' 'stracted; I don' want to live, yet I fear'd to die. Ef I could go straight to Heben, I'd like to die right away."

"So would I!" said the young priest with a faint sigh, "but we must wait till our work is done before we can be released. I have been praying for you, Sae, just now, when I saw you come in and kneel down near me. Now, first of all you must give up the idea that you caused Jeffrey's death. If he had not been drowned that night how do you know something worse might not have befallen him? Death is often a friend when we think it an enemy, and human beings are used as instruments to carry out the divine will. I am sorry, too, that he was deprived of the last consolations of the church; but he was regular in his duties, and let us trust that while he was drowning our Blessed Lord sent him one moment of perfect faith, submission, and love. It is to those who are in the path of perseverance that such moments are granted."

Sae was still kneeling, her uplifted gaze fixed eagerly upon the priest's face. If comfort failed her in this quarter she would be like one astray in the Great Desert.

The father felt humbled by Sae's veneration. To himself he was a weak and commonplace mortal; her childlike confidence touched him.

"I think I can comfort her without implicating Constance and Wilton," he said to himself, and a vision of the young couple who seemed made for each other crossed his mind. He was specially interested in these lovers who had taken into their confidence the man sworn to celibacy; priests and nuns often have a hand in match-making.

"Sarah," he began, "I have something to tell you that you must never mention to any one. Miss Constance knows a lady and gentleman who sometimes walk in that grove back of the old field in the evening; they have affairs of their own to discuss they would not like to have heard, so she asked you all not to draw water from that well; the water itself was no worse and no better than usual, it was only that the lady and gentleman who were in the habit of walking there did not want to be observed. She has asked me to explain this to you, so you need no longer distress yourself about having disregarded her wish, or think that Jeff's death was a judgment on your disobedience. She is very much troubled about it all, and you must be careful to say nothing more to her on the subject. The man in the cape and hat you saw was not Jeff, I will answer for that; he was the gentleman I have been telling you about, and he was there waiting to speak with that lady. I saw him too; I know who he is."

"Praise de Lawd!" Sae's face cleared, a balm stole over her excited nerves. She seized Father Sherrard's hand and kissed it, he smiling gently upon her, knowing too that the relief he had given would only be temporary. To bind up this broken heart something more was needed.

He walked up and down the sacristy, his hands clasped behind his back, with a secret invocation for wisdom. An answer came.

"Sarah, there is one little thing you will be permitted to do for Jeff besides praying for him; you can burn a lamp on the altar of our Lady of Perpetual Succor for the repose of his soul, that he may forgive your mistake, and may not return to haunt you with any unfilled wish. Put him in the care of our Lord and he will not want to return. I will say a Mass for your intentions that they may be carried to the Heavenly Court."

"I so glad dey is sumpin Sae kin do fer Jeff! An' he won't come a ha'ntin' me no mo'? An' de jedge he won't hang me?"

"No one shall trouble you; go in peace!"

Tears of gratitude poured down her cheeks. The early morning sunshine just then broke through the high, small windows of the sacristy; coming at this moment it seemed as if a father's love were investing this common, daily manifestation of his power with a new meaning. The light crowned the brow of the priest and lit up Sae's prostrate figure, shining all through her darkened soul.

The hardest part of a bereavement like hers is the necessity of being passive. Now that she was given something to do for Jeff he was not entirely lost to her.

A few years ago I spent a summer on a summit of the Alleghenies in an old, still primitive Maryland village.

The house adjoining the unpretending Catholic Church looked as if the same architect had designed it. The arsenic-green shutters had the same tint, and the shape of both buildings suggested the monotony of barracks, but the church was still alive, mountaineers and negroes going in and out of it daily, while the house was the corpse only of a home; not a door or window ever open on the front garden, where weeds grew in bold confusion. No slumberer there would be awakened by the clanging Angelus bell which too often reached my couch along with the morning fragrance of balsamy solitudes.

One day at last I did see a figure, an old colored woman, issue from the rear of that deserted house, and then on closer, more curious inspection I discovered that the kitchen precincts had a tenant. The villagers told me her name was Sae, that she took care of the Ridgeway homestead, and that the only survivor of the family, a Mrs. Devries, was now living in Baltimore. It had been rented at times as a summer boarding-house, but was now out of repair, falling into decay. Sae's figure was bent so nearly double that she presented a strong appeal to a stranger's sympathy; but all declared that this stooping, the effect of rheumatic attacks, was more of a habit than a necessity, that she would now and then stand erect in moments of self-forgetfulness and was still able to do light work. In the long mountain winter, when her resources were precarious, she was kindly assisted by Mrs. Devries, formerly Miss Constance Ridgeway.

Sae's withered face was full of meaning; no record was there of a girl's merry-making or of a mother's love; it bore the distinct traces of some great volcanic upheaval, of a tragedy; it showed too that the curtain had risen upon a victory in the last act.

The village was very dull, and after awhile watching for the exits of the mysterious custodian of the Ridgeway homestead became one of my sources of interest. I observed that she went often into the church, and sometimes it pleased me to follow her there to her devotions.

She always spent some minutes bowed in prayer before the main altar, raising her head at intervals to look at a highly colored picture above it. Then rising and walking reverently to a smaller side altar, she would take up a little red glass lamp, no larger than a finger-bowl, that was burning there and carry it into the sacristy; returning in a few minutes, she would replace this lamp on the altar without disturbing the ornaments and flowers. Judging from the light it gave through the glass, the wick must have been a mere taper.

The priest who ministered in this church was a middle-aged man with a benevolent face; after making his acquaintance, I one day asked him what was the significance of Sae's peculiar habit, her attention to that special lamp?

"That lamp has been burning on this altar twenty years and more," he said, after telling me something of her life story. "Sae is one of the wise virgins." Then memory shaded his smile, and he added: "When it goes out on the altar we shall know that Sae's Master has called her up higher."

The light of many a life has gone out as the Death-Angel passed by and still Sae's lamp has burned on, not all the storms of mountain winters have been able to extinguish it. That tiny flame saved her reason and is still the preserver of her hard-won peace, the watch-fire of her heart.

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ANCIENT MONUMENTAL RECORDS OF CREATION AND THE DELUGE.

REV. R. M. RYAN.

IT is a curious and very significant fact that at the very time that living philosophers are busied disproving the Mosaic account of creation and the Noachian deluge, the dead past is heard declaring its belief in both in most forcible and effective language. Assyrians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, the oldest nations in the world, concur in this with the Hebrews; and, from the tombs where they have lain for nearly three thousand years, to-day unite in a common profession of faith. From the other nations of the East, and even from the aborigines of the New World and Oceanica, mutterings of concurrence, more or less distinct, may also be perceived. True the various archæological accounts do not agree in every detail of form and sequence; but, after making due allowance for the modifications and corruptions unavoidable amongst nations so varied, so separated for centuries, so different in customs, language, and social and religious peculiarities, it is more a matter of wonder that the accounts are so similar than that some discrepancies should be found between them. In the main features, which the critics think they have disproved, there is a most singular agreement. The oft-referred-to subjects of Creation and the Deluge, as recorded on ancient monuments, may be once more profitably quoted for the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, who may not all have easy access to works wherein these accounts are treated of in a sufficiently popular manner to arrest the attention of other than exegetical scholars.

In the manner of treating both subjects the Chaldean cuneiform records are in most striking accord with those of the Bible. Matter and its various modifications, light, water, land, plants, and animals, are represented in both as coming into existence by divine operation, and as conserved by divine power. They also speak of primitive human delinquency which God punished with a deluge, from which some few just people alone were saved. The order of the days of creation is the same in both. The beginning of all was the same primeval chaos, out of which divine power and skill evoked order; the appointment of the heavenly bodies to rule the day and the night, and the final creation of the animals when the earth was ready to receive them, are almost identical with Genesis.

Since the death of Mr. Smith, who discovered these deeply interesting "prehistoric" histories, other fragments have been unearthed that confirm, continue, and even emphasize the resemblance. Selections from these venerable tablets may not be uninteresting to those readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD who may not have had an opportunity of perusing Mr. Smith's work.

In these beautiful words the account of creation opens: "When on high the heavens proclaimed not, and earth beneath recorded not a name, then the abyss of waters was in the beginning their generator; the chaos of the deep was she who bore them all. The waters were embosomed together, and the plant was ungathered, the herb of the field ungrown." The account continues in genuine oriental fashion to treat the elements as personal and quasi-god-like, opposing the mighty power putting them in order. Thus, after conquering them the god (Merodach), who is represented as the creator, after appointing the signs of the zodiac: "For each of the twelve months he fixed three stars from the day when the year issues forth to its close. He founded the mansions of the sun-god who passes along the ecliptic, that they might know their bounds, that they might not err, that they might not go astray in any way. . . . . He illuminated the moon-god that he might be watchman of the night, and ordained for him the ending of the night that the day may be known, (saying): 'Month by month, without break, keep watch in thy disc. At the beginning of the month rise brightly in the evening, with glittering horns, that the heavens may know. On the seventh day halve thy disc.'"

The rest of this tablet is destroyed, and only the opening lines of the next tablet have been preserved, which are as follows:

"At that time the gods in their assembly created (the beasts?) They made perfect the mighty (monsters?) They caused the living creatures (of the field?) to come forth, the cattle of the field, (the wild beasts of the field), and the creeping things (of the field?)" The lines that follow are too mutilated for continuous translation; but from the scraps that can be deciphered it is learned that chaos was overcome and its place superseded by order and living creatures, amongst whom, in all probability, man is named as having been formed last. But this cannot be asserted positively until the remaining portions have been recovered from the debris.

Abstracting from the characteristic Eastern personification in the form of polytheism that underlies it, and the materialism as a consequence pervading it throughout, the resemblance to the biblical record both in plan and sequence is most striking. This is still more so in the account of the deluge.

Listening to these strange resuscitated witnesses speaking after over four thousand years of sepulchral silence, one cannot but be filled with astonishment and admiration for the wonderful providence that reserved their discovery until the very time they were most needed. That they should afford authentic information on questions that really could not be settled in any other way is no less remarkable. And, whilst doing so in historical matters that bear on revelation, they also indirectly supply evidence tending to uphold truths concerning which, even when the last word has been said by the objector, enough remains to make him inexcusable if he pursue not the inquiry to its legitimate ending, which seems to be full verification of the Sacred Scriptures in their otherwise least easily demonstrated part.

The account already quoted concerning creation is less clear and full than the one about the deluge. Both are, of course, no more than instances of the universal persuasion found amongst all races and handed down in every tongue from remotest times to our own day, in language and form more or less precise according to the degree of civilization of the people from whom they emanate.

Only extracts can be given, for the fragments that have been exhumed are too long and contain too many irrelevant references for a magazine article. As might be expected, they abound also with redundant oriental adjuncts, mere fictions of the scribe, or the accretions of story-tellers. This tablet record is also full of mythological personifications and is told in the first person singular by the narrator.

"Sisuthros," (who thus) "spake unto him, even unto Gilgames. Let me reveal unto thee, O Gilgames, the tale of my preservation, and the oracle of the gods let me declare unto thee." Thus it opens, and then goes on to declare how "the gods set their hearts to cause a flood." The Ea, the lord of wisdom, spoke to Surippok, son of Ubara-Tutu, saying: "Frame a house, build a ship; leave what thou canst; seek life! Resign goods and cause (thy) soul to live, and bring all the seed of life into the ship. As for the ship which thou shalt build, . . . cubits in measurement (shall be) its length, and . . . cubits the extent of its breadth and height." Gilgames, after asking and being told what he should answer to the people who would question him concerning his ship-building, thus proceeds: "I fashioned its side and closed it in; I built six stories (?); I divided it into seven parts; its interior I divided into nine parts. . . . I poured six *sars* of pitch over the outside, three *sars* of bitumen over the inside. . . . With all that I possessed of the seed of life of all kinds I filled it. I brought into my ship all my slaves and handmaids; the cattle of the field, the beasts of the field, the sons of my people. The Sun-god appointed the time and utters the oracle: In the night I will cause the heavens to rain destruction; enter into the ship and close the door. The time drew near. . . . I watched with dread the dawning of the day." . . . Here follows a most graphic description of the storm, but in the manner usual with pagans, attributing every phenomenon to some god or demi-god:

"When I had closed the ship . . . (there) arose from the horizon of heaven a black cloud; the storm-god, Rimmon, thundered in its midst; and Nebo and Merodach the king marched in front; the throne-bearers marched over the mountain and plain; the mighty Death lets loose the whirlwind; Uras marches, causing the rain to descend; the spirits of the underworld lifted up their torches. The violence of the storm-god reached to heaven; all that was light was turned to darkness. The earth like . . . perished. . . . Brother beheld not his brother, men knew not one another."

. . . . . .

"Six days and nights rages the wind, the flood and the storm devastate. The seventh day when it arrived the flood ceased, the storm which had fought like an army rested, the sea subsided, and the tempest of the deluge was ended. I beheld the deep and uttered a cry, for the whole of mankind was turned to clay. Like the trunks of trees did the bodies float. I opened the window and the light fell upon my face; I stooped and sat down weeping; over my face ran my tears. I beheld a shore beyond the sea; twelve times distant rose a land. On the mountain of Nizir the ship grounded; the mountain of the country of Nizir held the ship and allowed it not to float." Then he recounts how after seven days more he "sent forth a dove and let it go. The dove went and returned; a resting-place it found not and it turned back. I sent forth a swallow and let it go; the swallow went and returned; a resting-place it found not and it turned back. I sent forth a raven and let it go. The raven went and saw the going down of the waters, and it approached, it waded, it croaked, and did not turn back. Then I sent forth (everything) to the four points of the compass; I offered sacrifices, I built an altar on the summit of the mountain. . . . The gods smelt the sweet savor. . . . The great goddess lifted up the mighty bow which Anu had made according to his wish." . . . Afterwards Uras is represented as uttering a petition that the "sinner bear his own sin, the evil-doer bear his own evil-doing. Grant that man be not cut off; that he be not destroyed. Instead of causing a deluge, let lions come and minish mankind . . . or hyenas . . or famine . . . or the plague."

This history of the deluge, as given in the Chaldean brick records, is introduced as an episode in a great epic which is thought to have been composed about two thousand years before the Christian era, and, therefore, so near the Noachian deluge as to have been easily learned from the survivors' children or their immediate descendants.

As the critics' occupation would be gone if they found nothing in it to be called in question, rather than admit either that the composer learned it from the Hebrews, or that it and the Biblical account came from a common source, which is much more likely, they claim that the author of Genesis copied it from the Chaldean records—than which, on the very face of it, nothing could seem more absurd. So interwoven with it are that idolatrous people's mythological absurdities, and so tinctured with the peculiar coloring of the East are all its parts, that it is impossible to conceive how another Eastern scribe could translate and evolve from it an edition entirely dissimilar, except in the leading facts, and distinguished for opposite characteristics, viz., simplicity, directness, and rigid monotheism.

The ninth and tenth chapters of Genesis, which immediately follow the account of the deluge, contain lengthened genealogies, with names of places and other matter which, were they not genuine, could easily be made to disprove the whole record, were that possible. They have been tentatively and extensively employed for this purpose by unbelievers, the gist of whose arguments is that the names and places there mentioned are fabulous, and altogether unknown to ancient historians and geographers. Nimrod, Gomer, Gog and Magog, and Madai have been "proved" a hundred times never to have existed; but lo! they now walk forth, as it were, *in propriâ personâ*, out of the Babylonian dust-heaps. In these wonderful libraries they are specifically mentioned in companionship with contemporary events and of the deeds of then living heroes, which necessarily had to have the places of their performance reported. Their location and that of many other Biblical cities and nations can now be easily identified. Moreover, thanks to these monuments, the errors of ancient history and ancient geography, of over two thousand years' standing, can now be corrected, and in future be made appear, not as hitherto, contradictory of the Bible, but in most extraordinary accordance with it.

One illustration must suffice. It was well known to all historians that the Hittites occupied the northern part of Syria; yet repeated references are made to them in Scripture as being in the south; in fact, Jerusalem, the capital, is certified by Ezechiel xvi. 3 as having had for father an Amorrhite and for mother a Hittite. Now, this seemed quite incompatible to critics, and on "their lines" was, of course, adjudged absurd.

These Amorrhites and Hittites were races different in color and language as well as in residence. The Amorrhites were blonds, tall of stature, and from the south. The Hittites were brunettes, yellow, and lozenge-eyed—a kind of compromise between the Mongolian and negro, and resided in the north from the very earliest times. How could two so divergent races be the joint founders of Jerusalem? The tablets of Tel-el-Amarna inform us. When the Egyptian power over Palestine and Phœnicia relaxed, the Hittites, their north-eastern neighbors, made encroachments which resulted, according to the tablets, in their driving out the Egyptians, and establishing themselves in their stead, before the rise of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty. Here they intermingled with the Amorrhites, and to-day specimens of both races can be traced.

A further proof of the Bible's accuracy in this matter is afforded by the sculptures on the walls of Karnak, where Hittite prisoners are represented amongst those taken by Ramses II. in his wars in southern Palestine, which accounts for the possibility of Hittites and Amorrhites founding Jerusalem.

Let us take another illustration. Archæologists are quite hopeful of finding the Babylonian version of the confusion of tongues at Babel, which has been a kind of standing joke with the philologists. Mr. Smith discovered fragments of a tablet referring to it, in which are found such expressions as "the holy mound," that "small and great mingled" it; how the god "in anger destroyed the secret design" of the builders and "made strange their counsel," and similar references. One of the months corresponding with our September and October was called after it. It is probable, also, that the mound known now to the Arabs as Babil marks the very site where it once stood. As everybody knows, this is another Biblical fact which the "critics" had resolved, like almost all the others of Genesis, into a series of idealistic fictions.

From these references it is not to be concluded that *all* the Scripture records can be verified, by the Egyptian or Assyrian remains. Nor is there any need of such verification. More than enough has been already done in this way to deprive the critic and the sceptic of any excuse for his rejection of Holy Scripture, on the ground of insufficient scientific testimony to its historical accuracy. Of its doctrinal and moral teaching he is in no way entitled to any such evidence, no more than he would be of the laws of harmonics, or of the principles of the social, political, or philosophical sciences. Religion belongs to a different and sublimer order, and for verification of its teaching he must look elsewhere than to mere history or archæology.

It may be interesting to glance at the latest discoveries and see if they do not offer other corroborative evidence of some leading Scriptural narratives, as, at one time or another, they have all been called in question. But before proceeding, it is well to remember, that in the decipherment of the newly unearthed records the archæologists who study them are not in the same uncertainty about their meaning as the philologists, of whom we complain, whose derivation and significance of ancient Aramaic words led them into such extravagant conclusions. Although the tablets are written in extinct languages and in cuneiform characters, their translation has become comparatively easy and certain, by the aid of lexicon tablets, which have been discovered in connection with them. Many of them, also, are written in three different languages (but treating of the same subject), which affords an almost perfect criterion of faithfulness, not only of the records themselves but of their decipherment. Professor Flinders Petrie in 1892 discovered several of these brick dictionaries at Tel-el-Amarna. Some of them contain Sumerian words written both ideographically (that is, for ideas—as 8 does not represent the word "eight," but the idea of number) and phonetically (according to their pronunciation). Others are comparative dictionaries containing equivalents in different languages.

This explains how many interviews, interpretations of dreams, etc., related in the Bible could have taken place which the critics say were palpably impossible.

Speaking of dreams, suggests the remarkable one that led to Joseph's exaltation in Egypt. As a beautiful and pathetic history the critics are well pleased to rank it amongst the prettiest of its kind; but it is one of many such, they say, abounding in the East, which are related by story-tellers for the instruction and amusement of their listeners, but which are, of course, all mythical. This beautiful "myth" crystallizes now, under the light of the tablets, into a solid historical fact, at least in its main features, and we have every reason to believe that in its minor details, also, it is strictly accurate.

Although the calculations of the learned critics, especially those of the "higher" class—for things of this kind they say specially pertain to them—resulted in "demonstrating" that there was no failure in the rise of the Nile at or near the time which the Bible account refers to, the Egyptian monuments tell a different tale and turn the tables on the over-learned critics. The seven years of plenty, followed by seven years of famine, have received entire confirmation by them. We are indebted to Brugsch Pasha's work, *The Bible and the Seven Years of Famine*, Leipzig, 1892, for the discovery of a hieroglyphic inscription on the wall of a tomb at El-Kab of a certain Baba, who must have lived about the time of Joseph, which makes explicit mention of it. It records that "when a famine arose lasting many years he issued corn to the city each year of the famine."

The seven years of plenty and seven years of famine have received still further confirmation from another curious hieroglyphic inscription, discovered by Mr. Wilbour in the island Sahêl, which lies almost in the centre of the first cataract of the Nile. It reads: "In the year eighteen of the king . . . this message was brought to Madir, prince of the cities of the South Land, and director of the Nubians in Elephantine—this message of the king was brought to him: 'I am sorrowing upon my high throne over those who belong to the palace. In sorrow is my heart for the great misfortune, because the Nile-flood in my time has not come for seven years. Light is the grain, there is lack of crops and of all kinds of food.'" In the end the god Khum is recorded as having come to the rescue of the Pharaoh and his subjects by years of plenty.

The Arabic historian El-Makrizi testifies to the possibility of a seven years' famine owing to the lowness of the Nile, and to its terrible ravages, in an account of one that happened between 1064 A.D. and 1071; for not only do unbelievers deny the fact of the famine, but the likelihood and even the possibility of it.

From these references taken at random—and they could easily be multiplied—the conclusion naturally suggested is that, even on the purely human historical basis, believers in the Sacred Scriptures have nothing to fear, but a great deal to hope, from honest criticism and investigation. Truth can never antagonize itself, and so long as it is earnestly and reverently sought, in subjects bearing on or connected with the sacred records, no developments that are conformable to fact and reason can be otherwise than conformable to them and may help to shed light on many parts that are now obscure or difficult of comprehension. How becoming, therefore, to expect that when the whole matter is thoroughly investigated and understood—no matter how adverse it may seem at first—it will eventuate in the future, as in the past, in perfect conformity with the divinely inspired word of God.

AGNES OF DUNBAR.

BY LILIAN A. B. TAYLOR.

Bright and fair the sunbeams fall
On the castle's rugged wall,
Frowning keep, and donjon tall,
Where the winds blow free;
From a high and craggy verge,
Where, like sound of funeral dirge,
Tosses wild the angry surge,
It looks out to sea.

But upon the sea-girt strand
Is encamped an armed band;
Dread and stern the fort doth stand
Frowning, dark, and gray;
Dunbar's fortress will not yield
To such foe, in such a field,—
Ocean's waves its hope and shield,
Ocean's waves its stay.

In the tower of dark gray stone,
Where the winds and waves make moan,
Countess Agnes stands alone,
Gazing o'er the sea;
Loosely falls her long black hair,
As, unheeding, stands she there,
Looking through the misty air
Where the fleet may be.

While her lord has gone afar,
In his sovereign's ranks of war,
She the fortress of Dunbar
Holdeth in his stead;
For her rightful king and liege,
Bravely stands the dreadful siege
That Montague hath led.

Once by ocean's foaming tide
Salisbury's proud earl did ride,
A knight in armor by his side,
Down the dangerous path;

From the castle sped a dart,
Reached his armor's weakest part,—
"Agnes' love-shafts pierce the heart,"
  Said the earl in wrath.

Still the days and weeks go past,
Each more awful than the last,
Still the engines, grim and vast,
  Hurl their missiles down;
Swiftly falls the deadly rain,
And the thunders crash again;
Still no sail doth cross the main,
  Ever dark its frown.

Sure 'twere no disgrace to yield,
When in such unequal field,
To a noble foe;
  Maddened that a woman's hand
Should resist his mighty band,
Haughty Montague doth stand,
  Sworn to lay it low.

And she taunts him with the truth
That his gallant force, in sooth,
She can hold at bay;
  For the battlements are strong,
And, intrenched within them, long
Hath she balked the angered throng
  Of their wished-for prey.

Not alone to fortress hold,
Not alone to vassals bold,
Firmly trusteth she;
  In her chapel, bowed in prayer,
Night and morn she kneeleth there,
Seeking strength and solace where
  Only it can be.

Oh! 'tis weary thus to wait,
Struggling, hoping adverse fate
Will not bring, when all too late,
  Rescue that must come;
Yet her heart doth never fail,
Nor the noble spirit quail;—
Can that be a distant sail,
  Far across the foam?

On the wide horizon's rim,
Where the circling sea-gulls skim,
What is that so faint and dim
In the crimson west?
Breathless, o'er the tossing sea,
From the lattice gazes she;
Hope and fear alternately
Rise within her breast.

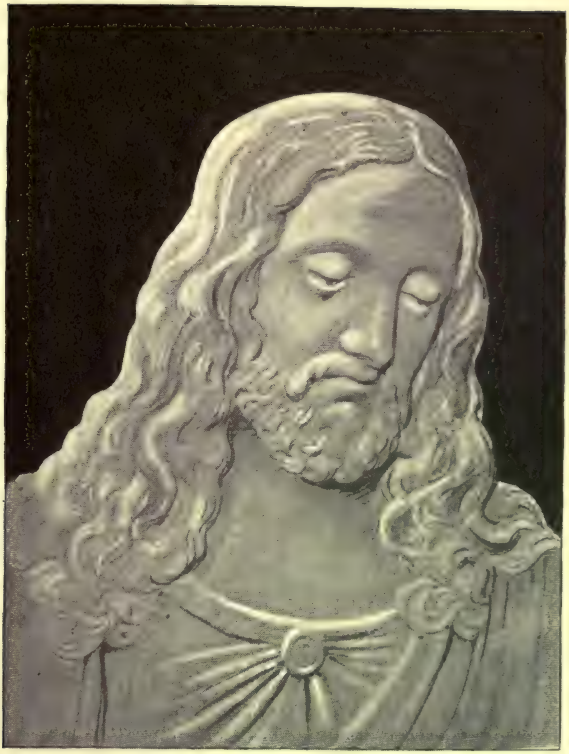
. . . .

Out upon the swelling tides,
Breaking on the lofty sides,
There, at last, in safety rides,
Far, a gallant fleet:
Brave and true, though long delayed,
Ramsay brings the sought-for aid,
She had hoped in, undismayed;
Oh, that moment 's sweet!

Dark and stern, the wrathful foe,
Foiled and baffled, turns to go,
Muttering threats of vengeance low,
As when storm-winds fiercely blow,
Raves the sullen main;
Little of his wrath recks she,
For Dunbar once more is free,
And those weeks of misery
Have not been in vain.

'Mid the bright and deathless band
Of those heroines who stand,
Battling for their native land,
In the days afar:
Strong and brave to do and dare,
Conquering weakness and despair,
Worthily she standeth there,
Agnes of Dunbar.

This incident took place during the minority of David II. of Scotland, the son of Robert Bruce, during the brief regency of the Earl of Mar. Edward Baliol, supported by a powerful party of English barons, had invaded Scotland. During the ensuing wars the Castle of Dunbar, a very important fortress, was besieged by Montague, Earl of Salisbury, against whom it was defended by the celebrated Countess of March. She was the daughter of the regent Moray, and inherited all his patriotic valor. On account of her dark hair and complexion she was usually called "Black Agnes of Dunbar." Her husband was away with the regent's forces, and knowing well the importance of holding the strong fortress of Dunbar, she held the castle for nineteen weeks against Montague's forces, until a fleet bringing supplies of men and provisions at length came to her relief, under the command of Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsey. The Earl of Salisbury, despairing of success, raised the siege. The incident mentioned in the fifth verse is a true one.



Head of the Saviour, in "The Last Supper."

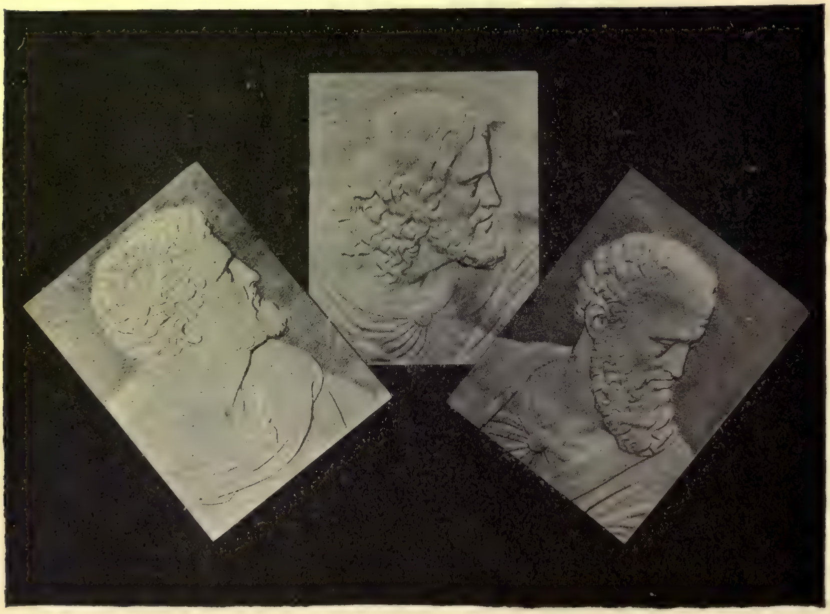
THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

FEW minds have helped our imagination to realize the greatest event in Christianity, as the founding of the Eucharist must be regarded, as Leonardo da Vinci did. Whilst the Christian religion lasts his wonderful painting of the Last Supper will be known and marvelled at. The walls on which it is worked may crumble away under the weight of ages, but the work will be transmitted, for it possesses the imperishable qualities of truth and beauty.

Genius, a great authority dogmatizes, is the art of taking pains. We should have many more people of genius in the world if that definition were all-sufficient. Da Vinci was a painstaking worker, but he brought his genius to his industry ready made. It was not hereditary, either, so far as the most diligent investigation could ascertain. It never ran in the family; it defies the theory of atavism. Many of the great painters and sculptors furnish in their examples the same enigma to the physiological theorist. They form so many exceptions to rules indispensable to pet structures of philosophy as to constitute a rule on their own account.

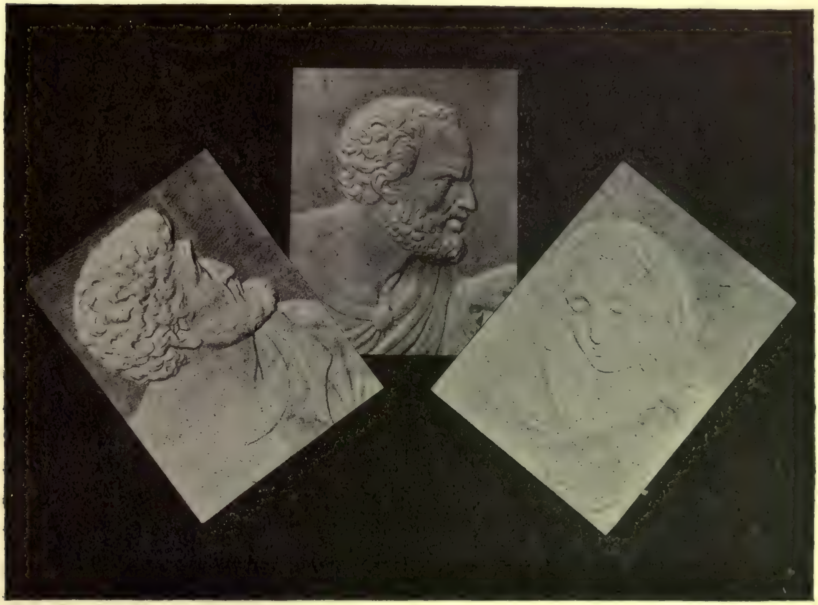
There does not appear to have been anything artistic, æsthetic, poetic, or anything above the prosiest order of life, about Leonardo's parents. They were comfortable people, apparently of the bucolic class, although his father, Pietro da Vinci, was entitled to be styled "Ser" and kept a town-house in Florence; but their surroundings at the little village in the Val d'Arno, where Leonardo was born, were not of a kind to suggest the fine arts. Neither does it appear that any of his eleven brothers or sisters had any of his special gifts. They may have had, but they left no mark, and so the presumptive evidence is on the negative side.



Heads of Bartholomew, James the Less, and Andrew, in "The Last Supper."

Leaving to the Œdipus of the coming age the determination of this profound matter, it is presently more useful to consider the mode and direction in which this undoubted genius of Leonardo da Vinci's exhibited itself, and the effect which it produced upon the artistic tendencies of the age and school to which he belonged.

By a strange paradox two strains of an apparently irreconcilable character, and springing from different sources, pervaded the mind of the artist from the beginning of his reasoning period. The visionary, the speculative, the fanciful ran like threads of gold across the gray fibre of a practical, shrewd, and observant intelligence, often producing doubt and hesitation about the adoption of methods, and often leading to the stoppage of good work fairly begun. Yet we often behold the triumph of the soul in the result, and it is by the felicitous application of the practical knowledge acquired by his more wide-awake habit of observation that the artist has achieved this seemingly impossible conquest.

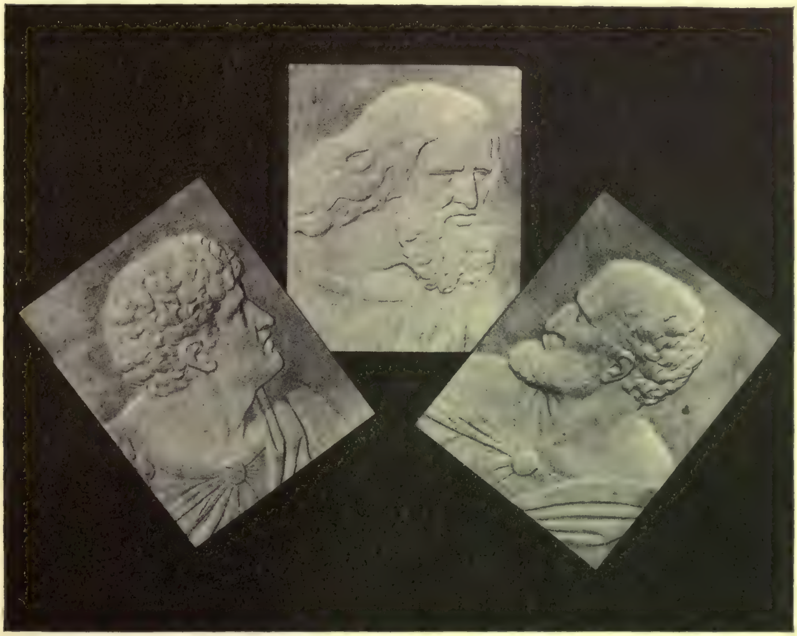


HEADS OF JUDAS, PETER, AND JOHN.

The greatest ambition of many artists is to be "original." In the mad chase after this rainbow many mistake extravagance for newness. Originality is often seen to be inconsistent with truth as to form and color. A Leighton, while he pleases us with his composition, offends us by his length of limb and disproportionate anatomy generally; a Whistler, by his sometimes most inharmonious "harmonies" in black and orange, ultramarine and terra-cotta. But it was the peculiarity of Da Vinci that in an age when there would seem to have been even a more eager quest after originality than in our own, he was able to strike the absolutely true in arrangement, expression, and action, as he has done in the wonderful "Last Supper" of the Santa Maria delle Grazie. It is asserted by some connoisseurs in art that the style of Da Vinci is startlingly "modern"! This is a tribute to present-day methods which may be not altogether deserved. It would be more just to say that the modern spirit has profited more by this great master than by any other, and that it has not as yet been able to pay him the flattery of imitation in originality.

Art in the days of the Renaissance was a more comprehensive term than it is now. It meant many things—from the knowledge of the making of pigments to the building of a basilica. There were indeed giants in those days. To be dowered by all the Muses was no uncommon thing. Leonardo da Vinci was one of the versatile band. His skill in music was marvellous; and as an illustration of the mental warp which furnished the counterpoise to this tendency of mental levitation, we find him a clever engineer and experimental mechanist, given to work out problems in mensuration and questions of cost and other details with most laborious minuteness. His brain was a very bee-hive of activity, as we find from the piles of notes and sketches and plans of all sorts which he has left behind. In this respect he was somewhat of a counterpart of Michael Angelo, but he differed from that colossal genius in power of realization of his projects. He differed from him also, happily for himself, in lightness and lovableness of temperament. His personality is described by his contemporaries as having been wonderfully winning—something, indeed, like that of Raffaele. Too many other children of Art are cursed with the *genus irritabile vatum.*

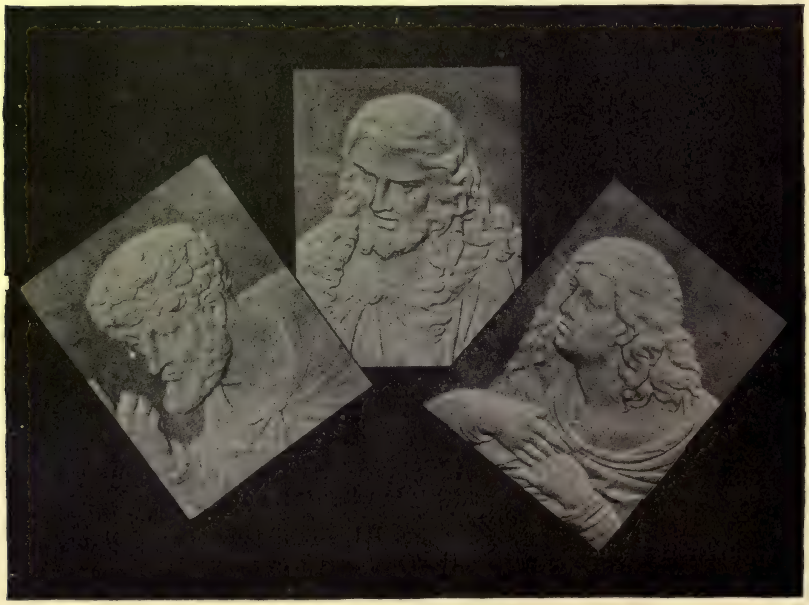
Between burgeon and blossom there was not any very long interval in Da Vinci's case. His childhood had been alternately devoted to the study of nature in the country outside Florence, and the study of art in the city buildings. His methods of study were what may be called thorough—and they seem to have been self-inspired. When a mere child he studied the structure and mechanism of flowers and birds, and for that purpose used to expend much pocket-money. When he had bought a bird and examined its anatomy and the situation of its tendons and the structure of its wings, he usually let it fly away without injury. Not many of the experimentalists of the present day display such tenderness of heart, if we may trust the reports of the anti-vivisectionists. In his very early days he had composed a pretty apologue, in which flowers and birds were the actors and speakers. A singular bit of fancy, play for a child, and a striking indication of his future aspirations; but not more so than the fact of his painting for a picture of the Madonna an offering of flowers which are described as marvels of fidelity to nature.



HEADS OF MATTHEW, THADDEUS, AND SIMON.

Young Da Vinci's sketches and notes soon attracted his father's attention, and he saw that he was no common boy. Amongst his friends in Florence was Andrea Verocchio, the sculptor, and to him he showed the productions of Leonardo. The sculptor was astonished; he recognized at once the hand of genius, and offered to take the boy into his own studio there and then. No master would be better adapted to a many-sided pupil than he. He was not only a very eminent sculptor, but a painter, a worker in bronze and terra-cotta, a goldsmith, and a wood-carver; besides he was an accomplished musician. He was the teacher of Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi as well as Da Vinci. In his studio Leonardo spent about six years, and then set up an establishment on his own account.

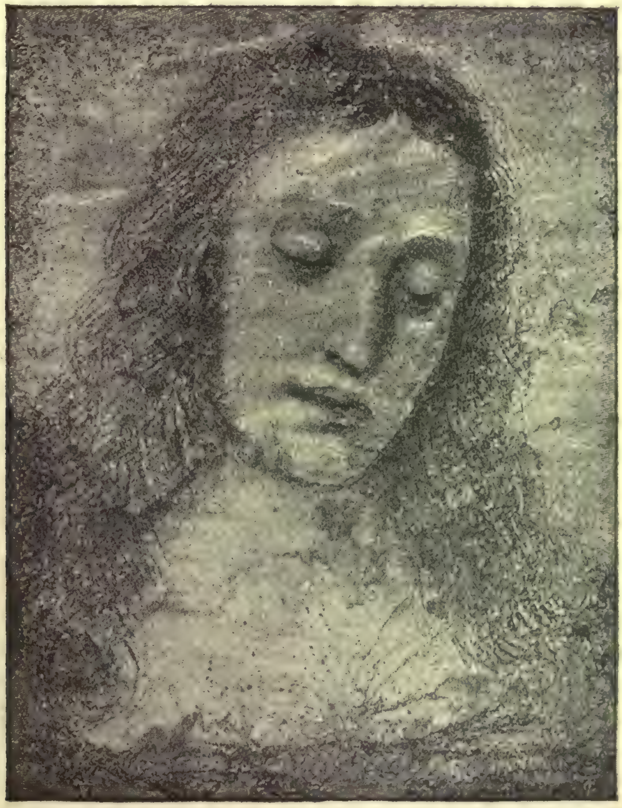
The first important work to which Da Vinci turned his hand when he quitted the workshop or study of Verocchio was a piece of sculpture. He formed a friendship with Rustici, an eminent master of the chisel, and helped him in a bronze group representing St. John preaching to a Pharisee and a Levite, which stands above the north door of the famous Baptistery in Florence. Soon afterwards he went to Milan, and was received with great cordiality by the great duke, Lodovico Sforza, by whom he was employed to execute a bronze equestrian statue of his father, Francesco Sforza, in painting a great altar-piece, as well as in several great engineering works for the improvement of Milan as a commercial emporium. The design for this statue was modelled, but the casting was never completed, as the model itself was injured during the French occupation of Milan by being wantonly made a target of by some of the French bowmen. The altar-piece has been lost sight of, but it must have been a great work, since it excited the warm admiration of Albert Dürer some years later, and is said to have



Heads of Thomas, James the Greater, and Philip.

inspired some of that eminent painter's methods. The statue must have been a work of power and originality, for it excited the jealousy of Michael Angelo, and his taunt that the sculptor was unable to finish his work by casting the statue in bronze, as it was intended he should.

As it was during his sojourn in Milan that Da Vinci executed his most famous painting, the Last Supper, we are free to conclude that his genius was then at its apogee, and that Michael Angelo's jealousy was not without ground.

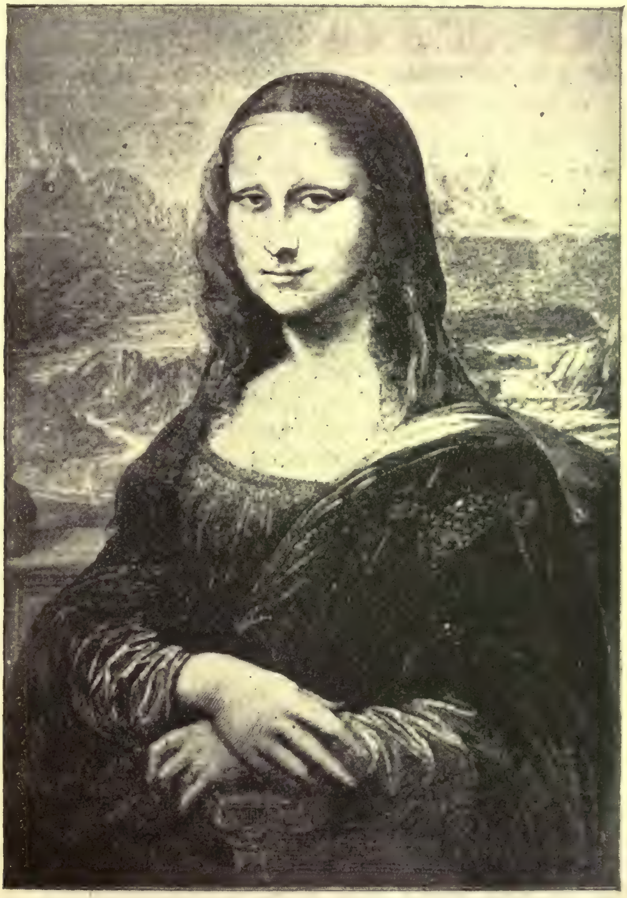


HEAD OF THE SAVIOUR SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN INTENDED BY DA VINCI FOR "THE LAST SUPPER."

There has been much ink expended in the task of showing that although the great Italian masters of this period painted Christian subjects, they were at heart devoted to the Pagan revival.

Da Vinci is described as of that Hyde and Jekyll school of artists. Contemporary writers, of notoriously infidel tendencies, have helped the sinister inference. It is contended that Da Vinci, although he threw himself into the great tasks assigned him with ardor and spared no thought, no study, no strain to work them out to the highest point of his ideal, was totally indifferent to the religious sentiment of which they were the expression. It is even said, further, that although he died in sacramental communion with the Church, he accepted the grace only as a concession to his family and to make his testamentary dispositions valid. These elephantine efforts to distort and belittle a noble talent prove too much. They demonstrate clearly the inferiority of the minds in which they had their inspiration. The mind that is true in art can hardly be untrue to itself. It is inconceivable that a nature so lovable and noble as his is described to have been by all with whom he came into contact would have played the hypocrite as described, and gone to his account with a miserable piece of deception as his last earthly act.

A couple of famous artists had already treated the subject of the Last Supper when Da Vinci was asked to undertake the Santa Maria fresco. Giotto had painted one for the chapel of the Arena in Padua; and Ghirlandajo one for the convent of the Ognissanti and another for that of San Marco. These pictures had probably been seen by Da Vinci. The one was treated with the stiff and bare severity of the Byzantine school; the other two revelled in the richness and the fancy of the new spirit in painting—the ideal. Da Vinci chose his way independently of both. He preferred the natural. He adapted his treatment to the conditions of his field of work. The wall-space which was placed at his disposal measured twenty-eight feet by eighteen. Instead of breaking this up by the device of separate tables and groups, he relied for effect upon seating all at one long table, leaving one of the sides entirely free. The mode in which the attention of all the disciples, on either hand of the Saviour, is fixed upon the central figure and the startling mystery which he announces is the climax of artistic truth. On the one side it is by the lines of the hands; on the other by the direction of the astonished faces. The most astonishing feature in this design is the establishment of individuality in each of the characters. The characteristic of each disciple, according to tradition and rational inference, is strikingly revealed in attitude as well in facial expression. Every face in the picture shows the influence of powerful excitement and awe—save the one calm central countenance. The humanity of the picture, as revealed in the emotional action of the disciples, is saved from being too aggressive by the classical treatment of the drapery, whose lines are of the most easily flowing symmetry, and the quiet effects of the long table with



THE PORTRAIT OF MONA LISA.

its plain, neat cloth, and smooth and simple architecture of the supper-room.

Very great care was bestowed upon the types of faces to be embodied in the picture, ere the painter made his final decision. His sketch-books show the process of development very clearly. Over the head of the Saviour he appears to have long hesitated between a reverence for old tradition and his own ideals. The drawing which hangs in the Brera Gallery at Milan shows, it is generally believed, the type of face which he at one time contemplated, but which was ultimately abandoned as being perhaps suggestive of femininity in its lower portion. This more lovable type of face, as it might appear to many, was at last abandoned for one more in keeping with the noble masculinity of the Messiah, the sum of all human grace in mould and quality. Yet in the face, as thus designed, we see blended with the strength and symmetry an ineffable tenderness and a divine sympathy. There is nothing in common with the other faces at the board about it; it differs from them all as widely as though it were that of one belonging to another race and another order of being.

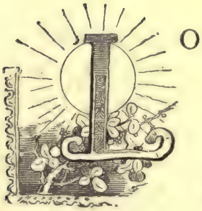
A study of the disciples' heads shows a similarity in feature in some of the groups, but a difference in expression. The faces and the hands, indeed, perform in this work much the same task as they are assigned in a play without words. The fact that the great majority of those countenances are portrayed in profile makes this achievement all the more remarkable. Another difficulty with which the artist had to wrestle, after he had decided upon the peculiar form of composition his space and its configuration entailed, was that of avoiding the appearance of a rank-and-file sort of arrangement along the table. This he achieved by the device of breaking the company up into a series of groups of three, yet connected by a community and simultaneity of action all through. The analytical pictures we present will enable the reader to follow his plan easily, and note the means by which his great idea was successfully evolved. The result was a great and noble picture, chaste in its general plan and in its surroundings, and more truly devotional than the most spiritualized conception of the transcendental school.

Of Da Vinci's power in other walks of art we have several proofs. Perhaps one of the most striking of these is his portrait of the Signora Mona Lisa, wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine nobleman. Here we behold the model which inspired the modern school of portraiture. The Mona Lisa was the most beautiful as it was the first of portraits, properly so called. It made contemporary painters sigh with envy, and drew forth the most extravagant laudations of poet and connoisseur. The price paid for this picture by King Francis I. of France, who was an enraptured admirer of Da Vinci's, was four thousand gold crowns—a great sum for a portrait in those days. The art in this picture is of an entirely different order from that we behold in his Last Supper. It is the beauty of the world we see depicted—the grace and life of womanhood in sunny Italy.

It is not given to many founders of schools in the different arts to be at once the pioneer and the master. This was the privilege of Da Vinci. To the Church in which he lived and died he gave his noblest work. It was to the Church he owed its inspiration. In paying the debt he achieved what by no other human agency of his time he could have achieved. His fame was secured as long as perishable things could last, and even beyond that vista, down the long galleries of the unborn future.

THE MERCY OF CHRIST.

BY C. FILOMENE LEPÈRE.



LORD, listen to a soul oppressed
With anguish, fear;
And let Thy mercy to her flow—
My voice, O hear!

My sins are dark, scarce to myself
Dare I avow;
I hardly hope for pardon, Lord,
Yet tender Thou.

Christ, let one drop of blood drip down
My wounds to heal;
And let my soul, so dark with woe,
A calmness feel.

My Saviour's love is great; He died
Each man to save.
Forgive me, then, O Lord! I pray—
And Christ forgave.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

MISSION AT TOLEDO.

IS there any city of one hundred thousand inhabitants in Protestant Germany or in Scandinavia in which Catholic priests could draw many hundreds of Protestants to listen to Catholic doctrine?—an attentive, respectful audience full of interest in religious questions. But this is to be noted: Toledo was well prepared for us, as the A.-P.-A. movement is strong there, and the result is that the more thoughtful portion of the non-Catholic public, not crediting the incredible, are anxious to hear the truth about the church. Their curiosity has been aroused, their inquiring attention fixed, thanks to the anti-Catholic agitation.

We are commanded to love our enemies, and therefore we willingly say of the A. P. A's, God bless you; but this sentiment of pity is mingled with one of gratitude, for if they have turned the stupid for a moment against us, they have helped the intelligent to understand us, and have already caused many conversions to the Catholic faith. Would that it were as easy to pray for all our enemies as for the A. P. A's!

How right was Father Hecker in maintaining that America is the ripest field in the whole world for the Catholic missionary. Not that but other fields are inviting—Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and especially Great Britain. The systematic, resolute, courageous efforts being now made in those countries to enclose them again in the one fold and place them under the one shepherd fill us American missionaries with a spirit of emulation, and make us feel that the day of the return of the northern races is already dawning. Here in America the favorable conditions are multiplied. The nation is inclined to religion, the people are only lightly held to modes of belief by family traditions, there is no burning memory of bitter religious wars, the name Catholic is not foreign, the attempt at persecution is already giving way to the inevitable reaction in favor of fair play, the spirit of liberty and the passion for knowledge open millions of honest hearts to the truth. But to get back to our Toledo Mission.

We followed Ingersoll, the agnostic scoffer, and General Booth, the great Salvationist, in the use of big Memorial Hall; and this pleased us well, for it placed Catholicity where it belongs, in the regular round of claimants for the public ear. Webb, the Yankee Mahometan, and Wright, the Theosophist, had also had their say in a smaller hall. But not even Booth, riding on the wave of sympathy which his stupendous movement has aroused, drew better audiences than we did, and often we had as many Protestants as Catholics.

The Columbian Club, a Catholic social organization, had invited us to give the mission, with the approval of the local clergy, and they managed the meetings admirably. They secured and paid for the hall, provided artistic and really delightful music, and handled the crowds with perfect judgment, a score of their members serving nightly as ushers, among them some of Toledo's most prominent citizens. To keep out the tide of Catholics that swelled into the hall entrance and to give the Protestants a chance was no easy task. But it was successfully accomplished. There are thirty thousand Catholics in the city, two-thirds of them English-speaking, and many hundreds of these were turned away nightly. The hall can accommodate a maximum of three thousand, and was packed at every meeting long before we opened with our "Please rise for the reading of the Scripture." Estimates vary as to the composition of the audience. We certainly averaged above a thousand Protestants each night, and some meetings had as high as fifteen hundred, hundreds of others coming too late to gain entrance. The ushers reserved for our outside brethren the greater portion of the floor of the hall, requiring the Catholics to go to the gallery.

As usual with our audiences, the quality of our non-Catholic hearers was the best. We were never without several Protestant ministers, and many well-known infidels were with us at each meeting. At the end of the closing lecture a minister came forward and reached up to the platform and grasped my hand. "I want to thank you for your address this evening," he said, with other very friendly words—a curious thing, for the subject was "Why I am a Catholic," and the appeal was directly for the church's divine mission. Perhaps (at least I flatter myself) my method of viewing the religion in this lecture was calculated to attract him, for, after dwelling only in passing on the claims of the church to our membership as a divinely founded society, I develop the interior life of the Catholic, and undertake to show that inner union with God which is our privilege and is ours alone—the conscious presence of God the Holy Ghost in our souls, the satisfaction of mind in possessing the certain truth, the deep comfort of the repentant sinner in a humble confession and sacramental absolution, the ecstasy of union with Christ's humanity in Holy Communion, as well as the sense of universal brotherhood in an international society, prayers for the dead, and the fellowship of the angels and saints during our earthly pilgrimage. I trust that better witnesses than I can testify as I do, that our conscious intimate union with God is little dreamt of by religious minds outside the church, controversy having been directed mainly to the visible notes of divine origin, and to the claim of loyalty to the lawful authority of God in the outer order. But this, essential as it is, should be shown as what it really is—the honeycomb of religion, the honey being the elevation and sanctification of the individual soul itself. Protestants, if they only knew it, are more addicted to externals than Catholics are permitted to be or would be contented to be; externals, too, which do not even claim divine authority.

Night after night we came to recognize the same faces till they grew familiar. A very large proportion of our non-Catholic auditory "made the mission" from beginning to end. I think that they got a fair grasp of the case between Catholicity and its opponents; though as to the latter we rigidly abstained from attack. And this very thing was of great help to us, for there is a most venomous and lying anti-Catholic minister here whose course was a painful contrast to our peaceful demeanor. He has everything incredible to say against Catholics, their priesthood and their doctrines and their spirit, and we seldom mentioned Protestant leaders at all, never attacked them or their doctrines, though we now and then affirmed our essential and fatal disagreement with their errors—always calmly, briefly, and with allowance for good faith. Our battle is to make clear the state of the case, to make the terms of difference squarely understood; and our spoils of victory are gathered in by our warm praise, our enthusiastic testimony to the practical influence of the Catholic Church and her means of divine grace upon the inner life of her members.

The city press treated us fairly and even kindly. All the papers, both morning and evening, gave full reports every day, ranging from one column to three, and sometimes added favorable editorial notices. Three press notices were afterwards collected and published in a pamphlet, several thousand copies being distributed gratis among Protestants.

The nightly harvest of questions was very great, averaging nearly a hundred. We divided them between us, Fathers Kress and Mühlenbeck taking the larger shares. They occupied us about an hour each evening, the attention of the audience being breathless the whole time. Many of the difficulties were trivial, especially the very numerous accusations of disloyalty, and other utterances of the A. P. A. spirit.

A thousand copies of leaflets were given to non-Catholic auditors every meeting, the subjects being "What Catholics do not believe," "The Senators of Sherburn," "The Gospel Door of Mercy," "The Real Presence," "What my Uncle said about the Pope," "Is it Honest?" "Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead," and "Why I am a Total Abstainer."

The reader, having so far tolerated this statement of actual facts, will bear with us a moment while we tell him of our dreams. For we did talk a lot of dreamy nonsense about a permanent provision of this Public Hall Apostolate in towns like Toledo. Competent Catholic speakers could fill this big hall every Sunday night with mixed audiences, and the expenses easily be raised by such zealous co-operators as we found in the Columbian Club—indeed a collection taken up at each meeting would go far towards meeting the outlay. That a large class of non-Catholics could be reached by this means we are persuaded, persons who never think of entering a Catholic Church, many seldom entering any church; and not a few of the faithful would be greatly benefited, a portion of that great Catholic majority who rarely attend church more than once on Sunday. Besides the regular missionary of the diocesan band, prominent priests and prelates from near or far would be glad to lend their names and their gifts as orators. Delightful music could easily be secured; nor would it be impossible to have congregational singing in magnificent style. A wide freedom might be given to such services, as the liturgy does not regulate coat-tail devotions. Laymen of prominence would often be glad to speak on moral questions or historical ones, and we know of Catholic women who are orators of high power, and who could add greatly to the "array of talent."

Oh! how many souls, hungering for Catholic truth, could thus be reached, and now can hardly be reached at all. But dreams are dreams. Yet I say this: a regularly established band of diocesan missionaries working on the Cleveland plan will open the way to this and every other kind of apostolic lecturing and preaching.

MISSION AT ALEXANDER.

Just before we (Father Graham and the writer) began our lectures here Archbishop Elder ordered prayers for rain, and by Monday noon we had a perfect down-pour. Our crowded opera house of Sunday afternoon was succeeded on Monday night by not exactly "a beggarly account of empty benches," but a very meagre attendance. How the rain did pour, and how the people did stay at home! But we knew that non-Catholics who would come to hear us under such circumstances were elect souls, and we did our best accordingly.

We suffered another hurt by changing halls. Tuesday and Wednesday nights our fine opera house had been pre-engaged by theatrical troupes, and so we were compelled to use a second-rate hall. We had only fair audiences there, but on returning to our original stand we got the people back and closed Friday night in a blaze of glory. The query-box was especially popular, and on its little paper ships we floated big truths into earnest minds.

The town has fifteen thousand people, not a thousand of whom are Catholics. The place is not bigoted, and there are some prominent citizens of our faith, among them five lawyers, all practical and earnest Catholics. The pastor averages eight converts a year, and the Catholic people generally are zealous and edifying. The town is an excellent field for these missions, and we hope to return to it again.

MISSION AT LAMSON.

This is a village of five hundred people, supported by the farming community of the vicinity. Lutherans, Dunkards, and Seventh-day Adventists are the Protestant denominations, and about forty Catholic families, nearly all farmers, worship in the little church of St. Paul the Apostle, being visited every other Sunday. Fathers Kress and Wonderly, members of the Cleveland band, were the lecturers. They opened in the opera house on Monday night in a pouring rain—the same storm that hindered us at Alexander—nearly all of the one hundred and fifty seats which totalize its accommodations being occupied. The leader of the Adventists, a sort of semi-preacher, marched into the hall, his Bible under his arm. He paid the closest attention. After the lecture was over he held forth in a neighboring grocery, saying that "them priests couldn't learn him nothing." He attended every meeting and used the query-box freely. After Tuesday night the lectures were held in the church, as the second meeting overflowed the hall, many being turned away for want of space, and the church is more roomy, accommodating three hundred. It was entirely filled every night. At all the meetings the proportion of Protestants was over half. The mayor and mayoress, who are Methodists, and the leading church members generally, store-keepers, farmers, in fact everybody of any note, attended the whole course. One afternoon while a party of idlers at the post-office were attacking the church the mayor came in and said: "Gentlemen, respect the men who are lecturing here; when did any other religious teachers ever come to this town to defend their creed without attacking others?" The missionaries dined with the mayor and his family on Thursday, having been cordially invited.

Lamson is evidently one of those exceptional places where the church building can be used for our apostolate. The Protestants are kindly disposed and are willing to assemble anywhere, feeling assured of kindly treatment in return.

The question-box did good service, the queries ranging over the usual themes, such as exclusive salvation, infallibility, infant baptism, secret societies, etc. Our Adventist friend plied the lecturers with such explosives as the following, which we request the printer to give literally:

You Say or Sed last Night the Apostals Changed the Sabbath if So will you Pleas tel Us when and where it was done and under what circumstances. Are you not Mistaken Was it not changed from the Seventh to the first by Roman Catholics During Constantines Rain, and did not Sunday originate from Pagan Rome who worshiped the Sun, and was it not brought in to the apostolic Church by Constentine when he and his followers united with Same about the year 400 A. D.

(Pleas answer)

The reader knows that the Dunkards take our Saviour's words about the washing of the disciples' feet literally and as a precept—"If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye ought also to wash one another's feet." Hence a Dunkard's question: Why don't you Catholics wash feet if you claim to do what Christ did while on earth? The answer to such questions enables one to show the need of divine authority in interpreting Scripture.

The following are odd specimens of what the Protestant rule of faith, acting jointly with ignorance of Catholic doctrine, results in:

Will a person that lives a Protestant life and dies one, will he be saved? Answer from the heart. How do you know?

Are you infalable, Father Kress?

Don't the Bible teach that we shall judge no man? How can you priest judge a man in the confession, which you say you do?

Christ says, in Rev. 22. 13: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then why do Catholics call the Pope "Lord God the Pope."

One such mission as this demonstrates the will of God for America. There are literally thousands of such villages scattered over the entire country which will furnish our missionaries with audiences of good-natured, religious-minded, earnest characters. The village music-teacher said that if the meetings were kept up for another week there would be a hundred converts—a dream, to be sure, and founded on the emotional results of revival meetings. But it is actual truth that a systematic effort, with renewals at intervals, change of topics and of missionary literature, would in course of years convert the majority of the honest people in such communities to the true religion.

The expenses of this mission were two nights' hire of the opera house—four dollars. The printing and other incidentals were paid for by kindly Protestants.

MISSION AT BLACKBURN.

This was our last mission before the Christmas holidays, and it was both satisfactory and unsatisfactory; we were glad of our influence on the audiences and sorry that the audiences were not larger.

The town has more than three thousand inhabitants, and is among the oil-wells; the population is to a great extent transient, the religious sentiment weak. Besides our little congregation of forty families there are feeble societies of Presbyterians, Methodists, and United Brethren, whose ministers all complain that the people generally are averse to positive religious influences. They do not antagonize the ministers or churches, but just ignore them. We have been in smaller places with half a dozen flourishing Protestant congregations. Most of the "first families" show no interest whatever in church matters and are wholly "unsectarian."

Our wide-awake pastor secured a good hall and advertised fully, but when we went to the first meeting we had only a hundred and seventy-five present. But the quality was select. Not more than one-fourth were Catholics, and the leading men of the town were with us, including the United Brethren minister. We soon increased the attendance to three hundred and grumbled to each other that the figure could not be raised higher. But we managed to deeply interest our hearers, and they used the question-box fairly well. Tuesday was our Temperance night, and that afternoon we distributed a temperance pamphlet to every house in town, with "Opera House to-night!" printed in big red letters across the cover. The result was apparent in the increased attendance. A prominent lawyer who is an avowed infidel, and who is said to "lay out all the ministers in town," attended every meeting and seemed much interested.

The general effect of the mission was excellent. The Catholics have been laboring under many disadvantages in spite of the earnest efforts of their priest, and they were greatly encouraged by the meetings and the talk they occasioned. Among the missionaries, Fathers Kress, Wonderly, and myself, there was naturally some discussion as to how we could have done better, and we thought that if we had chosen moral topics, such as lying, stealing, gambling, "boodling," we might have drawn larger crowds. Religion pure and simple seems to have small attraction to this town, and in that respect it is a rare exception. Our often-learned lesson was here repeated: Catholicity has a better field among religious people than among unreligious people.

GLIMPSES OF ITALY.

BY E. C. FOSTER.

ITALY boasts no authentic record of the date of the earliest settlement, or the circumstances which led to it, as even legendary lore is silent upon the subject.

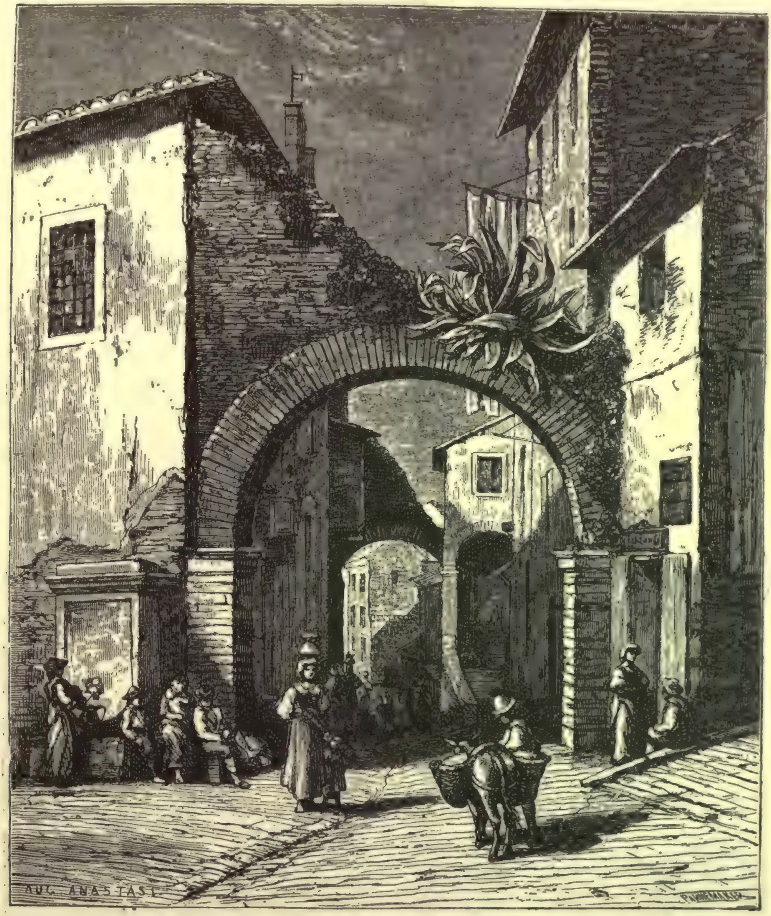
Two thousand six hundred years ago Rome was founded. In process of time the whole of Italy fell under her rule. The decline of this mighty power was sorely disastrous to all Italy, as vast hordes of barbarians from the North and East, enticed hither by the wealth and weakness of the empire, destroyed the barriers her armies were no longer able to defend, and reduced the fertile and beautiful district to desolation and ruin.

All our knowledge of the early inhabitants of central and western Italy strengthens the conjecture that there was amongst them a race originally Pelasgic, resembling the Trojans, and it is possible that early emigration of this stock from the coast of Troy to Italy and some of her islands gave rise to the poetical legend of Æneas fleeing from the impending doom of Ilium, burdened with his household treasures, in search of the "fair Ausonian shore."

Too much has been said of Italy's pure atmosphere, eternal sunshine and flowers, which Naples, more than any other section, dispenses in her genial way. Nor is she one unbroken scene of landscape picture, for there is a lack of forest charm, and some views are dull enough for the heaviest mind. A few of her finest scenes are dimmed by the haze of her atmosphere, and the full force of much beauty is but imperfectly enjoyed.

We will see Tuscany, the home of the great bard—her old gem vases and paintings rendering her dear to the artist and antiquarian, for who has not longed for Etruscan relics? The Romans derived much of their architectural taste and skill from their Etruscan neighbors, as the remains of many of their ancient structures testify. The national glory of Etruria culminated long before Rome was founded. She had twelve kingdoms, twelve capital cities, and twelve mighty kings, and one of them, Porsenna, humbled the Mistress of the World upon her

Seven Hills. It is a matter of regret that the oracles of this venerable people are lost; but throughout Italy we find relics of embossed sarcophagi, coins, cameos, fictile vases, and cinerary urns, all the work of this remarkable race. In the time of Pericles their bronze candelabra were much esteemed in Athens, while various specimens of their bronze statuary in Florence, Rome, and Leyden confirm the opinion of their high excellence in this art.

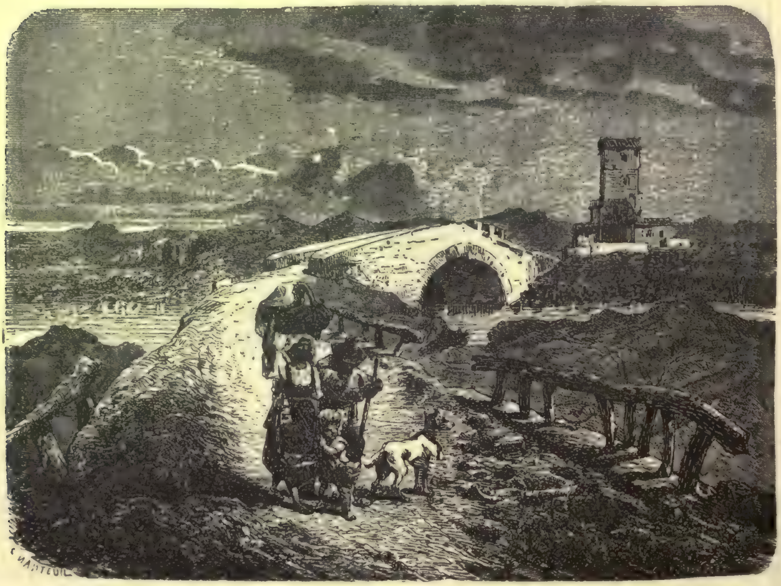


OLD GATE NEAR TIVOLI, WITH AN ALOE GROWING IN THE WALL.

Let us see old Perugia with its hundred churches, and thirty monastic and conventual institutions. Here is the old Etruscan gate just as it stood two thousand years ago in its hugeness and solidity. In the fourteenth century one hundred thousand persons perished here of the plague.

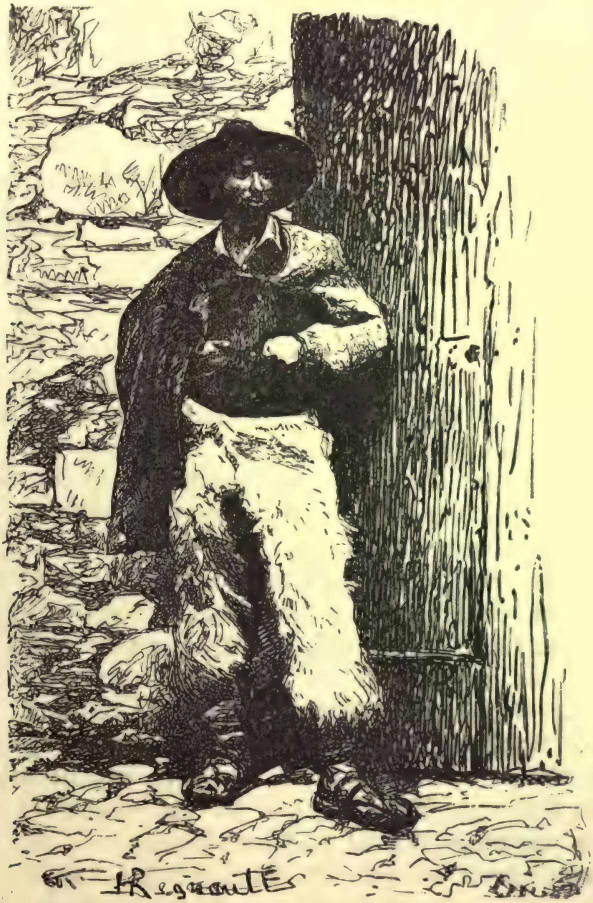
Now we pass through a dingy little town long remembered by Rome for the defeat of Flaminius by the wily Carthaginian. His tower still stands triumphantly over the Aceldama, where blood-hued flowers display their gorgeous tints over the dust of the slain. In the distance is Cortona, older than Troy; and through the ever-flowered vale of Chiana we'll journey to see Arezzo, where Petrarch lived, and other great men first saw the light. We'll travel on till we reach Lombardy, where our attention is arrested by its buildings, conspicuous for a copious and florid decoration. We shiver, for the air is damp, and our home wrapping and other appliances of comfort are called into requisition. Central Lombardy lacks mountains, and the general monotony of the landscape seems to hem up the senses and shut in the soul like prison walls. But such cattle as graze on those extensive plains and such dairies we will not find in all Italy; and her system of irrigation affords a model for the world.

Now we will wend our way to Turin and admire her architecture, of which she is so justly proud, and as all around a sunny scene breaks upon the vision widening into the most charming view we enjoy of the Alps. Yonder, far to the southwest, are the fortresses of the Waldenses. What frowning



THE BRIDGE OF SALARIO.

precipices! what yawning abysses! Close by the dashing stream thunders your doom should you take an incautious step in your impatience to gain the dizzy crest that grasps every hue of the painted cloud. How the heart pants for that vision beyond, whose penetralia even the holy seer of Pisgah might have been forbidden to pass! What a variety of prospect is spread out for our enjoyment as the exquisite softness and tremulous beauty of the scene contrast with its echoing solitudes, its profound chasms, its leaping cataracts and scorning heights. But you must command the summit of the Apennines if you would reach the fairest point of enrapturing prospect, and [shake the earth-dross from your aching feet. Alternating from wildness to regularity, from beauty to sublimity, is the



AN ITALIAN BRIGAND.

scene now presented. At your feet the graceful woods and luxuriant meadows in their emeraldine joy, the cunning daisied footpaths from clusters of snowy cottages, and around and above the unnumbered treasures of natural beauty, warm from God's hand, filling all space with the aliment the æsthetic spirit is demanding. Lift again your weary feet and try to gain the peak where the workings of nature seem so deep and unapproachable.

Now, footsore, worn and satiated, we'll descend and pursue our journey to Naples and the smoking Vesuvius, the latter tempering our emotions with memory of the splendid cities of the Campania, the garden spot of Italy.

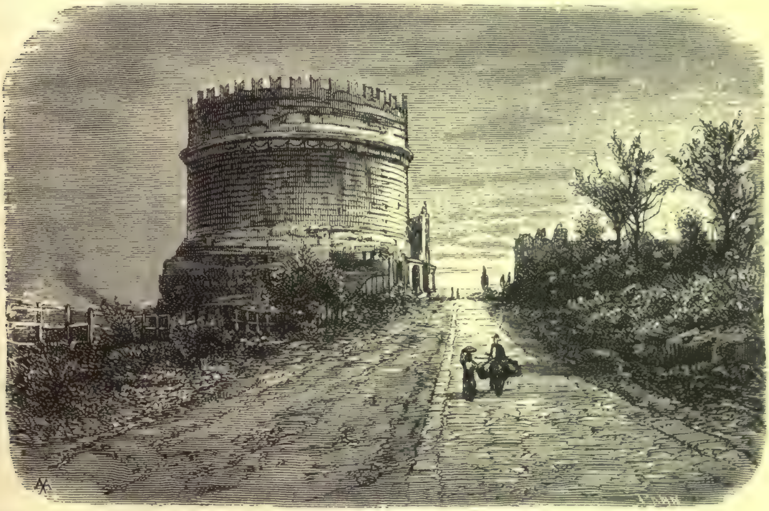
How enchanting a picture is now unfolded as the eager eye leaps from promontory to promontory to descry all the wonders that environ the capital of the two Sicilies and its thundering volcano with jealous eye for ever and for ever on the treasure-house below, as if in very mockery of man's poor work of resurrection! Ah, Naples! is there not some spot more secure than that, shadowed more sublimely by the eternal menace of an agent whose power defies all human control? There is no inanity here; everything conspires to clothe the scene with terrible grandeur and awe, from the reposing plain with the dead cities on its stricken heart, to the burning peak whose heaving bosom is even now exultant over its great triumph through the lapse of twenty centuries.

Now we enter Naples, that charming spectre coming up out of the sea as Vesuvius holds over her a crown of fire and shows her the secret springs of convulsions that could rock the world. Let us repair to the Museum, where we will find achievements of the chisel that can never be eclipsed.

Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino! how supreme and overshadowing the merit the lover of the true and beautiful must ever claim for you, filling as you do the thirst of famished hearts with the perfection of man's endeavor.

We would speak of thee, O Mantua! but "silence is older and stronger than speech," and the world's tribute of worship is at thy feet when the fame of Virgil is immortal. Humble little Andes, where is thy claim when the honor of the great birthplace is contested? Now the fair capital of the Middle Ages is reached with its Pitti, its marble tower, its famed octagonal steeple of the Buchia, and its towering belfry of the Palazzo Vecchia, leaping up into the air, then reposing awhile in its supreme height to throw out another and another tower or buttress, as upward it springs again till, almost lost to sight, its last aerial flight is taken. But the Campanile, built of black and white marble, defies all description; and its bells—who ever heard such music?

Florence, another queen of beauty, ever dreaming of past glory and leading us through mazes of plastic, matchless fascinations, is rich in storied memories; and what favorable stimulants to activity she afforded in her political institutions and public life, combining a love of enjoyment with exalted principles more harmoniously than any other Italian city. See the beautiful Arno, that pride of the Tuscan, that petling of poets, as it flows through her splendid streets, whose towers aspire to embrace the azure heavens. Sleeping in the very heart of the City of Lilies, look at the silvery thing dancing, flashing, dipping, sparkling, eddying, whirling, and think of Petrarch and the old guide, and fancy you behold the precious freight transported over the roaring waters and the agonized mother's frantic efforts to rescue her child from that watery death. The same Petrarch who thundered to Charles IV., "One can see in thee that virtues are not hereditable." The great apostle of truth who stood like a masculine Cassandra admonishing and rebuking kings and prelates. Look, as the king of Naples invests him with a purple mantle, and the Roman Senate places upon his poet brow the laurel crown which to Dante was never given.

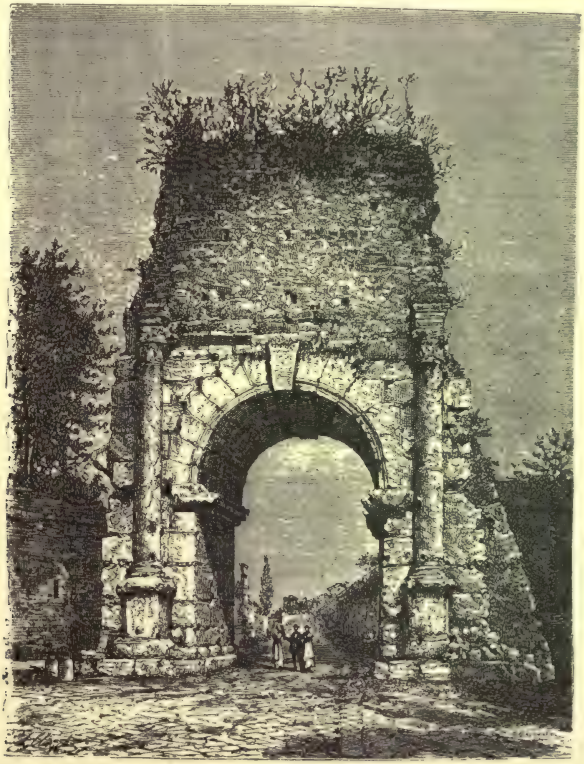


TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, ON THE APPIAN WAY.

Now we have reached the cathedral whose gigantic dome is scarcely surpassed by any other the world boasts. Close by, in slender, graceful beauty, is Giotto's bell-tower, reminding one of the soul's flight to the crystal waters that encompass the City of God. The very model and mirror of architecture, stands the Campanile with its fairy-work of shaft and tracery, soaring and yet soaring as if to forget its earth foundation; so airy and ethereal that you scarcely trace the fair proportions against the distant horizon. Ascend now to the height of two hundred feet, and look down upon that band of Austrians who are discoursing to us the grandest swells of music ever given by instruments. Hear it as it rolls away, filling turret and tower with its volume of sweet sounds until the sorrowing heart breaks under its dying echoes. Look again, perhaps for the last time, upon those alabaster threads, tinted, but in subdued softness, with all the coloring of the curtains of the holy tabernacle, or the first warm flushings of Aurora's coronal, and we are done with this glad marvel of beauty.

To the east reposes Venice laving her marble feet in the blue Adriatic, as she laughs with her gondoliers and sea-nymphs, and prides herself upon her old doges and older bank. We see its gray wall, its St. Mark's tower, and other wonders, and looking in its antique beauty a very slumbering fairy world toying with the sea. Fair Empress of the Water, as she sits enthroned over it in all her splendor and corruption—twin sister of old Tyre—whose riches are bleaching on the rocks wedged in by flood and sunshine; sad memorial of Jehovah's wrath! Shall we ever inherit that land where there will be no more sea? Blessed promise of the apocalyptic seer as he essays to paint the glory and beauty of the saints' eternal rest, where no black waves of desolation, no rushing surges shall ever again sweep over human hearts and homes and hopes. Unwearied, invincible element, too capricious for man to measure thy love or wrath; to-day the craven slave, to-morrow the tyrant master. Did the proud Canute arrest thy sway, or mighty Tyre hold her footing when dominion was claimed by thee? O Venice! forget not the pride, the doom of her whose abasement is wailed by every silver wave as it asserts its empire over thee. Beautiful Thetis! with thy record inscribed in golden letters on the white face of the sea-surge, which heralds it daily through all the treasure-heaps that blaze above its marble foam. See that world of spangled pinnacles, that entrancing vision of gleaming domes, that continuous chain of pleasure, pomp, and pageantry. Shall we not speak, too, of the glowing domes of St. Mark's grand temple, and can we forget the holy purpose of its erection? Not in the glut of gold, not in the vanity of ostentatious display were those glorious arches painted in rainbow tints, those gorgeous walls veined in amethyst and gold, but that the stony eye of Venice and her leaden ear might see and hear that she was daily trampling under foot the eternal message.

She was no more the patient, reverent Venice planned by the brave, faithful hearts of a holier age. Where are the mighty doges of the old lost city, and what would they think were they permitted to revisit their grass-grown courts and slime-stained palaces, where the cunning wave is fast asserting supremacy? Vainly would the restless spirit seek for its loved home among the vast treasure-piles of gold, alabaster, and mother of pearl that lave their glorious shadows in the jewelled waters. Dandolo, Foscari! come forth from your dusty tomb



THE ARCH OF DRUSUS, OUTSIDE ROME.

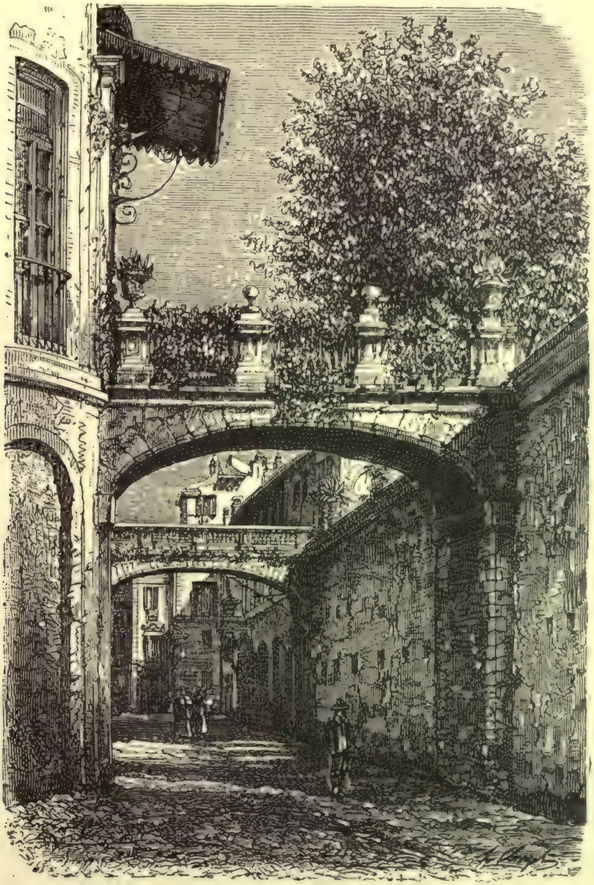
and glean and gather from Neptune's coffers the priceless relics of your long-lost Venice. Blithe children of the Fairy of the Sea! dance, laugh, sing, but remember, though so happy you be, that some cities have not died of age, have not passed away weary of all the world could offer.

Now we will see, sitting in the pride of her title, "the Learned," Bologna, who has given birth to eight popes, two hundred cardinals, and more than one hundred literary men and artists. Assisi, the birthplace of Propertius and Metastasio, demands a passing notice, as does also the home of Ariosto, whose *Orlando Furioso* is truly the grandest work of the mediæval times. Where are the spirit-moving strains we fain would blend with the land of poetry, painting, and sculpture? If we wish to hear them we must visit the operas and theatres of the capitals, for the hungry soul will find no such pabulum in the streets and wayside retreats, for the strolling minstrel has sought other thoroughfares for appreciation.

And now we take up our journey to Genoa, without whose dauntless adventurer one-half of the world might now have been immersed in barbarism. Can it be that along these busy, buzzing, bustling thoroughfares the unchained, the intrepid spirit indulged its insane musing of the "Light Ahead," as he yearningly looked out upon the western gloaming? Thoughtless woodman, did you ever dream of the grand secrets shut up in that humble forest tree as you hack and hew away for the construction of the little *Pinta?* while never a thought of fear or insecurity obtrudes itself upon the brain of the far-off red man wooing the dusky maiden beside his native stream. Did the world have nothing but a dungeon to offer the great man as a recompense? Where is it now? Upon its site towers a monument, and the name of Christopher Columbus, and the glory of his discovery, are among the proudest records in the annals of Italia's achievements. Men call it a "New World," when it teemed with ruins gray with years, with cities bluer than Jerusalem, and with moss-wreathed temples as grand as those of Athens or Egypt. How recreant have we been to our high trust to suffer the upstart cognomen of America to supplant the more euphonious and dignified Columbia! Such too often is the only reward the world offers true merit and greatness.

We pass on now to visit the home of the great Dante, and pause to pay a tribute to his genius and drop a tear over his sorrows. All tenderness, intensity, and sincerity, retaining his courage and rejoicing in hope amid all his exile pilgrimage.

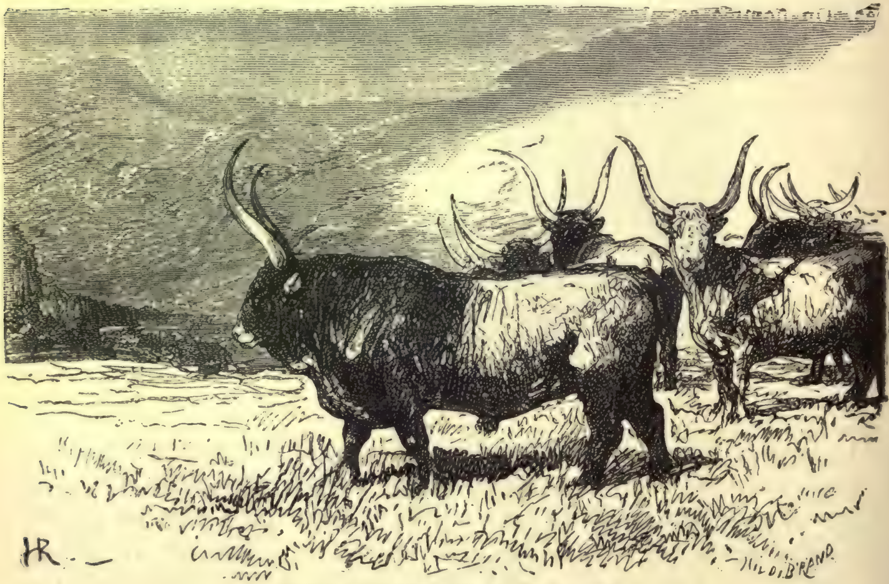
Prophet of God, guiding us safely through the mansions of the accursed to the full beatitude of the blest! Uncrowned, unkinged, unblessed, still murmuringly echoing the sweet strains of



VIA DELLA PILOTTA.

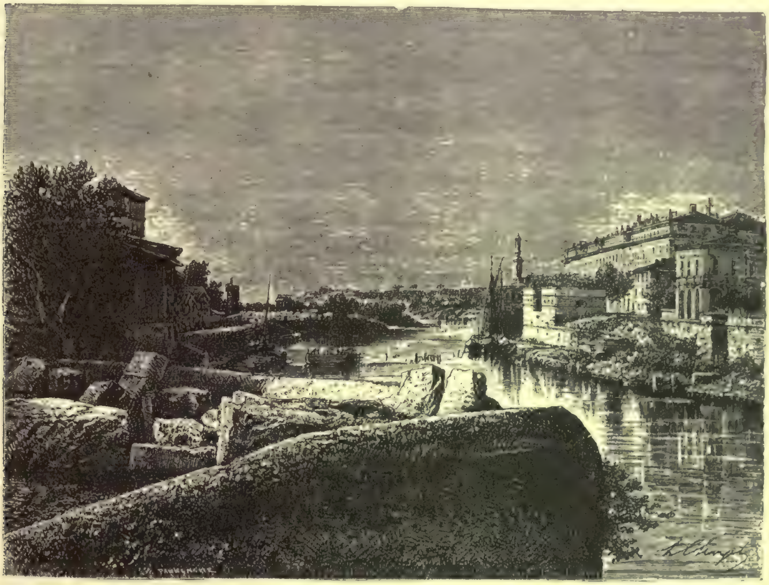
his native heaven. What human ear was ever permitted to hear such low-toned, myriad-voiced music as this accredited interpreter of that oracle of divinity within? Men gave him no purple mantle or laurel wreath, but now he wears a robe of righteousness and fadeless crown with the exalted of that kingdom without end. Here in this lonely cot, without ornament or beauty of proportion, the wild bird plumed his golden wing for those heavenward soarings from which no cruel edict could ever banish him.

Now we have reached the lonely Campagna, which but for the dust of dead men's bones, and its proximity to Rome, would be as unattractive as any locality in Italy. A solitary sweep of scene, a wild, level waste away from human life and hum. What may be called earth for your foundation, refuses to bear the foundation for the daintiest foot, pale and rotten as human bones after many centuries. The tangled grass waves sluggishly in the evening breeze, and the mouldering earth is ever restless from the struggle of the countless sleepers it contains in its inhospitable embrace; and but for huge remnants of what were once gigantic structures forbidding the great upheaval, what a scene might meet the eye! But its historical associations are of the most interesting character, and it is a melancholy thought that this once densely populated plain, with its prosperous towns and thriving villages, has dwindled down into a dismal waste with only a small portion cultivated. It is at best but a smitten desert, every mound of which is a chronicle of a buried age and forgotten world—a hot, burning, pestiferous plain where every breath you draw is sulphurous, poisonous fire, thick with tormenting things, condemned to be tortured in this sea of flame. Who has not heard of the effect of mist on this haunted spot, and the hills of Sorrento. It is worth a journey to Rome to witness this work of nature. Half ether, half dew, see those burning tints of noon-day sun lighting up each spire of grass



CATTLE OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

and lordly tree, until the whole waste seems ablaze with the intensity of such coloring as we fancy enters into the drapery that encircles the great Presence Chamber of the Eternal Power. Wait awhile until the gorgeous tinting sobers down into a soft purple haze, and we'll climb those distant hill-slopes to



ON THE TIBER, BETWEEN THE HOSPITAL OF ST. MICHAEL AND THE AVENTINE.

catch the first glimpse of St. Peter's Church, which is all we descry of the great city. The view at this distance is too imperfect to attempt a description. We hasten on, as the heart is panting for greater things that await us in the distance.

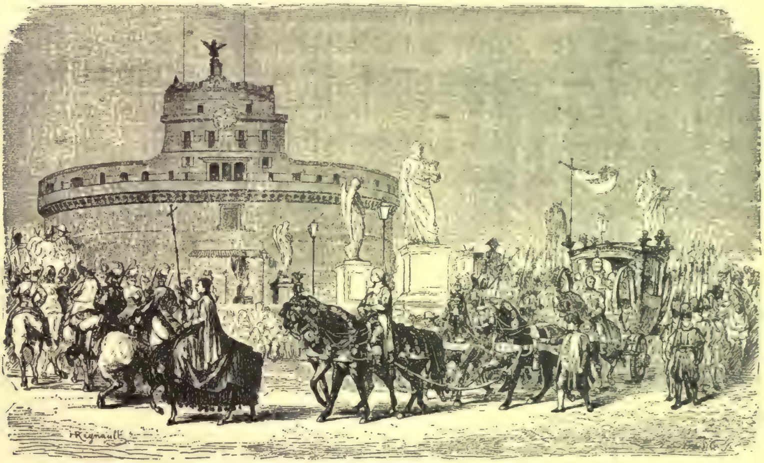
Hail mighty Rome! City of the soul! Mother of empires, in comparison with which all other cities are but villages, all other sovereigns but spectres of imperial power. She with her mighty sea of human faces, ranging from four to fourteen millions, to throng her palaced ways and grace her triumphal processions! Welcome little Tiber, that saw the first mud-roofed hut of Romulus and his robber band reared upon the Palatine, saw the Golden Capitol upon the royal Capitoline, witnessed the height of glory and regal splendor of the Imperial Twelve! Yes, old Tiber, the same during all this mournful change, the same silent, apathetic looker-on, even when the magic name of Rome was smothered down by the rude clamor and dissonant jargon of the upstart Byzantine capital, and the Eternal City, she under whose protecting ægis the whole habitable world then recognized by history reposed in security for centuries, lost for ever! Ah! dumb are her ancient oracles, no mystic symbols are found in her Cumean grotto, Dodona is voiceless, and the Delphic cell boasts no more inspiration.

The architecture of modern Rome bespeaks a pitiable degeneration of taste, and is at best but an imposing display of gilded fretwork, an extravagant exhibition of every variety of costly relic from her old tomb. Yonder stands the Colosseum, symbol of her greatness, towering one hundred feet, and a third of a mile in circumference—a majestic mass of rock, a world of stone, from whose partial ruin cities have been reared. No building ever raised by man has witnessed such scenes of cruelty and suffering, or cried for more blood. Who did the work for the mighty Cæsar, and piled block after block, till human endurance cried enough, but poor captive Jews? And little he recked the physical agony it cost as stroke after stroke from the black-bearded victim accomplished the herculean wonder. Well might the old Anglo-Saxon pilgrim prophetically sing:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the World."

We will see the Pantheon, now a Christian church, with its grand dome and beautiful columns, the best preserved of all Rome's buildings. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, without windows, with walls eighteen feet thick, and through the roof, from an opening twenty-five feet in diameter, is admitted all its light. The Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the Basilica of Constantine, and the Flavian Amphitheatre all tower around us as we examine but imperfectly all these wonders. Our feet are deep in monumental dust, and brain and heart ache under memory's burden. Man may excavate and disinter, but ancient Rome will through all ages remain an inexhaustible quarry.

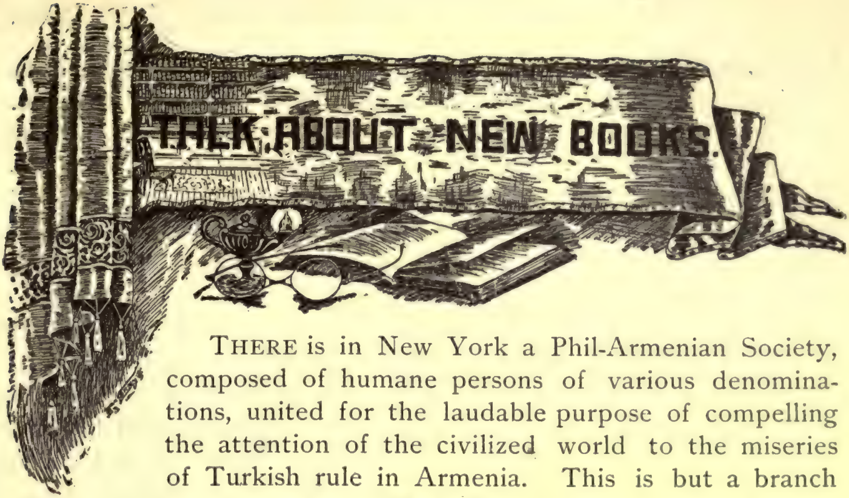
St. Peter's Church is now before us, occupying the site of the old church of Constantine, which, we are told, was erected on the spot that witnessed the crucifixion of St. Peter. In its survey the mind of the beholder is swayed by a solemn and oppressive magnificence; but it is the interior and cupola, united with the tremendous extent, which renders this sanctuary one of the greatest wonders of the world. This cathedral covers six acres, and is built in the form of a cross. The immense Vatican, which is an arm of this cross, embraces several acres, and on its roof are flower gardens and fruitful orchards. On the roof of the cathedral is a little village consisting of three hundred workmen and their families, making an aggregate of twelve hundred people. They use alcohol instead of fire for all purposes. Nero's circus grounds once occupied the site of this mighty fabric. One hundred and fifty years were consumed in completing the accessories alone of this huge building; and twenty-five million dollars of capital were expended in the erection; and now six thousand pounds are annually required for necessary repairs. Was there ever such an atmosphere to annihilate distance? ever an object of such mammoth proportions and stupendous design, with surroundings just such as the æsthetic architect would demand? The dome rising to the height of five hundred feet in the clear cerulean of such a sky as that which overarches it, and on the famous hill from which the city loved to look down so proudly upon her endless domains, where all the triumph of her victors and all her grand processions prepared their imposing ceremonial.



A PONTIFICAL PROCESSION IN THE PRE-REVOLUTION DAYS.

We will enter. What an ocean of light flows from those one hundred brazen lamps, ever burning to illume the sacred passage to the crypt below, where they tell us the dust of St. Paul and Peter mingle in holy unity! Look around, and what an overpowering sense of sanctity seems to pervade through all its vastness and beauty! Whence came those precious marbles and metals, this profusion of gems and gold, those admirable mosaics and exquisite statuettes, along with countless wreaths, crosses, tiaras, festoons, angels, and medallions that oppress the eye as you tread on the finest porphyry? Raise your eye to the gilded vault, as all around are Corinthian pilasters with their superb entablatures. So perfect, too, is everything in its proportion as to create a doubt that the ceiling of the nave is double the altitude of that of Westminster Abbey, and the vault of the dome almost double that height. Wonderful that those infant cherubs at the base of the pilasters are six feet high; the pen of St. Luke, who stands there, six feet long, and the figure of the saint sixteen feet in height. The piers that support that inimitable structure are eighty-four feet in diameter, and the magnificent bronze baldacchino over the great altar ninety feet above the pavement. Are we dreaming, or verily treading the pavement of St. Peter's?

Shall we leave ere we see the mighty dome, that climax of all the marvels of architectural ambition? We'll ascend that spiral flight of steps, one hundred and forty-four in number, and gain the highest point of observation, as a miniature world lies at our feet. See the grand cupola with its sixteen smaller ones around it, each fit to adorn as many churches; and two, more than a hundred feet high, worthy of the proudest cathedral. Now we'll continue to ascend until we gain the very apex, and enjoy a full view of the Seven Hills, which sink into littleness with their valleys, and everything dwindles away but the great church and adjoining Vatican. When we first beheld it through its distance of miles, no spire, no turret, no battlement or tower told us of Rome, only this huge, majestic dome looking up against the gilded horizon, weird, ghostly, portentous. Nearer, yet nearer we approached it, but still it towered for ever over the pale masses of city pomp that crouch at its feet. Strange, awful, mysterious majesty this, that dwarfs all else of greatness into very insignificance! See it through the ruby hues of Aurora's crown, through the sapphire arch of unclouded noon-day, or the evanescent gleams of the amethystine sky, through the dead-leaf mists of the evening twilight, but it is never less than St. Peter's, the proudest representative of Rome and papacy. The riches of an empire are within its walls, all art has been exhausted in its decoration; and its solidity might suggest it was reared for eternity. 'Tis the first and last view we have of the Eternal City as it towers in bold relief against the crystal sky, the most majestic thing in all Europe, swelling triumphantly in the distance and silence of numbers of miles.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE is in New York a Phil-Armenian Society, composed of humane persons of various denominations, united for the laudable purpose of compelling the attention of the civilized world to the miseries of Turkish rule in Armenia. This is but a branch of a much larger question. The rule of Turkey, unhappily, extends over many places containing a large proportion of Christian inhabitants, and the normal operation of this supremacy is oppressive, fanatical, and thievish. Professor Freeman, the distinguished historian, does not hesitate to give it its most descriptive title. He designates it simply as "organized brigandage." As long as the regular course of robbery and injustice is allowed to pursue its perennial way, the fanaticism of the Turk rests in lazy torpidity. But let his savage instincts be once aroused by any demonstration of resistance, and all the tiger stirs within him at once. Like Othello, he cries out for blood, and he generally manages to get it in plenty before he is appeased.

The Phil-Armenian Society has published a book, written by Frederick Davis Greene, M.A.,* who for several years resided in Armenia and was connected with a Protestant mission there—the American Board in Van. We have the word of the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., that he writes now as the representative of no society, religious or political, but we have proof that the old leaven works in him for all that when dealing with certain portions of his subject, or else that his many years of residence in the country did not avail to make him acquainted with the facts. In a chapter treating of the religion of the Armenians he descants as follows:

"All Armenians—except perhaps the Catholic, whose allegiance has been transferred, of course, to Rome—still cherish a passionate attachment for the venerable church of their ancestors, to which they owe their identity as a people after the terrible vicissitudes of so many centuries. It is true that Armenians who have come under European influence, especially French, have to some extent become sceptical and indifferent to religion. But even such men still profess at least an outward loyalty, as a matter of sentiment, and because they believe the formal preservation of the Armenian Church to be the condition of national union in the future as it has been in the past. It is, indeed, almost a political necessity, as the Ottoman Empire is now constituted.

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* *The Armenian Crisis in Turkey.* By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"It is to be hoped that the time will come when the children of the Armenian Church of every shade will no longer look upon her as a mother frail and failing, yet to be treated with respect while she lasts; nor as a mother ignorant and bigoted beyond hope of reform; still less, as one heretical and to be abandoned for Rome."

Now, the inference which people unacquainted with the truth would draw from these references to Rome, is that Rome is inimical to the nationality of the Armenian Church. If the writer does not know that the contrary is the fact, it is astonishing how he could be so long a resident of the country and unaware of the truth; if he is aware of it, what are we to say of his misrepresentation? Last November we published an article on the Armenian Church by the Bishop of Tarsus and Adana, Right Rev. Paul Terzian, in which the position of Rome toward the Armenian Church was clearly set forth. That position was expressly stated in a recent Encyclical by Pope Leo XIII. The Armenians are freely conceded the enjoyment of their own ancient ritual and their own liturgy and language. The principle of national unity is thus clearly recognized—in fact the Armenian clergy are strictly enjoined to guard and preserve their ancient national rite. It is the schismatic Armenian Church and the Protestant 'verts who are the real sources of danger to the preservation of the national form of worship. The church in Armenia, before the schism, was in complete communion with Rome, and the ancient hymns and ritual, as used still by the schismatic Armenians, expressly acknowledged the spiritual headship of the successor of St. Peter, by whose favor the first great apostle of the Armenians, St. Gregory the Illuminator, was enabled to evangelize the country in the beginning.

One entire chapter in this work is occupied, despite the writer's disclaimer of any missionary connection, with a statistical and a general statement of the results of American Protestant missionary enterprise in Turkey. Whether these statistics and generalities have any real value or not, we do not perceive what relevancy they have to the object of this book. If the writer have really in view the enlisting of the general sympathy for the oppressed Armenians, the introduction of these questionable sectarian topics is hardly likely to effect such an object.

Sympathizing as we do with all our heart with the sorely persecuted Christians of Armenia, whether orthodox, schismatical or Protestant, we deprecate any attempt to alienate the moral support of the great Catholic body in this country and elsewhere by these covert insinuations and open perversions of the truth. We think this book calculated rather to do a vast amount of harm, by the spirit in which it is written, than any good to the Armenian cause. Furthermore, we believe it to be a stupid and self-stultificatory book, inasmuch as, after proving the existence of such horrors in Turkish rule as undoubtedly demand that Turkey be put beyond the pale of civilization and punished for her crimes against Heaven and man, it whiningly pleads for the "loyalty" of the American missionaries to that unspeakable and revolting rule, and their consequent tame acquiescence in the oppression of the devoted Armenian people.

"It is very important to note," says the writer, "that charges against the missionaries of disloyalty to the Sultan have never been sustained for a moment, and that investigation has shown them to be obedient to the laws, and opposed to revolutionary sentiments upon the part of any of the subjects of the empire. The highest officials have repeatedly borne public testimony to the valuable services of the Americans in educational, literary, medical, and philanthropic lines. Even H. I. M. Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid has graciously given expression to his confidence in Americans as being free from any political designs, such as all Europeans are supposed to entertain."

Here we have two very significant admissions. In the first place, we have the plea of "loyalty to the sultan"—that is, acquiescence in the horrible oppression of the Armenian Christians—and in the second, an admission that, while disavowing interference in politics, interference has been steadily practised in opposing the revolutionary ideas of the oppressed people. Is this in accordance with American principles? We answer emphatically not. It is no business of the American missionary to dictate to any people whether or not they ought to imitate the founders of the American Constitution in flinging loyalty to inveterate and unalterable oppression to the winds? The wrongs of the Armenians cry to heaven for vengeance; they demand the strongest expression of reprobation and abhorrence of the perpetrators. But we would strongly urge the Phil-Armenian Society, if they hope for a successful issue to their appeal, to purge their book of these objectionable features and let the spirit of charity and manly sympathy have a fair field.

The mysterious tie between true religion and true art is recognized in nothing so clearly or impressively as in noble architecture. It is driven home to the mind with irresistible force at the sight of some majestic cathedral, where the spirituality of the conception is made apparent by the patient study of the beautiful outlines and the loveliness of the intricate detail. Mr. Walter Cranston Larned has fully realized the relation, in his investigation of the great Gothic monuments of Europe. We have some fine descriptions, full of reverential appreciation, in his new book on Mediæval France.* If it is marred here and there by some traces of prejudice, we may overlook the fault as the perhaps unconscious leaven of inveterate habit and inoculation. Some fine half-tone illustrations of the chief cathedrals and castles are given. The output of the book is very creditable to the Scribner firm.

Japan and its people fill the stage of general curiosity now more than ever. The world always regarded them as a gifted people; their more modern achievements in constitutional ways and in the field of war have set the stamp and seal of originality upon them. Everything, therefore, that sheds the light of truth upon their ways and modes of thought is to be welcomed.

In a work entitled *Occult Japan*, by Percival Lowell,† we get an insight into the strange inner life of the cult or religion which, long antedating the advent of Buddhism in the country, was the prevalent belief of all, having no distinctive name. When Buddhism came, this religion was given the appellation Shinto, which means the Way of the Gods, in contradistinction to Butsudo, or the Way of Buddha.

The author spent a good deal of time in Japan, and during his sojourn was enabled accidentally to gain some knowledge of the working of a strange part of the Shinto system—namely, the belief in divine possession. There seems to be no doubt that many well-meaning persons entertain the belief that they do become possessed by the Shinto deity, in much the same way as the priestesses of the pagan cult in ancient Greece ostensibly acted as oracles and prophetesses, under the influence of some powerful mental tension. The privilege of getting

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* *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France.* By Walter Cranston Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods.* By Percival Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"possessed" is open to every ordinarily well-conducted person in the Shinto communion. The belief in miracles is another common characteristic of the Japanese, and some of the "miracles" witnessed by the author seem so silly in his chronicle that one cannot help wondering whether the people who are so imposed upon and the race who are leading the way in Eastern civilization are really one and the same. The fact that the author could not account for a few of the legerdemain-like tricks he witnessed does not alter their ridiculous character. To Mr. Lowell, indeed, the whole of the religious life of the Japanese appeared a subject only for contemptuous amusement. To any Western not gifted with Sir Edwin Arnold's super-sympathetic assimilativeness there are mysteries, no doubt, in Oriental asceticism and metaphysical life which must at times appear grotesque; yet a prolonged sneer at what one cannot comprehend is not the best manner of endeavoring to elude the difficulty of a task which ought never to have been undertaken. There is much in the Japanese religious system which leads to morality and purity of life, and this is a very happy predisposition for the reception of a nobler message. When we get to those portions of his book which are free from this tendency, we get many very interesting glimpses of the intellectual life of Japan and the strange ingenuousness of mind which characterizes the believers in Shinto. That abnormal condition which permits of hypnotism in western lands appears to be the rule there. The latter part of the book is indeed largely taken up with a discussion of psychic and cerebral phenomena, of a highly scientific character at times, and at others carried on in a vein of caustic pleasantry. One thing is very clear—that the most brilliant scientists are unable to explain the causes of psychic action, or agree on the sources of will-power or its subjection to other will by the process known as hypnotism. When such is the case with regard to a material fact, as we may term it, it is hard to see what light can be thrown upon questions involving a spiritual belief in connection with some of these strange phenomena of our physical nature by investigators who approach them in such a spirit.

To his seven brothers the Rev. John S. Vaughan dedicates a popular treatise on the immortality of the soul, under the title *Life after Death.** It is in itself a remarkable fact that any one family could send so large a number of distinguished men to the service of the institution whose *raison d'être* is the soul's immortality. Six members of the Vaughan family embraced holy orders, two attaining to the archbishopric, and one to the cardinalate; while a third occupies the distinguished position of Superior of the Jesuit Mission in Manchester. That such a number of priests should spring from one generation of a Catholic family in a land where Catholicism was supposed to be stamped out until it had no legal existence, is a strong argument for the immortality of the faith, as this is in turn for the immortality of the soul.

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* *Life after Death; or, Reason and Revelation on the Immortality of the Soul.* By Rev. John S. Vaughan. New York: Benziger Brothers. London: B. F. Laslett & Co.; R. Washbourne. Dublin: Gill & Son.

The component parts of this book formed a series of papers written for the Liverpool *Catholic Times* at the request of Monsignor Nugent. It was the aim of the writer to keep them as free as possible from any appearance of learned profundity, so that the simplest order of intellect should have no difficulty in following their arguments. But simplicity in language, as in some kinds of architecture, is often only another name for grace and strength and harmony of composition.

It may be urged, in objection to this book, that the subject is trite. All that can be said about immortality of the soul is anticipated by the believer; if there were anything new to urge, the process would be somewhat akin to that of "carrying coals to Newcastle." To the non-believer of the order of mind which says, "I will believe nothing which I cannot see or cannot be proved to me, and you cannot prove immortality," there is no use in addressing any appeal to reason. But there are many of sceptical or wavering tendencies who exhibit no such mulishness on a matter of such transcendent importance, and to that class the logic of this work must present itself at least as a thing which cannot be passed by with a mere expression of dissent. It abounds in propositions and examples put in the most striking way. It shows how futile is the contention that because faith rests upon a grand *à priori* argument, it must be rejected, inasmuch as science, whose theories and conclusions are accepted without demur by agnostics in religion, demands an *à priori* admission, an utterly unknown quantity, of a far less reasonable character. Those chapters which deal with the objections to religion from the scientist's stand-point are especially happy in their sallies and rejoinders.

Father Vaughan plays with his adversaries as a skilful swordsman, and the thrust and parry of his brilliant blade is very delightful to follow.

The historical novel needs something more than the power of narration to make it an acceptable vehicle for the diffusion of historical truth. It ought not to be attempted save by those who possess the power of divesting it of this character and making its *dramatis personœ* beings of flesh and blood and passion and sympathy, such as those who made history actually were in their day.

We regret to say that this power is not exhibited in the book entitled *Dervorgilla*.* It is all the more to be regretted inasmuch as the lady who wrote the greater part of it had taken great pains to master the facts of the dismal story of Ireland's betrayal, and possessed a considerable grasp of the political situation and the social condition of Ireland at the time of MacMurrough's treachery. She died before the work was completed according to her own view—a fact which may account for the crude condition in which the closing portion is presented. It seems to have been her aim to redeem the fame of Dervorgilla, and to explain in a rational way the reasons of her departure with MacMurrough from Brefny. We can only regret that the excellence of the intention was marred by the hand of illness, as we learn from a note by the author's brother, and the devotion with which the writer clung to her task all through a lingering malady, to the very point of death, must invest the work with something of the character of a tragic literary legacy.

A capital book for juveniles has just made its appearance. Its title is *Army Boys and Girls*,† and its author is a Catholic lady who has lived with the army and knows her theme thoroughly. Mrs. Bonesteel is the wife of an army officer, and shows that she has as quick an eye and ear for the details of military life as a West Point graduate. The stories are full of incident and vivacity. Their fidelity to nature is exhibited in the impartiality with which they reproduce some of the rough aspects of camp life as well as its more pleasing amenities. Although some of the tales teach an impressive religious lesson, none are what might strictly be classed as religious stories, for the humorous side of human nature finds its reflection in them no less than the graver phases of life. The book is produced in a brave suit of blue and silver, with military insignia, and has several spirited illustrations.

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* *Dervorgilla; or, The Downfall of Ireland.* By Miss Anna C. Scanlan. Completed and revised, with preface, map, illustrations, and notes, by Charles M. Scanlan.

† *Army Boys and Girls.* By Mary G. Bonesteel. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

SOCIALISM.*

Under the title *Practicable Socialism* Mr. and Mrs. Barnett publish a volume of essays which had been contributed by them to magazines and journals in England. Mr. Barnett, who appears to be a clergyman in East London, set about certain labors in the way of social reform among the poor of that unhappy region, and in his work he had an earnest coadjutor in his wife. The essays are in part suggestions and in part accounts of the result of the experience of the writers.

Mr. Barnett is perhaps correct in saying that the poverty problem of the United States is so difficult that few American citizens possess the proper knowledge for treating it adequately. Accordingly, with the characteristic modesty of his country, he sets about dealing with the subject himself.

We shall simply say that Mr. and Mrs. Barnett may be, and we believe are, excellent people, and we sincerely regret that they considered it necessary to draw from their graves in the different periodicals the essays which constitute the handsome and well-printed volume before us.

NEW BOOKS.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Augustine of Canterbury. By Edward L. Cutts, D.D.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Outre Mer: Impressions of America. By Paul Bourget. *How the Republic is Governed.* By Noah Brooks.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

A New Practical German Grammar and Exercise Book. By Dr. Rudolf Sonnenburg and Rev. Michael Schoelch.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Theologia Moralis per Modum Conferentiarum auctore Clarissimo. By P. Benjamin Elbel, O.S.F. Vol. III. *Little Merry Face and his Crown of Content, and other Tales.* By Clara Mulholland. *The Jewish Race in Ancient and Roman History.* By A. Rendu, LL.D. Translated by Theresa Crook. Eleventh edition. *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics.* By Joseph Gillow. Vol. IV. *An Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles.* By his Grace Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The World as the Subject of Redemption. By W. H. Fremantle, M.A.

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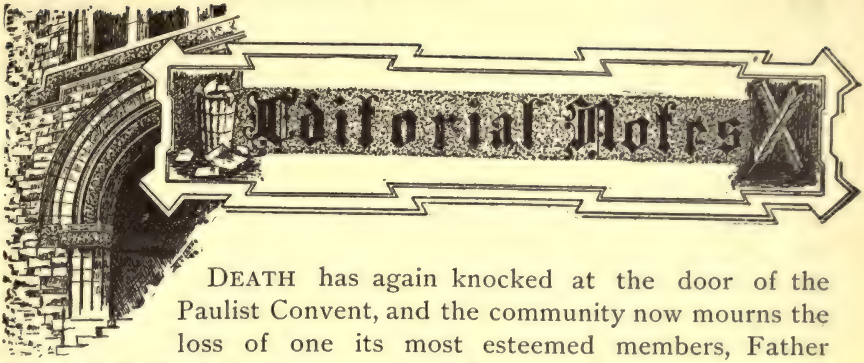
* *Practicable Socialism.* By Samuel and Henrietta Barnett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Editorial Notes



DEATH has again knocked at the door of the Paulist Convent, and the community now mourns the loss of one its most esteemed members, Father Edward B. Brady. A most unselfish and devoted servant of God was he who was called away. During a ministry of nearly a quarter of a century he labored with an earnestness that never faltered in the work to which he had consecrated the best years of an early manhood and the best thought of a bright intellect. Amongst the poor in the immediate vicinity of the Paulists' parish he was especially active in the work of spiritual and social reformation. His early demise, quite unexpected by those who had seen him in vigorous health on his departure for San Francisco only a few months ago, came as a painful shock, but the severity of the blow was mitigated by the recollection of the many lessons which the deceased priest had given in his earthly career of perfect resignation to the Divine will and humble trust in the mercy of Him to whose service he had devoted his heart and mind and talent.

◆

An event of far-reaching importance in the East is the cessation of the war between China and Japan, culminating in a treaty of peace between the two powers. The war thus closed has been a unique one. History affords no parallel for the unbroken success which characterized the attacking power. In every operation the Japanese were victorious, and in many cases most easily so. The destructive power of modern naval artillery and torpedo boats was for the first time demonstrated in this war, as several important engagements were fought by the Japanese and Chinese iron-clad fleets. The destruction was terrific, and the work of the immense exploding shells amongst masses of combatants most ghastly and horrifying. Almost the whole of the Chinese fleet fell into the hands of the Japanese. China was, in the end, beaten to her knees and compelled to sue most abjectly for peace. The exact terms of the treaty are not as yet made public, but it is known that two results are certain from it—namely, the independence of Corea and the cession of the island of Formosa to the Japanese. The European powers appear to have set their faces against any cession of Chinese territory on the mainland to Japan, as at first demanded, it would seem, by the victor. But what is just as repugnant, at least to England, appears likely to result from this singular war. An alliance between the late combatants for offensive and defensive purposes, as well as for industrial development in China, is talked of. This contingency is regarded as a very alarming one in England, as that country's trade with China is enormous. It is therefore not improbable that some curious developments in oriental affairs may soon be looked for.

◆

The *Astronomical Journal* (December 10) reports that the late comet, discovered by Edward Swift November 20, was observed by Barnard at the Lick Observatory on the three days immediately following. The finding ephemeris was derived from the elements of computation by Father Searle, who made the only other successful observation at the Catholic University at Washington.

◆

A fresh proof of the amazing mental vigor of the Sovereign Pontiff, but more so still, his burning anxiety for a healing of old wounds in the Christian body, is furnished in the appearance of a new Encyclical. In this document, which was given in English in the London *Times* on April 19, the Pope makes a strong plea for the reunion of Christendom and an alliance of all Christian peoples against modern infidelity. At the same time he acknowledges in warm terms the services which English legislation of late years has rendered to the cause of progress, in providing for the betterment of the laborer, the spread of education, the observance of Sunday, and like orderly objects. At the close there is a form of prayer recommended to English Catholics, with an indulgence of three hundred days attached to its due recital.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE ON THE LORD'S DAY.

(*From McClure's Magazine for March.*)

THE festival of the new life! Not merely of the act of our Lord's rising, which had for its counterpart the act of the Creator's resting; but of the life, and the employments of the life, which in His Resurrection body He then began. Here comes into view a point not only of difference, but of contrast. The Fourth Commandment enjoined not a life, but a death; and all that may now be thought to require a living observance of the day is not read in, but (as the lawyers say) read into it. But the celebration of the Lord's Day is the unsealing of a fountain-head, a removal of the grave-clothes from the man found to be alive, the opening of a life spontaneous and continuous. It reminds me of the arm of a Highland river which the owner of the estate dammed up with a sluice on all ordinary days, but on special days he removed the barrier, and the waters flowed. And flowed how long? Until the barrier was replaced. Not for a measured half-hour or hour, but as long as they were free to flow; and not by propulsion from without, but by native impulse from within. And in like manner the question for the Christian is not how much of the Lord's Day shall we give to service directly divine. If there be any analogous question it is, rather, how much of it shall we withhold? A suggestion to which the answer obviously is, as much, and as much only, as is required by necessity and by charity or mercy. These are undoubtedly terms of a certain elasticity, but they are quite capable of sufficient interpretation by honest intention and an enlightened conscience. If it be said that religious services are not suited for extension over the whole day, and could only lead to exhaustion and reaction, I would reply that the business of religion is to raise up our entire nature into the image of God, and that this, properly considered, is a large employment—so large that it might be termed as having no bounds. But the limit will be best determined by maintaining a true breadth of distinction between the idea of the new life and the work of the old. All that admits the direct application of the new spirit, all that most vividly brings home to us the presence of God, all that savors most of emancipation from this earth and its *biscentum catenæ*, is matter truly proper to the Lord's Day; and what it is in each case the rectified mind and spirit of the Christian must determine. What is essential is that to the new life should belong the flower and vigor of the day. We are born on each Lord's Day morning into a new climate, a new atmosphere; and in that new atmosphere, so to speak, by the law of a renovated nature, the lungs and heart of the Christian life should spontaneously and continuously drink in the vital air.

A NEW SPHERE OF CHURCH ACTIVITY.

(*From the Homiletic Review.*)

NO Christian in touch with the tendencies of the age can doubt that new spheres of usefulness are being opened up to the Church by the labor agitations of the day. Christian literature abounds in discussions of a social character, and this is prophetic that a new era is dawning for practical life, as well as for Christian theology and ethics. Whether the Church is willing or not to take it up, a social mission is being forced on the Church as never before in its history. The meaning of this mission evidently is that the social principles of Christ and his apostles must be clearly and fully expounded and applied to the burning questions of the day. The New Testament has a social system rich in facts, in laws, and in principles; this system and all it involves must be embodied, intellectually and ethically, in the institutions of Christianity. We need the Christian solution for such problems as these: What is society? How is the individual related to it? What social distinctions are sanctioned by the Gospel? What place does the personality occupy in contrast with things? What views prevail respecting labor and service? What is the duty of the strong to the weak? How would Christ's law of love and sympathy affect modern society? These and numerous other questions are of first importance, and their answers would bring the Gospel into the most immediate and most vital contact with the deepest concerns of the age.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

AMONG the scholars in our public schools and colleges ignorance of the Bible, so we are told, prevails "to an extent inconceivable to any person a generation ago." The Editor's Study in *Harper's Monthly* (March) refers to "recent statistics" on the subject (without giving them), which are taken to furnish "a curious illustration of the inadequacy of our educational machine to meet the requirements of life." The writer, Charles Dudley Warner, inveighs against this ignorance for reasons aside entirely from religious and ethical considerations. He says:

"Some of these pupils are victims of the idea that the Bible should not be read by the young, for fear that they will be prejudiced in a religious way before their minds are mature enough to select a religion for themselves. Now, wholly apart from its religious or from its ethical value, the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated with it. There is scarcely a great work in the language that can be fully understood and enjoyed without this knowledge, so full is it of allusions and illustrations from the Bible. This is true of fiction, of poetry, of economic and of philosophic works, and also of the scientific and even agnostic treatises. It is not at all a question of religion, or theology, or of dogma: it is a question of general intelligence."

In considering the reasons for this increase of ignorance, Mr. Warner traces it in part to discontinuance of the use of the Bible in public schools, but still more to its changed position in the home. He continues:

"In comparison with its position in the family a generation ago, it is now a neglected book. It is neglected as literature. There are several suggestions for reviving interest in it. One of them is already in operation in Sunday-school work. Another is its study as literature in the schools and colleges. But we believe that the change will only come effectively by attention to the fundamental cause of this ignorance, the neglect of its use in the home in childhood. If its great treasures are not a part of growing childhood, they will always be external to the late possessor. In the family is where this education must begin, and it will then be, as it used to be, an easy and unconscious educator, a stimulus to the imagination, and a ready key to the great world of tradition, custom, history, literature."

POSSIBILITIES OF PREACHING.

(*Rev. St. John Corbett, M.A., in the Religious Review of Reviews.*)

EVERY sermon should aim at the accomplishment of some definite result. The congregation should "carry away" something of it which will make them the gainers for having heard it. It would be hard to enumerate all the possibilities which lie within the reach of a preacher possessing even moderate power over his listeners. But we may name some of them. He may revive the knowledge of his hearers, and increase their interest concerning some passage of Scripture already well known to them. He may suggest a line of thought which they can follow out for themselves at leisure. If an expert at any branch of theological learning, he can teach them something of history or exposition which they could not otherwise learn. And, above all, he can surely keep his eyes open during the week as he goes his daily round, and, without being *personal*, can be *practical* in dealing with the manifold sins which so easily beset the paths of men. It is in striving to appear learned in every sermon that so many of us make shipwreck. To be content with being sensible and useful is to steer an even course between the Scylla of dulness and the Charybdis of inaccuracy.

What we want is to be practical above all things. We have to deal with souls which are in daily danger of being lost. They cannot be lost by any means which are not known to us. Nothing is so stereotyped as sin. The man who simply keeps by him a list of the sins which men and women are tempted to commit day after day will always have something to preach about. It is a sin in itself not to tell and to warn those whom we know to be doing wrong. We must hit hard. Never mind how it hurts if it will save.

TENDENCY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

(*Mr. Richard Burton in the Forum for April.*)

THE spirit that denies, as embodied in Mephistopheles, eats like an acid into the heart of endeavor; it is cynical and contemplative as against the creative and optimistic; but in presentment is smug and decent, *à la mode* in dress, and with the devil's hoof well hidden. In literature it is "artistic," in the jargon of the day. The paramount temptation of the newer generation of literary makers in this country is the acceptance, either by the conscious will or by the unwitting creative soul, of the "art-for-art's-sake" doctrine, that legacy of the French naturalistic school already, by the confession of its great leader, Zola, waning away after thirty years of dominance. In a sentence, this creed would sharply dissever art from ethics; it concedes no morality to literature save the morality of the fine phrase; it is the artist's business to reproduce nature, and he is in nowise implicated in the light-and-shade of his picture except to see to it that the copy is faithful. Taken over into fiction, poetry, and the drama from the sister art of painting, this banner-cry has resulted in a literary product whose foulness and lack of taste—accompanied often by great ability—one must hark back to the decadent classics to parallel.

The negative spirit in England—he adds—is bad enough and sufficiently incongruous, but even if fit for one of the leading lands of Europe, would be peculiarly out of place here in the United States, forelooking to a great future. For American literature-makers to adopt—either consciously or unconsciously—the pessimism and dry-rot of France, Spain, Norway, and England, is an anachronism analogous to that which Greece might have furnished if, in the day of Pericles, she had taken of a sudden to the pensive idyls of Theocritus and the erotic epigrams of Meleager. Our land, entering into its young heyday of national maturity, must develop a literature to express and reflect its ideals, or we shall display to the astonished world the spectacle of a vigorous people, hardly out of adolescence, whose voice is not the big, manly instrument suiting its years, but the thin piping treble of senility. Common sense and patriotism alike forbid such an absurdity.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY AND ITS TASK.

(*Mr. Carroll D. Wright in the Catholic University Bulletin.*)

POLITICAL economy has failed to see that the highest industrial prosperity of nations has attended those periods most given to moral education and practices. History is full of lessons from which the new school will attempt to teach that the growth of a healthy, intelligent, and virtuous operative population is as much for the pecuniary interest of manufacturers themselves as for civilization ; that the decline of the morals of the factory means the decline of the nation ; and that the morals, the force, the higher welfare of the nation, depend upon the welfare of the working masses.

From these premises I predict that political economy will, in the near future, deal largely with the family, with wealth, with the state, as the three features of its doctrines, and not confine itself to wealth alone. Under family, it will take cognizance of the relations of the sexes, marriage and divorce, the position of woman, and the education and employment of children ; the latter forming the most vital element in the economic consideration of the scientists, as well as inviting the ardent sympathies of the philanthropists. Under wealth, the old chapters will be revivified in the light of moral discernment, relative to all the delicate, but always reciprocal, relations of labor and capital. Under state, political ethics will be taught as a direct means of securing the highest material and social posterity.

These considerations in the future will be demanded to answer the question constantly put, how labor may be rendered more generally attractive and remunerative, without impairing the efficiency of capital, so that all the workers of society may have their proper share in the distribution of profits. This I conceive to be the true labor question of to-day in the limited sense. Of course it is not that of the socialists, nor of many radical labor reformers who find themselves on the verge of socialism, but have not the courage to adopt its tenets ; but it is the sober question of the sober, industrious, and thrifty working-men, and the humane, large-hearted employers, of our country—two types of men I prefer to speak to, hoping thereby to indirectly speak to the Shylocks of both orders ; for, while the capitalists have their unprincipled Shylocks in one capacity, the reformers have theirs in another.

The labor question, as I have announced it, seeks no panacea. It recognizes the faults of our civilization as those belonging to development, not to inauguration. " And that there is not any one abuse or injustice prevailing in society by merely abolishing which the human race would pass out of suffering into happiness."* It recognizes the fallacy of attempting to win advantages by isolated attacks at some special point, and that, like Christianity, civilization and its wonderful movements, it must attack all along the line, and hence make itself felt in all progressive steps and attempts to reach a higher and better life. It reaches beyond the hackneyed statements of the old school, that the interests of labor and capital are one, but incorporates them with another, that they are reciprocal; and while it freely admits that capital loans machinery and all the auxiliaries of production to the working-man, without which advance he could not labor, except at ruinous processes, it wants capital to feel that it depends for its vitality upon the ability of labor to accept the loan; that capital invested in the machinery of the plant is dead matter until the operative vitalizes it with his presence; and it knows well that, if either undertakes to do as it chooses, it either falls or is obliged to accept the most meagre results. It demands that each should consult the other if both are to be active and productive; and its advocates find that in all communities where reciprocal interests prevail, and a moral standard actuates both parties, the best prosperity is sustained. And, reaching farther than individuals and beyond industrial success, it claims that a broad catholicity in trade is essential to national success, and must take the place of the grasping principles of the old school, which have been sufficiently disastrous to both individuals and to nations. These demands, which seek to avoid adjustments by all and every revolutionary means suggested by enthusiasts, and which appear upon the surface at every recurrence of industrial depression, are based upon ethical grounds, and yet in them lie the elements of economical progress.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS PARLIAMENT EXTENSION.

(*The Monist for April.*)

IT is to be hoped that the World's Religious Parliament Extension will contribute toward that common ideal of all religious minds which will at last unite mankind in one faith and prepare the establishment of a church universal. Rituals and symbols may vary according to taste, historical tradition, and opinion, but the essence of religion can only be one and must remain one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions. The sooner mankind recognizes it the better it will be for progress, welfare, and all international relations, for it will bring "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace towards the men of good-will."

We can see as in a prophetic vision the future of mankind; when the religion of love and good-will has become the dominating spirit that finally determines the legislatures of the nations and regulates their international and home politics. Religion is not for the churches, but the churches are for the world, in which the field of our duties lies. Let us all join the work of extending the bliss of the Religious Parliament. Let us greet not our brethren only, but also those who in sincerity disagree from us, and let us thus prepare a home in our hearts for truth, love, and charity, so that the kingdom of heaven, which is as near at hand now as it was nineteen hundred years ago, may reside within us and become more and more the reformatory power of our public and private life.

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* Mill, *Chapters on Socialism.*

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE programme of the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain for the session of 1895, extending six weeks from July 7 to August 18, has been announced by the chairman of the Board of Studies, Rev. F. P. Siegfried, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. For the purpose of aiding systematic study all the lectures are arranged in courses. This plan has academic reasons in its favor, but it excludes the possibility of utilizing the large and varied experience of numerous influential men among the Catholic laity who can condense valuable information on current topics into one lecture. Conferences will be arranged for practical talks on Sunday-school work, Reading Circles, and other important subjects. Two sermons will be preached each Sunday, morning and evening, according to a definite plan having as a central point the Church. Each week has three distinct courses, which will be an inducement to those who cannot be present for the whole session. No guarantee is needed in advance that a visit to Lake Champlain even for one week during the session of the Catholic Summer-School will be both pleasant and profitable. The subjects mentioned in the following programme are varied and interesting. No previous gathering of Catholics in the United States ever had a more illustrious array of speakers :

First Week, July 8.—Rev. W. H. O'Connell, of Boston.—The External Relations of the Early Church.

Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., of St. Louis.—Philosophy of Literature.

Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman, S.J.—Mechanics.

Second Week, July 15.—Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Pa.—The Internal Development of the Early Church.

George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., of New London, Conn.—The Beginnings of English Literature.

Brother Baldwin.—Physiology.

Third Week, July 22.—Henry A. Adams, M.A., of Brooklyn.—The Spanish Colonization Period in American History.

V. Rev. John B. Hogan, D.D., Rector of Boston Theological Seminary.—French Literature.

Rev. Hermann J. Heuser, Professor of Sacred Scripture in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.—Studies in Sacred Scripture.

Fourth Week, July 29—Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph.D., C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, Indiana.—Modern Scientific Errors.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, LL.D., of Baltimore.—The Evolution of the Novel.

Rev. H. J. Heuser.—Studies in Sacred Scripture.

Fifth Week, August 5.—Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Boston College.—Psychology.

Lawrence T. Flick, M.D., President of the American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.—The Physical Conditions of Happiness.

Rev. Henry G. Ganss, Carlisle, Pa.—The Evolution of Music.

Sixth Week, August 12.—Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J.—Psychology.

Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vt.—The French Colonization Period in American History.

John La Farge, LL.D., New York.—The Philosophy of Art.

ECCLESIASTICAL SERVICES AND SERMONS.—Pontifical Mass.—Celebrant, Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli, Apostolic Delegate.

July 7, morning sermon by Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Evening sermon by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.

July 14, Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C.S.P., Ph.D.

July 21, morning sermon, by Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. Evening sermon by V. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D.D., Vice-Rector Catholic University of America.

July 28, sermon by Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D.D., Bishop of Springfield.

August 4, sermon by Rev. James Coyle, Newport, R. I.

August 11, morning sermon by Rt. Rev. T. S. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee. Evening sermon by Rev. J. M. Whelan, Ottawa, Canada.

August 18, sermon by V. Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, D.D., V.G., New York.

Special courses may be announced later. As the introduction of special courses for class-work will depend upon the demand for particular studies, all those who would desire to follow a special course might communicate with the secretary at once.

Instructors in special branches for summer courses are also invited to correspond with the secretary.

Address all communications to the Catholic Summer-School of America, 123 East Fiftieth Street, N. Y. City.

* * *

Congratulations and best wishes were sent to the Columbian Catholic Summer-School in this letter:

WORCESTER, MASS., March 7, 1895.

Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., President Columbian Summer-School.
RIGHT REV. DEAR SIR:

At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic Summer-School of America the President and Secretary were instructed to extend to you, and through you to the Western Summer-School, their cordial greeting and good wishes. It is our duty and our pleasure to transmit to you this expression of good will and kindly feeling.

The aim of our schools is identical and the good to be accomplished depends upon our united earnestness. We are both striving under the inspiration of our religion to scatter the fruits of higher intellectuality among our people. In this great country, so dear to us all, the field is a vast one, all the workers are needed, and the truth we are commissioned to teach is the bond to unite us. I need not assure you that from out our experience of three years we cordially greet you as brethren in the great cause of higher education for the people, and we sincerely rejoice in your promise of success, while we pray God to bless you beyond your anticipations. The Catholic Summer-School of America welcomes its sister school and sends its greetings to trustees and students.

THOMAS J. CONATY,
President.

WARREN E. MOSHER,
Secretary.

* * *

In order that the many Catholics who are interested in the higher education of our people may actively participate in the development of the Catholic Summer-School of America, and that they may thus be brought into closer affiliation with this great educational movement, it has been determined to institute Life and Associate Memberships. This honorary membership will consist of men and women whose practical Catholicity, social character, and culture are beyond question.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—There shall be an Honorary Life Membership of eligible Catholics, not to exceed 2,000 in number.

The fee for an Honorary Life Membership shall be one hundred dollars, payments to be made within a reasonable time, and to suit the convenience of members.

When the full amount of membership fee shall have been paid, each member shall be entitled to nominate one person who may attend the lectures of the general courses free. This privilege shall be granted for ten years. A life member may name the same person or a different person each year for this free scholarship. Another privilege of this membership shall be free access to all general courses as well as the privileges of the Administration Building.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.—The Associate Members will pay an initiation fee of twenty-five dollars, and annual dues at half the regular rates.

They shall constitute an active working body in the affairs of the Catholic Summer-School, and shall have free admission to the general courses, special privileges in the Administration Building, and in such other ways as may be determined by the Board of Trustees.

Should a member be unable to attend the sessions of the school, his annual membership ticket, representing dues paid, may be transferred to another member of his family. This annual fee will remain unchanged for Associate Members in the event of an advance in the price of the general lecture courses.

When Associate Members shall have paid one hundred dollars, including initiation fees and dues, they shall have the same privileges as Honorary Life Members, except that which permits the nomination of a candidate for free scholarship.

Special courses, for which special fees may be demanded, are not included in the privilege of either membership.

The Life and Associate Members shall constitute a Roll of Honor, and their names shall appear in the catalogue of the school. They shall receive an honorary certificate under the seal of the Catholic Summer-School of America, on the receipt of which they shall be entitled to all the privileges of their membership.

Full information concerning these memberships will be given on application to any officer or trustee of the Catholic Summer-School.

The Honorary Life and Associate Members of the Catholic Summer-School of America to April 1, 1895, are as follows:

LIFE MEMBERS.—*New York.*—Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D; Right Rev. Monsignor John M. Farley, V.G.; Very Rev. Jos. F. Mooney, D.D., V.G.; Dr. John Aspell, John G. Agar, Louis Benziger, Nicholas C. Benziger, Major John Byrne, Miss E. A. Birmingham, Miss K. G. Broderick, Miss Margaret Barrett, John D. Crimmins, Rev. Chas. H. Colton, Hon. Burke Cochran, James Clarke, Hon. Joseph F. Daly, James Doyle, Charles V. Fornes, John T. Fenlon, Edward D. Farrell, Mrs. M. E. Farrell, Rev. James N. Galligan, Rev. Gabriel Healy, Forbes J. Hennessey, Miss Theresa Julian, Miss Mary A. Julian, Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, Rev. William Livingston, Jesse Albert Locke, Marcus J. McLoughlin, James McParlan, Miss Annie Murray, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Daniel O'Day, Mrs. Walter Roche, William M. Ryan, Philip A. Smyth, Charles W. Sloane, John R. Spellman, Frank C. Travers, Mrs. Frank C. Travers.

Brooklyn.—T. F. Curley, John W. Devoy, Charles A. Hoyt, M. H. Haggerty, John C. Judge, William H. Moffitt, William G. Ross, Marc F. Vallette, LL.D.

Pittsburgh.—F. X. Barr, James Flannery, John Kelly, John Marron, Junius McCormick, C. F. McKenna.

Mrs. A. E. O'Brien, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Crompton, Worcester, Mass.; Stephen Moffitt, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Deering, Chester, Pa.; Miss Sara Dillon, Saratoga, N. Y.; Rev. J. J. Harty, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. J. T. Tuohy, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Fannie Lynch, New Haven, Conn.; Frederick T. Driscoll, Everett, Mass.; John Strootman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss H. E. Looney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, O.; P. M. Kennedy, Youngstown O.; J. J. McNally, Youngstown, O.; Miss Charlotte Dana, Boston, Mass.; Robert J. O'Brien, Jr., Troy, N. Y.; George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., New London, Conn.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.—Miss Mary A. Magovern, New York; Serge A. Deuther, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Teresa Cannon, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ella M. Baird, Burlington, Vt.; Thomas P. Mulligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

We have received the hand-books explaining the Extension Department of the University of the State of New York. The Regents have in this way given deserved recognition to many forms of self-improvement, which their critics in the State Superintendent's office must admit to be of no small value for intelligent citizens. Young men with reputations yet unmade have a chance to work with success in organizing plans for utilizing the travelling libraries, and preparing the way for eminent university professors. The same facilities are extended to women. Questions may be sent to the information bureau established at the State Library, Albany, N. Y., pertaining to any phase of university extension work, and also for guidance in reading courses, home study, and self-culture. Recognition is given to any reputable study club intended to supplement the education regularly provided in the common schools. Notwithstanding the unjust criticism which has appeared in recent reports from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the efforts of the Regents to assist the higher education outside the regular institutions have met with cordial sanction from the people during the past ten years.

Continued study of one subject prevents waste of energy, but is not in all cases practicable owing to the varied opportunities of members. Lord Playfair gives an amusing example of this effort to please all in a single course by quoting the programme of the Mechanics' Institute for 1845. It was as follows: "Wit and humor, with comic songs; Women, treated in a novel manner; Legerdemain and spirit-rapping; The devil (with illustrations); The heavenly bodies in the stellar system; Palestine and the Holy Land; Speeches by eminent friends of education, interspersed with music, to be followed by a ball. Price for the whole 2*s.* 6*d.* Refreshments in the anteroom." The absurdity of this marvellous collection appeals to all, but it is only in a lesser degree that all variety programmes lack true educational value. Yet this is the point hardest to impress on local managers, who with the best of motives neutralize much of the educational value of their work by catering to the demand which results in the "variety hall" entertainments so much deplored by intelligent friends of music and the drama.

This criticism would not, of course, apply to those clubs whose subject is

Current Topics, for this does not mean study of isolated subjects having no connection with each other. The study of recent movements and events is necessarily synthetic, bringing out causes and effects and the interrelation of the incidents of modern progress.

Home study clubs or Reading Circles, wishing for registration in the Extension Department in the University of New York, are required to have an approved course of study, at least five members, and to present an annual report to the Regent's Office at Albany, N. Y. There are no fees for registration. The relation established does not destroy autonomy in the local organization, which is free to follow its own bent without leadership outside itself. While holding the policy of non-interference, the department is always glad to give any desired help either in outlining courses or by more detailed suggestion as to plans and methods of study. By making known experiences shown in the reports, the energy now dissipated in working on problems already solved by other clubs may be utilized in the intellectual work of the club. Blanks for statistics are sent to all clubs, circles, and lecture courses in the State known to the department, and from the returns is decided whether the work done by each reporting body is of such a grade as to entitle it to the endorsement of the State implied in formal registration by the university.

M. C. M.

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IT is hoped that, whenever it be possible, our readers will patronize those who patronize us through our advertising columns. THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE carries the announcements of only such firms as we have every reason to believe are first class and honorable in their business dealings. Most of our readers will have occasion to purchase such goods as are here advertised. They can be assured of doing the Magazine a favor and of getting what they bargain for by purchasing from these firms, and particularly so if they will mention THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Because we try to be choice in selecting advertisements we are always ready to investigate any complaint; while, on the other hand, advertisements that appear should command a liberal patronage.

"HIS CHARITY TOWARDS THE SISTERS HAS NEVER CEASED AND HAS HAD NO LIMIT."—*Page 383.*

THE

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THE PENTECOST.

BY THOMAS F. BURKE.

WED flint to steel; and from their icy hearts,
If chance be kind, to eager being darts
A spark of fire—through blackened chaos flies
An instant's space—it lives, and living, dies.

Wed man to maid; if kindred natures free,
Blest, with a spotless inborn purity,
Each spirit favored with its likeness blends,
Into the other's depth each soul descends,
Perchance to hear the echo of its pain
Or tale of lonesome battles fought in vain—
But wakes a flame of love that mocks at tears,
At toil, rebuke, and grim reproach of years.

Yet higher mount, beyond the stars above,
Where God sees God and Love unites with Love.
Forth bursts a Fire that will not be confined
Within the heavens; but like a mighty wind,
That on celestial hill-tops has its birth,
Envelops space and in broad space our earth,
Our little earth, alive with souls of men—
Behold the Pentecost!

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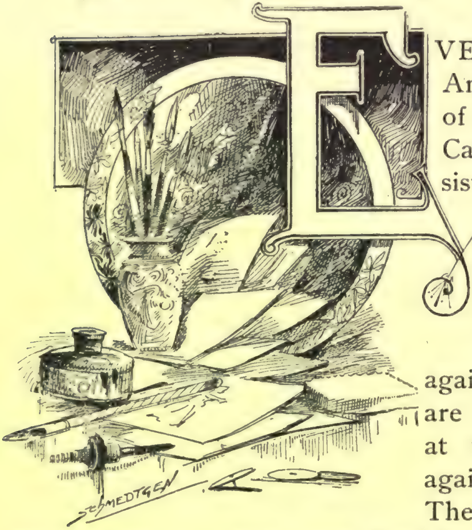
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE PARENT OF REPUBLICS.

BY J. THOMAS SCHARF, A.M., LL.D.



EVER since the settlement of America it has been the cry of bigotry and intolerance that Catholic principles are inconsistent with civil and religious liberty, and destructive of the political institutions which lie at the foundation of our free government. Accusations such as these against Catholics, based as they are on ignorance, fall harmless at their feet and rebound against those who invent them. The history of nineteen centuries shows on every page that the Catholic Church approves of every form of legitimate political government, and its pages equally testify that all republics since the Christian era worthy of that name have been formed and sustained by a people holding principles which spring from the Catholic faith, our own republic not excepted. He whose intellectual vision is open to the light of first principles and their main bearings, and is not altogether a stranger to true history, knows full well that the Catholic Church has battled her whole lifetime for those rights of man and that liberty which confer the greatest glory on the American Republic. If Protestants have contributed to human freedom, it was not as Protestants; the motives which prompted them did not spring from their religious creed. In no place where Protestantism prevailed among a people as their religion has it given birth to a republic, and nowhere in the nineteenth century does there exist a republic in a Protestant land.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF THE CHURCH.

To enumerate the magnificent services of the Church in the cause of civilization would involve little less than an abridgement of the acts of her innumerable councils, and an epitome of the works and policy of her pontiffs, hierarchy, and clergy. The church was so trammelled and oppressed by the Roman government, during the first three centuries of her existence, that her influence on society during that period could not be fully exercised, nor extensively felt. Still, though crushed and bleeding, she spoke with a voice which raised up and comforted the poor and the persecuted, and softened down the tyranny, or struck terror into the bosom of the persecutor. In the second century Tertullian could appeal to the immense number of Christians in every part of the empire, as an argument to prove the impotency of tyranny, and as a powerful inducement to stay the arm of persecution. In the fourth century we find the church employing her newly acquired influence on civil society for the mitigation of tyranny, and the vindication of the oppressed. At Milan we behold an Ambrose refusing communion to the great Theodosius, who, in an evil hour, had ordered a massacre of his people in the streets of Thessalonica, without distinction of guilty and innocent. This stain of blood was washed out only by a public penance such as the lowest member of the church would have been constrained to undergo for a similar offence. In the East we see a Chrysostom rebuking, with all his burning eloquence, the vices of an empress. We say nothing of an Athanasius, of a Hilary, or of the Roman pontiffs, who during the fierce days of Arianism had the courage to suffer for the faith, and to tell the truth to those emperors who, before their conversion to Christianity, had been worshipped as gods, but were now to be taught that they were weak, erring men.

NO DIVINE RIGHT FOR KINGS.

As early as the eighth century Pope Zachary, in writing to the French, has these remarkable words: "The prince is responsible to the people whose favor he enjoys; whatever he has, power, honor, riches, glory, dignity, he has received from the people, and he ought to restore to the people what he has so received from them. The people make the king; they can also unmake him." And the same enlightened views were adopted and repeated by his successors and by the most eminent theologians. There is one especially that rises high above all others, and embodies in his writings the opinions of the clergy, and the spirit of the age in which he lived.

The profound and accurate scholar and "Angelic Doctor," St. Thomas Aquinas, proclaimed from the middle of the thirteenth century that "kings do not rule by divine right, but by human authority; and that to decree anything for the good of the commonwealth, belongs either to the people or to their representatives"; and lays it down as a matter certain and examined, that "political governments and kingdoms are founded not on divine but on human law."

Another writer of high authority in the Catholic Church maintained the supremacy of the people against the very body of men that charge the Catholic clergy with being the enemies of civil liberty. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards in that of James, when the "now enlightened" clergy of the Church of England were piously searching the Scriptures for divine authority to establish the divine right of kings, and forcing it upon the poor Dissenters by the gentle suasion of rack and confiscation, Bellarmine, from the Vatican, "from the very place of the Pope," denounces all arbitrary or irresponsible power as a usurpation, "and condemns it as false that princes hold their power from God only, and that it belongs to the people to determine whether they shall be ruled by kings or consuls"—that is, whether their government shall be a monarchy or a republic. And this is the doctrine that was held by all Catholic theologians before the so-called Reformation.

THE CHURCH MAKES WAR ON SLAVERY.

It was also a pope who first denounced the infamy of human slavery, and successive pontiffs demanded its suppression or sought to ameliorate the condition of the captive and the slave. Long before Wilberforce had raised his voice in the halls of Westminster and branded the "crime against civilization," the church had encouraged the promotion of societies for the redemption of the captive and slave; and thousands of her sons, inspired by heroic zeal, voyaged to barbarous lands to become themselves substitutes for the Christian captives. General and provincial councils in the Middle Ages had time and again pronounced upon the rights and immunities of the people, and promulgated constitutions and decrees as broad and as liberal as any known to us in modern times.

INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES.

That the pages of history testify to the close relationship existing between popular governments and the Catholic faith is further shown by the fact that all republics which since the Christian era have sprung into existence under the influence of the Catholic Church, were founded in the ages of faith and by a Catholic people. The "free cities" of the Middle Ages—those nurseries of free principles—owed their origin and their privileges to the startling events of the Crusades.

Sir Thomas Erskine May tells us that it was "the Catholic Church which qualified Italy for the enjoyment of freedom." "In the twelfth century," he says, "there were no less than two hundred municipalities or republics spread over the fair land of Italy." "They were free," he adds, "and all their institutions were republican, founded upon popular election and public confidence." And again: "For three centuries several of the principal cities may be regarded as model republics."

THE DESTROYERS OF THE REPUBLICS.

It might be asked: "But how came these republics to be destroyed and their high state civilization to decay?" The same Protestant historian answers that it was not the "menaces of the Catholic system" or the popes which were the causes of these misfortunes, but the common enemy of both the church and the republics, the Emperor of Germany. "The first great blow," he says, "to the liberties of the Italian cities was dealt by the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. Milan, and many of the fairest cities of Lombardy and the north of Italy, were besieged and pillaged, and often burned, by his savage soldiery. Not content with plunder and subsidies, he also abridged their most cherished liberties."

DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.

This monograph would bear still further development with testimony drawn from the same pages, which show that in the Swiss republic, founded in mediæval times, no monarchy in Europe had been more free than the cantons which gave still the "example of a pure democracy such as poets might imagine and speculative philosophers design." Those cantons are they which are the most Catholic. Or we might bring forth the testimony of Monsieur Guizot in his *History of Christian Civilization*, in which he says that "we owe all modern representative systems of political government to the example of the general councils of the Catholic Church"; or we might cite from English history how the Catholic barons, with Cardinal Langton at their head, wrung from King John the *Magna Charta* of English liberties.

REPUBLICS WITH ECCLESIASTIC FOUNDERS.

Of all the old Catholic republics two yet remain, standing monuments of the influence of Catholicity on free institutions. The one is embosomed in the Pyrenees of Catholic Spain, and the other is perched on the Apennines of Catholic Italy. The very names of Andorra and San Marino are enough to refute the assertion that Catholicity is opposed to republican governments. Both of these little republics owed their origin directly to the Catholic religion. That of Andorra was founded by a Catholic bishop, and that of San Marino by a Catholic monk, whose name it bears. The bishops of Urgel have been, and are still, the protectors of the former, and the Roman pontiffs of the latter. Andorra has continued to exist, with few political vicissitudes, for more than a thousand years, while San Marino dates back her history more than fifteen hundred years, and is therefore not only the oldest republic in the world, but perhaps the oldest government in Europe. Both of these republics are governed by officers of their own choice, and the government of San Marino, in particular, is conducted on the most radically democratic principles.

CATHOLIC CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM.

In England the Reformation crushed the liberties of the people transmitted to them by their Catholic ancestors, and embodied in the Catholic *Magna Charta*. The tyrant Henry VIII. trampled with impunity on almost every privilege secured by that instrument. Royal prerogative swallowed up every other element of government, both civil and religious. The king was everything—supreme in church and state; the parliament and the people were nothing—a mere cipher. And this state of things continued, with the brief and troubled interval of Cromwell, or of the *soi-disant* "Commonwealth" excepted, until the revolution in 1688, a period of one hundred and fifty years! And what did the revolution effect? It did no more than restore to England the provisions of her Catholic *Magna Charta*, which instrument, during the three hundred years preceding the Reformation, had been renewed and extended at least thirty times. It did not, however, do this to the fullest extent; for it refused to grant protection and the most unalienable civil privileges to the Catholic body, to whom the British were indebted for the *Magna Charta* and their glorious constitution. Nor was this body emancipated from political slavery until 1829, one hundred and forty-one years later; and then the act was passed with a bad grace, nor was it full in its measure of justice, the tithe system and other intolerable evils still remaining unrepealed!

A BLOOD-CEMENTED CHURCH AND STATE UNION.

When England, by act of Parliament, renounced the supremacy of the pope to acknowledge the supremacy of a cruel and libidinous tyrant, the unhallowed union of church and state was cemented by the blood of Fisher and More. The base and selfish portion of the aristocracy and the needy miscreants, who pandered to the lusts of Henry the Eighth, were attached to the royal head of the church, by the golden ties of self-interest, and spirited on by the hope of rich booty from violated shrines, despoiled monasteries, and plundered churches and abbeys. The Catholics of England were oppressed and robbed, and the clergy were left to maintain an unequal contest against the great "allied powers of church and state."

CATHOLIC FREEMEN IN AMERICA.

Such was the character of the persecutions from which our Catholic forefathers sought a refuge in the wilds of America. They raised the first altar to religious liberty in the New World, and dedicated it, not for their own private devotion but for the worship of all mankind. Their benevolence was as wide and Catholic as their faith. The cross that they erected was not the flag of selfish and bigoted triumph, but the true emblem of salvation, the broad banner of the human race, under whose sheltering and protecting arms the persecuted and oppressed of every creed and of every clime might repose in peace and security, adore their common God, and enjoy the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty.

CATHOLIC DISCOVERERS.

The Catholic history of this country begins with the earliest explorers by sea and land. The Catholics discovered and colonized Greenland and had cathedral church and convent there. Leif Ericson and his Catholic Northmen discovered and visited Vinland, and was followed by Catholic bishops and priests. Christopher Columbus, the Catholic, discovered the Western Continent; and if we undertake to examine who discovered and who explored the coast-line of what is now known as the United States, from the St. Croix, or Holy Cross, River to the Rio Grande, we are met by the significant fact that every league of it was made known to the world by Catholic navigators and Catholic pilots; that the first names given to bay and river, to cape and headland, to island and mainland, bore references in most cases to the calendar of the Catholic Church. These explorers were Cabot, Verazzani, Gomez, Ponce de Leon, and Pineda. All bore with them their Catholic faith and the services of the Catholic Church. The first to explore the Mississippi, from its northern waters to the Gulf of Mexico, were Hennepin, Du Luth, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, De Soto, Luna, and other Spanish explorers, all Catholics. Cartier, also a Catholic, discovered and named the St. Lawrence. Champlain, a Catholic, made known and mapped the upper lake which bears his name. The Jesuit Relations first gave the maps of Lake Ontario and Lake Superior. The Sulpitian Dollier de Capon drew the first map of Lake Erie. Fathers Jogues and Raymbaut planted the cross at Sault Ste. Marie. A Jesuit discovered the salt springs at Onondaga; a Franciscan the oil springs near Lake Erie; Catholic missionaries first discovered Niagara. The Catholic De La Verendrye first reached the Rocky Mountains; Menendez, a Catholic, and Oñate, a Catholic, founded our two oldest cities, Saint Augustine and Santa Fe, which in their very names tell of their Catholic origin.

EARLY CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The first priests who are known to have offered the Mass on our soil were the Dominican priests, Fathers Anthony de Montesinos and Anthony Cervantes, who accompanied Ayllon in 1526 when he founded his settlement of St. Michael de Guandape on James River, Virginia. The first Jesuit to enter the limits of this country was Father Peter Martinez, who was killed by Native-Americanism in Florida; one of the next was Father Rogel, who founded an Indian school on the South Carolina coast. Then came Fathers Segura and Quiros, who were killed on the Rappahannock River in Virginia while endeavoring to convert the natives to Christ. All this was nearly a century before there was a Protestant in the country. The next Jesuits we hear of were at the north, where Father Biard and his companions tried to establish an Indian mission off the coast of Maine on Mount Desert Island. English Protestants attacked the mission in a very aggressive manner; they killed a lay brother named Du Thet and carried off all the priests as prisoners. Another Jesuit, Father Isaac Jogues, and his companion, Brother René Goupil, tried to Christianize the Mohawks. They were killed. Catholic missionaries were the first to study the languages of our Indian tribes and reduced them to grammatical forms, so as to use them in bringing the heathen natives to a knowledge of God and Christ the Redeemer—Rale, in Maine; Bruyas, Garnier, and other Jesuits, in New York; White, in Maryland; Pareja, in Florida; Le Boullenger, in Illinois; Arroyo de la Cuesta and other Franciscans, in California; Serra, Garcia, and their companions, in Texas; and at a late day, Baraga, Marcoux, Belacourt, Mengarini, Gaillaud, Vetromile, Giorda, Palladino. The first printing-press was set up in Maryland by the Jesuits, and they founded a college in Quebec before Harvard began.

CATHOLIC FOUNDERS OF STATES.

Of the founders of States thirty-one out of forty-six, or more than two-thirds, were first colonized and settled by Catholics, and their history, if fairly written, must go back to Catholic founders. How, then, can Catholics be regarded as strangers in a land where Menendez, Oñate, Calvert, York, Cadillac, Iberville, La Salle, Tonty, Teran, Laclede, Vincennes, Langlade, Jogues, Marquette, Dubuque, Moyne, Nicolet, Joliet, Vigo, Gibault, Membré, Hennepin, Pénicaut, Ojeda, Raymbaut, Du Pratz, Du Luth, Le Sueur, De Leon, Gordillo, Coronado, and so many other Catholics laid the first foundations of the present thriving and prosperous States and Territories.

Maryland was the only State of the Union planted by Catholic enterprise, ruled originally by a Catholic proprietor and Catholic freemen, and directed by a dominant Catholic spirit. It was also the only colony which adopted from the first the American maxims of liberty and equality, and adhered to them as long as the original founders and their disciples held power. Neither New England nor Virginia believed in religious toleration, or would trust political privileges to those who rejected the theology of the dominant majority. Catholic Maryland furnishes the only instance in our history of a colony founded and consistently administered upon what are known as American principles.

THE CALVERTS IN MARYLAND.

To George Calvert, the first Baron of Baltimore, and his son, Cecilius Calvert, belongs the glory of providing a shelter from Anglican intolerance, not only for their brethren in faith, but for the oppressed of every Christian nation. It is admitted that the first Lord Baltimore drew the charter of Maryland and traced the plan of government. To him, therefore, is justly ascribed the honor of being the first legislator who, rising above the spirit of his country and the bigotry of his age, incorporated into a system of government the great principle of religious freedom. The charter, unlike any patent which had hitherto passed the great seal of England, was most liberal in all its provisions, and none but a favorite could have obtained such an instrument from any of the absolute and arbitrary monarchs who sat upon the throne of England since the apostasy of Henry the Eighth. It rendered Maryland less dependent on the king and Parliament than any other colony. It made the monarch's sanction unnecessary to the appointments or legislation of the province, and left him without even a right to take cognizance of what transpired within its limits. It foresaw and guarded against the odious and oppressive claim of the mother country to tax America, and gave to Maryland, more favored in this than any of her sister colonies, an explicit covenanted right to exemption from such a stretch of parliamentary jurisdiction as the tea-tax and stamp-act, which caused the Revolution. It invested the lord proprietary with few powers beyond those which even at this day we regard as essential to the executive branch of a free government, and it especially declared that his authority should not extend to "the life, member, freehold, goods, or chattels" of any colonist. It provided for a representative system, as soon as the body of freemen should become too numerous for all to meet in council; and it secured to the people an independent share in the legislation of the province, by requiring that the laws made for their government should be enacted "of and with the advice, assent, and approbation of the freemen," or a majority of them or of their deputies.

Before the patent passed the great seal George Calvert died, and the grant of Maryland—so named in honor of the queen, Henrietta Maria—was made out and confirmed June 20, 1632, in the name of Cecilius Calvert, George Calvert's eldest son and heir to the title of Baron of Baltimore. As soon as the charter passed the great seal, Leonard Calvert, the brother of Cecilius, was sent over in the *Ark* and *Dove* with about three hundred persons, accompanied by three Jesuit priests, to colonize the new territory. The vessels sailed from Cowes on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November, 1633, and made a settlement at St. Mary's City on the 25th of March, 1634. "On the day of the Annunciation," says Father White, "we first offered the sacrifice of the Mass, never before done in this region of the world; after which, having raised on our shoulders an immense cross which we had fashioned from a tree, and going in procession to the designated spot, assisted by the governor and his associates and other Catholics, we erected the trophy of Christ, the Saviour, and on our bended knees humbly recited the Litanies of the Holy Cross."

CATHOLICS LEAD THE WAY IN TOLERATION.

The Catholic freemen of the province, as long as power remained in Catholic hands, were not behind the proprietary in liberality of spirit. To their eternal honor be it said, they most heartily concurred in every measure, which extended to their Protestant brethren all the benefits of their own condition. In order that the uniform practice of the government from the beginning might have the solemn sanction and security of a legislative enactment, they passed the law of 1649 in favor of religious freedom, and thus placed on the statute book an enduring record of their enlightened views and equitable disposition. "Whereas," such was the sublime tenor of the statute, "the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence to those commonwealths where it hath been practised; for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and unity among the inhabitants, no person or persons whatsoever within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be anywise troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof within this province, nor any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent."

Thus Maryland established the principle, and, above all, the practice of Christian toleration in the new hemisphere, and laid the ground-work for the complete superstructure which was afterwards reared by the hands of Jefferson and his illustrious co-laborers in the cause of truth. She was the first to give religious liberty a home, "its only home in the wide world": where the disfranchised friends of prelacy from Massachusetts, and the Puritans from Virginia, were welcome to equal liberty of conscience and political rights. The passage of this law by the Catholics of Maryland is also in marked contrast with the rule of Roger Williams at Providence, Rhode Island, where for fifty years he excluded the Catholics from the franchises of his own asylum from Puritan persecution. It is also in contrast with the government of William Penn, who, notwithstanding he copied all the liberal provisions of his charter from the charter of Maryland, rebuked his officers for toleration of the Catholic worship. Both of these men were infected with a pious hatred of the Mother Church, and Roger Williams was so bigoted that he cut the cross out of the British flag.

When the fugitives from Protestant intolerance found refuge in Maryland they exemplified the snake in the fable, and afterwards stung the bosom that sheltered them when, persecuted and homeless, they were wanderers upon the face of the earth. Nor did these only find an asylum in "The Land of the Sanctuary"—every clime sent its emigrants, and in the benign spirit of legislation the sympathies of the Catholic colonists were extended to them all, without regard to the sect to which they belonged or the nation from whence they came. Of these facts no information was sought; all that was known was that the emigrants were children of misfortune, and as such they were kindly received and nobly cherished. The Huguenots from France, and the afflicted from Holland, from Germany, from Finland, from Sweden, from Piedmont, from Jerusalem, and even from Bohemia, the country of Jerome and of Huss, came there seeking protection under the tolerant sway of the founders of Maryland, and at once, with equal franchises, were made citizens.

PROTESTANT INGRATITUDE.

When the Protestants became the majority in the province they forgot all about the "ancient glories of Maryland," and were always ready to head a treasonable insurrection "to root out the abominations of popery and prelacy," and to foster a "thorough good reformation." Under the ever-ready pretext that their rights and liberties were in danger from the Jesuits and the pope, they several times completely revolutionized the government of Maryland. In 1688 the people of Maryland were dwelling under the proprietary government in apparent security and contentment, but in a short time the old landmarks were swept away, and the destinies of the province committed to the keeping of "The Protestant Association." It is a fact, strange but true, that while the Protestant revolution was avowedly originated and conducted for the defence and security of the

Protestant religion, there is not the first trace of evidence that the free exercise of that religion by its professors was ever for a moment endangered or restricted. The articles of grievances exhibited by the lower to the upper house, at the session of 1688, do not ascribe a single act of deliberate oppression or wanton exercise of power immediately to the proprietary or his governors. They do not even insinuate the slightest danger to the Protestant religion, or impute to the proprietary administration a single act or intention militating against the free enjoyment and exercise of it. Fanatical men had poisoned the public mind; a groundless revolution had hurled the proprietary from his ancient dominion; and, at the express solicitation of the rebellious "Associators"—the "A. P. A.'s" of that day—Maryland was placed in the humiliating attitude of a royal province.

A BIG PLUNGE BACKWARD.

King William assumed the executive power, and the first act of the new assembly was "the act of recognition of William and Mary"; by the second "the Church of England was formally established." Thus was introduced, for the first time, in Maryland a church establishment sustained by law and fed by general taxation. The Catholic, the Puritan, the Quaker, and every other Non-conformist, was taxed to support a form of worship which they repudiated. Under the old system every man had paid his own preacher. Upon the improved plan, the whole people now paid the ministers of the dominant party.

In 1702 the English toleration act was extended to all Protestant dissenters in the colony. The Catholic was now the only one under the brand of intolerance. And so he remained until the Revolution. Thus, in a colony which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, the Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of intolerance. The establishment of the Protestant religion within the province was followed up by penal laws forbidding Catholic priests to say Mass or exercise the spiritual functions of their office, prohibiting Catholics from engaging in the instruction of youth, and empowering their children, if they became Protestants, to compel their parents to furnish them a maintenance adequate to their condition in life. Catholics were even excluded from social intercourse with Protestants; were not permitted to walk in front of the state-house, and were actually obliged to wear swords for their personal protection.

A PERIOD OF CHANGE.

The fortunes of Maryland, however, did not fall with her religious freedom, for a merciful Providence foresaw the dawning of a glorious day when another generation would vindicate her justice, and consummate the destinies of his chosen land. No man at that time dreamed of independence, and yet the elements of revolution and nationality were combining with a wonderful power of assimilation. The instincts of old reverence and the pride of ancient days were fast dissolving before the hot breath of change. The fierce contest between France and England for colonial supremacy had accustomed the different colonies to mutual intercourse, and to a reliance upon their own courage and resources. The people of Maryland had learned to comprehend the meaning of oppression. What was unjust and revolting to them in the policy of England, they learned to compare with their own home policy against the disfranchised victims of their intolerance. Catholics of whatever race or origin were unanimous on the right of self-government. The Irish and Scotch Catholics, with old wrongs and a lingering Jacobite dislike to the house of Hanover, required no labored arguments to draw them to the side of the popular movement. Even a hundred years before in the councils of Britain fears had been expressed that the Maryland Catholics, if they gained strength, would one day attempt to set up their independence; and the event justified the fear. If they did not originate the movement, they went heartily into it. Under the leadership of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, "the first citizen" of Maryland, the Catholics, who numbered nearly one-fourth of the population in all the colonies, were harmonious in favor of American independence. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, although a disfranchised Catholic, entered with an ardent soul into the defence of colonial freedom. He did not, in the taunting language of one of his enemies, "enjoy the privilege of offering his puny vote at an election," but he laid upon the altar of Freedom the offering of a valiant heart. He was excluded from the councils of his native land, but he served her gallantly in the hour of trial, when many more highly favored by law were guilty of treason. In the fierce discussions upon the rights of the colonists his powerful pen swept down all opposition, and the people triumphed in his victories. Subsequently this great man filled many stations of high trust and eminent danger, and was the last of the old fifty-six who pledged their life, their fortune, and their sacred honor.

CATHOLIC HELP FOR THE UNION ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The first bugle-blast of America for battle in the name of freedom seemed to wake a response in the Catholic hearts of Europe and America. Officers came over from Catholic France to offer their swords, the experience they had acquired, and the training they had developed in the campaigns of the great commanders of the time. Meanwhile Catholics were swelling in the ranks, and, like Moylan, rising to fame and position. The American navy had her first commodore in the Catholic Barry, who had kept the flag waving undimmed on the seas from 1776, and in 1781 engaged and took the two English vessels *Atlanta* and *Trepassay;* and on other occasions handled his majesty's vessels so roughly that General Howe endeavored to win him by offers of money and high naval rank to desert the cause. Besides Catholic born, who served in army or navy, in legislative or executive, there were also men who took part in the great struggle whose closing years found them humble and devoted adherents of the Catholic Church. The Catholics in the country were all Whigs, and the Catholics of Canada were favorable, ready to become our fellow-citizens.

To sustain American independence French and Spanish blood was poured out like water. The arms, the gold, the ships, the armies of the two great Catholic powers were given in unstinted measure to the United States. Catholic Italy and Catholic Germany exerted themselves in our favor. Catholics held for us our north-eastern frontier, and gave us the Northwest; Catholic officers helped to raise our armies to the grade of European science; France helped to weaken the English at Newport, Savannah, and Charleston; crippled England's naval power in the West Indies, and off the capes of Virginia utterly defeated them; then with her army aided Washington to strike the crowning blow at Cornwallis in Yorktown. Catholic Spain aided us on the western frontier by capturing British posts, and under Galvez reduced the British and Tories at Baton Rouge and Pensacola. And, on the other hand, there is no Catholic's name in all the lists of Tories.

Washington uttered no words of flattery, no mere commonplaces of courtesy, but what he felt and knew to be the truth, when, in reply to the Catholic address, he said: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

INTERESTED LOYALTY.

It is a good thing to be loyal to one's country, and even a sacred obligation to defend her interests; but men will never prove their loyalty by being unjust to their fellow-citizens. If they aspire to place and profit, they should pursue those ends by virtuous and honorable means; but to build up their fortune upon the ruin of others, to seek distinction and the spoils of office by the arts of calumny and proscription, is a criminal attempt to sap the very foundations of the Republic.

JUNE.

A NOCTURNE.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

ATHWART the dark the moon her silver weaves,
Within the web the struggling stars are pale,
Upon the fervent air the black bats sail;
Wind-quickened shadows coil amid the leaves
Of yonder trembling sycamore where grieves,
Thro' mystic hours, the love-lorn nightingale;
The fireflies strew with flame the dusky vale,
From out the south a wave of perfume heaves
And rolls across the heath and laves the pines,
Whose jagged steeps the dim horizon gird.
Dream-blossoms from the groves of Sleep are blown
Adown the summer glooms—June's spell entwines
My spirit, and the Real grows faint and blurred,
As nearer drifts the night to the Unknown.

"Only the old Mountains remain." (The Notch—Hunter's.)

AN OLD CHURCH IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY REV. B. J. REILLY.

AWAY in the distance, as you leave the car at Kingston-on-the-Hudson, you can see, standing out boldly in the sunshine, a chain of mountains called, after a "peace-loving" tribe of Indians, The Catskills. Rip Van Winkle, as Washington Irving tells us, fell asleep there long ago, and slumbered until his well-oiled fowling-piece had become worm-eaten and encrusted with rust, and his beard had grown a foot long.

Master Hendrik Hudson, also, and his jolly company had their home in the mountains, and made them re-echo with the thunder of their nine-pin balls. But Rip Van Winkle has long since slept the sleep that knows no waking, and Hendrik Hudson and his merry crew have ceased their play. Only the old mountains remain.

The trip from Kingston to Phœnicia, where the mountains begin, is through a pleasant valley which is much like the mountains, in that its appearance never seems to change. Every summer the same cows are coming down the winding lanes at milking-time, and the same old white horses are feeding within rail-fences, as if they had been there all through the snows of winter and the showers of spring. Yet the scene is not monotonous; rather it is restful.

At Phœnicia there is a branch road, called The Stony Clove, which runs to the Kaaterskill Hotel and the village of Hunter. In order that we may reach the little old Church of St. Henry's we must go on board of the lonesome-looking car that is attached to an engine standing on the side track. This will bring us to Hunter. To fully enjoy the scenery of the mountains that rise so high on each side of the Clove through which the train passes, one should make the journey as the sun is setting. Cool breezes come laughing down the mountain sides, join hands like merry children, and so romp along together. The shadows lengthen on the tops of the mountains, a narrow brook swollen by heavy rains dashes down the hillside with all the violence of a torrent and is lost in a brackish pool of water, which lies in the shadows as quiet as death. All the while the train keeps climbing the mountain. The breezes grow more refreshing, the sun sinks out of sight, and the twilight falls as softly as a benediction. Then the stars blossom quickly in the heavens, fire-flies swirl in the air, and peace reigns. Were it not for the labored puffing of the engine which breaks the quiet, one might easily realize how old Rip Van Winkle fell asleep in the Catskills and did not awaken for twenty long years.

The train, before reaching Hunter, makes its way through a narrow pass between Mink and Hunter Mountains, called "The Notch." So well enclosed is this gorge that there are some parts of it in which the sun never shines, and the village boys have found ice there in August. One of the curiosities of the Notch is a large rock of a peculiar shape, called "The Devil's Pulpit and Tombstone." Everywhere in the Catskills—as seems to be the case in most country-places—there are a great many things named after this Satanic personage; a bad piece of road is apt to be termed "The Devil's Race-course," and a rocky, thistle-grown patch of ground will be called "The Devil's Half-Acre."

Almost the only reminders that in the last century the Indians wandered free as the summer air over the mountains are a few romantic stories which the natives still tell. The most interesting one that I heard was a story connected with the Notch. It seems that some time in the last century (dates savor too much of realism and this is romance) a young Indian brave fell in love with an Indian maiden whom he had chanced to meet while resting after a hunting expedition. She lived with her father—history makes no mention of the mother—down by the side of the Hudson River, somewhere near what is now the village of Catskill. When the young Indian laid his fame and fortune at the feet of the maiden, she, as was only proper, referred him to her father. The young man then came to the wigwam of the chief and begged the hand of his daughter. This petition was rejected, whether because the old Indian loved his child so dearly, or because he found her indispensable for the work of his wigwam, I know not. He dismissed the suitor civilly, but in a manner to deprive him of all hope. "Go back, young man," he said, "and choose a wife from among the daughters of thy own people." Finding the father inexorable, the young couple put their heads together, and the consequence was that one wild stormy night, as "the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled," they shook the dust of the chieftain's wigwam from their moccasins, and flew like mad over the mountains. After long travelling through the hill country they came, footsore and weary, to the Notch, and, delighted with it, they chose it for their home. Things went well for a time with our Minnehaha and her Hiawatha. They lived in Arcady, and could "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." The birds of the air and the delicious trout of

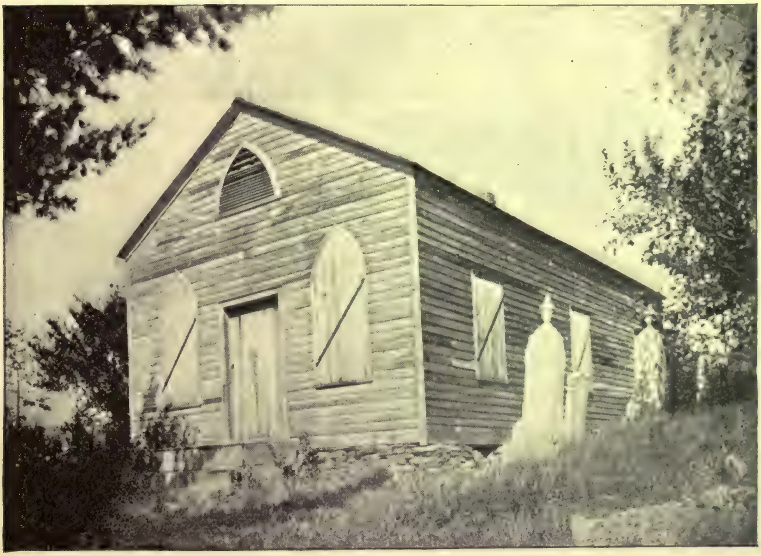
THE OLD MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

the mountain streams replenished their earthy table under the maples. But there came too soon a day of cruel reckoning. Before the summer had passed, before the leaves of the maple-trees were tipped with scarlet and gold, the summer of their happiness ended. The angry father, with a band of warriors, came stealthily down the mountain side. The young lovers were sitting on a low cliff planning how they would protect themselves against the hardships of a long winter. Love, they say, is blind, and so it must be, for the maddened father had his bow drawn to shoot before his presence was even suspected. His poisoned arrow was pointed at the heart of the man who had, to his thinking, robbed him of his child. His practised hand drew the cord and the arrow came cutting through the air. The young bride was the first to see the danger, and to save her husband she threw herself in front of him; and so the arrow pierced two hearts. Even in death they were still united. As a proof that this story is true, to this very day the place where their young lives were sacrificed is called "The Indian Maiden's Cliff."

About two miles from the Notch is the town of Hunter, which is the terminus of the Stony Clove Railway. Hunter was developed about the year 1815, by Colonel William Edwards, because of the hemlock-trees abounding there, whose bark was useful for tanning leather. The only remaining memory of the old colonel is the high mountain overlooking the town, which has been called "The Colonel's Chair." So it would seem that from the days of Rip Van Winkle even to these—these, the days of the summer boarder—the Catskills have been a desirable place for sleeping, sitting, and resting. Long ago the "up-and-down" saws of the tanneries ceased, and for many years Hunter has depended for revenue on its salubrious atmosphere. The two best things about the town are the delightful old elms that line its one street and the mountains around it. For the rest, it is about as interesting as most American villages.

During the summer months a great many Catholics from New York and Brooklyn go to this part of the Catskills, and the consequence is that there are, besides the parish church at Hunter, and the old deserted church at Ashland, mission churches at Tannersville and Lexington. These four churches are under the care of Father O'Neill, who resides in Hunter. Nearly all who visit this section of the mountains have seen the churches at Hunter, Lexington, and Tannersville, but few, if any, besides the rector, a priest of the Newark diocese and myself, have ever visited St. Henry's at Ashland. This old church is about eighteen miles from Hunter, and the drive is a most delightful one. The road winds around the mountains and passes through several tiny villages. At quite a short distance from Hunter there is a chair-factory, and the saws hum monotonously through all the summer days. For about five miles you have with you the Schoharie Creek, which is at times as dry and parched-looking as asphalt, and again at other times like a mighty river.

Under a grand old elm-tree which shaded a small cottage we passed, as we rolled along in the mountain wagon, a young mother trying to sing her baby to sleep. The song she was singing was "Empty is the Cradle; Baby's gone," and strange as it may seem, still it is true, that old as the song is she did not have the right air. Whether or no this was the reason, her singing produced no drowsy effect, for just as our wagon passed the house the baby raised its head, and the big bright eyes looked as if many songs would be sung before they would close in sleep.



"THE OLD CHURCH IS ABOUT EIGHTEEN MILES FROM HUNTER."

At long intervals there are little white cottages, each of which seemed a reduplication of the other. They stand but a short distance back from the road, and are well flanked with an array of garishly bright milk-pans which have been scoured and are being freshened with sunshine. Elderly-looking women, dressed in subdued cotton prints, with their gray hair in a roll on each side of their heads, stand in the doorways. They remind one of Jane Field, and the other types made familiar to us by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, only they have not that hardness of visage which seems to be the effect of the terrible New England conscience. Rather they look as if they had just stepped forth from some faded old daguerreotype.

On both sides of the doors of the cottages grow hollyhocks, stiff and stately, but for all that homely. They seem to stand as sentinels there. It is their privilege, consecrated by long years of fidelity. The first flower that a farmer's child learns to notice and to love is the hollyhock, which grows so near to the window that the child can almost touch it with its hand. The path leading up from the gate is bordered with pansies, feather-flowers, and clusters of sweet-peas, while poppies blaze like fire against the white cottages, and sunflowers bob their silly heads in the breezes. Often along the fences geraniums, fuchsias, and bleeding-hearts grow in pots, but these have a town look. In the city it is refreshing to see a little garden in a window, or to hear the chirp of a caged canary bird ; but it jars one to see these things in the country, where we would like to feel that the flowers grow at random and the birds sing freely in the tree-tops. If you want to appreciate flowers growing in pots, tomato-cans, and soap-boxes, you must climb to the top of a six-story dwelling-house in a down-town district of New York City, where the fire-escapes of the front and rear houses almost touch each other. Then you will love the few little plants that grow "in the tenement's highest casement." You will feel that the tiny pale blossom that struggles for sunlight is a "thing of beauty." But in the country it should not be thus.

When we had gone about half the distance of the journey, the driver drew up his horses at a trough near which several farmers were disputing. One of them, tall and gaunt, was waxing eloquent. "Well, sir," he was saying just as we arrived, "our farms don't be a patch on farms out West. Why, when I was out to the Chicago Fair, I met a man from the State of Kansas, and he told me that he has seen with his own eyes more'n five hundred self-binders starting out of a morning to cut wheat, and it would take them the hull day clean to sunset to jest do the farm one way." The smallest man in his audience demurred a little, but the speaker, brushing him aside, continued: "Yes, sir; that stranger from Kansas told me it be as putty a sight as ever a mortal man seed on this foot-stool to watch them five hundred self-binders starting out on a sunshiny morning like ships goin' to sea." "Look here, Mr. Gara," broke in the disciple of St. Thomas, "no man living can make me believe that there's a farm on this earth big enough to need five hundred self-binders. I'm no mossback to swallow that." "You ain't no mossback, ain't you? Well, that's jest what you be. Before you contradict me I'd like to put one question to you." Here the tall man drew himself up until he appeared like a tall but very thin ogre, and looking down contemptuously on Tom Thumb, he deliberated for a few moments to give sufficient unction to his words. Just then the driver of our wagon gave the lines a pull, and in an instant we were under way again. His action was so sudden that I did not recover myself for a moment. As soon as I did, however, I reached over the seat and caught his arm and begged of him to wait another moment. I did not want to lose that question. When the horses were brought to a halt I turned again to listen. The large man seemed to be growing larger, and the small to continue shrinking up. Once more that same harsh, dogmatic voice broke the

ROAD UP THE MOUNTAIN.

stillness of the summer air. "There's jest one question I'd like to ask you, sir, and it's this: *Have you been to the Chicago Fair?*" Any other question but that one the small man might have been able to answer with dignity. His opponent was the only one in the township that had been to the "White City." How could he make head against such superiority. David, son of Isai, had no stone in his scrip, and Goliath of Geth conquered. There was no reason why we should any longer delay, and the driver gave the whip to the horses. As we journeyed on the thought came to me that at least one great evil will follow from the World's Fair. It will give the rural Sir John Mandevilles a chance to pile on the agony, and then, when their statements are questioned, they will be able to crush into pulp men of better parts by asking: "Neighbor, were you to the Chicago Fair?"

"Where Rip Van Winkle fell asleep and did not waken for twenty years."

It has always been my experience, when travelling on lonesome country roads, to have pointed out to me the habitation of some learned doctor, or of some mysterious hermit.

In this case it was the house of an erudite physician who knew how to cure every ailment by using certain kinds of herbs. From the appearance of his home I should judge he was a thrifty man. There were a few panes of glass in the windows, but in most places where the glass should have been discarded garments were made to serve. A number of villanous-looking medicine bottles stood in a row on the window-sill. The old M.D. was out in the garden whisking potato-bugs off his vines. When the neighboring farmers and their families are all well, the doctor turns an honest penny selling "taters." One often wonders who these ancient physicians are. Whether they are seventh sons with a magic power, or the remains of plucked medical students, who, unable to pass their examination in allopathy or homeopathy, took to the woods.

Ashland, as I have already stated, is eighteen "country" miles from Hunter, and the drive is one of the pleasantest in the Catskills. The fields slope away from the road, and then rise again up the sides of the mountains. They have as many shades of green in them as there are in the constantly changing waters of a southern sea. Ashland itself is mostly a reminiscence. It was a busy town once—long, long ago. Besides boasting several tanneries, it was the stopping-place for teamsters drawing hides from Delhi to Catskill village. Now many of the houses have fallen into ruins, its large hotel or road-

BILL SNYDER'S HOUSE. (AN OLD LANDMARK.)

house is drooping, and Ashland has that lonesome look of towns out West to which the railroad did not come.

The Catholic church is just outside the village. It is small, and so hidden by bushes that one might easily pass it by unseen, though it stands very near to the turnpike. The fence in front of it has partly fallen. Here and there a board from which the rusted nails are dropping is lovingly bound around by a wild vine. A large pine-tree grows inside the fence. When the door of the church was opened—it was the first time in a year—the skeleton of a squirrel lay on the threshold. The rector told us that some years back the robins had come in through an opening in the window, and had built a nest on the altar, and that when he found the nest it was full of little birds. It is an old legend that the robins covered with leaves and flowers the bodies of the unburied dead. Robert Herrick, in a little poem to "Amarillis," has an allusion to it. He pictures a lady falling asleep, and a robin red-breast, thinking she is dead, brings leaves and moss to cover her. When Amarillis moves, the poor robin, discovering his blunder, flies away—glad, however, that he is mistaken.

> "And seeing her not dead, but all disleaved,
> He chirped for joy, to see himself deceived."

Webster, one of the early dramatists, also makes mention of this legend:

> "Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
> Since o'er the shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men."

It would seem, then, not a whit audacious on the part of the robin, but its ancient privilege, to build its dwelling on the altar of an old church that stands near by a country graveyard.

But what a poetic thing a little deserted church is! To think that so many years ago it was made sacred by the Holy Sacrifice. That the shadows of the sanctuary lamp fell softly, night after night, on its white walls. That the spring and summer breezes brought the incense of the flowers to its altar, when the ceremonial incense had ceased to fill its sanctuary. Autumn after autumn it has been decked by red and golden leaves, and many a winter it has stood snow-covered and neglected. Within its walls the village choir sang hymns of praise while the faithful, like St. Cecilia of old, were singing in their hearts. There were, no doubt, harsh notes in the music, and heart songs of prayer sometimes distracted, but the angel who carried these hymns to God must surely have corrected their imperfections and tuned their dissonances.

The grave-yard by the side of the church is small but well filled. The needles of the pine-tree near the fence, clashing together in the mountain breezes, sing a ceaseless requiem. It would seem that this tree had caught up all the wailings and sobbings of friends for their dead and had made of them a threnody of its own. Over the graves the flowers run riot. In June and July the roses grow abundantly, and when they have shed their sweetness on the dead, the orange-lilies take their place and cheat one into the belief that tender hands have planted them there but a little while ago. The moss grows into the cutting on the monuments, so that it is only with difficulty that one can read the inscriptions. A marble stone stands over the grave of a little boy who was drowned when but six years of age. Under the announcement of his death, which

KAATERSKILL FALLS.

took place in the year 1849, there is this crude but touching verse:

"Let this polished marble tell
That I into the water fell;
Drowned was, and here I lie,
Never more to heave a sigh."

Not far away from the grave-yard a creek runs, and likely it is that the little fellow was drowned in its shallow water.

On another tombstone, after we had cleared away the wild flowers and scraped the moss out of the letters, we read:

"This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom."

Still another stone bore this rough attempt at poetry. I give it as it was cut in the monument and punctuated:

"Dear father, we have not forgot you
Yet, although you are numbered with the dead;
We do the last kind act we
Can, by placing this at your head."

There is not the ring of poetry in that verse, but it has the ring of filial love.

About the middle of the grave-yard, surrounded by old monuments, there stands a new tombstone with which a story is connected. Several years ago the rector of Hunter said Mass in the little church for the sake of three or four Catholics who were there at the time. After the Mass was finished he placed in his pyx two sacred particles, and went down the road to give Holy Communion to two invalids. By some mistake one of them had broken his fast, and therefore could not receive the blessed Eucharist, which the priest then prepared to bring back to the church in Hunter. Just as he was leaving the house of the sick man a young lad came to the door to tell him that his father was very ill, and hearing that a priest was in the village, wanted to see him. Going to the old man's home, the rector found him in great danger, and having anointed him, gave him the consecrated Host which he had intended for the other, who, luckily, had broken his fast. In a short time the old man died, and it is on his grave that the new monument has been erected.

Possibly no others will be buried in the cemetery of St. Henry's. The Catholics who lived in Ashland have moved away to distant villages and cities, and their dead will be laid elsewhere. No kind friend will come to tend the graves. The stones will fall and be overgrown with moss and wild flowers, and haply, too, the old church will be tumbled down by weight of snow and wintry winds. Be this as it may, there is always for Catholics one consolation. We may sometimes neglect our cemeteries, but it is not our sin to neglect our dead. These graves may be covered with rank grass and weeds, the cemetery itself be obliterated ; but the dead will be remembered, perhaps even to the third and the fourth generation.

James Russell Lowell, in his *Fireside Travels*, says that the Catholic Church "is the only poet among the churches." I take that as a great compliment. Poetry runs through the church like blood through a man's veins. When her dead are laid away in the mould she still follows them by prayer, not willing to rest until she has placed them before the great white throne of God. This it is that gives the touch of poetry to that little deserted grave-yard on the hillside at Ashland.

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

AN UNSELFISH WOMAN.

BY M. K.

> "'Tis only noble to be good,
> Kind hearts are more than coronets
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

FEW in the higher walks of life have portrayed in themselves these admirable lines of Tennyson as did the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., and that at a dissolute court, surrounded by temptations and exposed to dangers before which even consummate virtue had often fallen victim. Hers must have been a character exceedingly gifted by nature and grace, blended with rare prudence and a remarkable genius, to have made and kept her place in the "upper sanctuary" of the heart of so egotistical and self-loving a prince as was the grand monarch. He indeed "reigned everywhere, over his people, over his age, often over Europe"; but Madame de Maintenon reigned over him, and that by the qualities of her mind and heart. Scandalizing his court by the amours and irregularities of his life, and resisting the stern and repeated remonstrances of Bossuet, it was reserved for Madame Scarron de Maintenon to be his good angel; and wisely did she use her influence to lead him to better things.

Employed by Madame de Montespan as the governess of her children, she devoted herself to them so entirely and with such good sense that the king was attracted by her correct and shrewd judgment and tender affection for her little charge. "She can love," he said; "it would be a pleasure to be loved by her." It was at his request that she took the title of Maintenon—estates she had lately purchased. One day amusing himself with the little Duke of Maine, who made him such quaint replies, he called him a "sensible little fellow." "I can't help being so," said the child; "I have by me a lady who is sense itself."

At that time the position of Madame de Maintenon was far from pleasant, and she seriously thought of retiring from the court. She wrote to her confessor in 1675: "I will not say that it is to serve God that I should like to leave where I am; I believe that I can serve him and work out my salvation here and elsewhere; but I see nothing to forbid us from thinking of our repose and withdrawing from a position that vexes us at every moment." But she remained, and succeeded in bringing back the court and the king to the path of virtue, proving the truth of her own expression: "There is nothing so powerful as irreproachable conduct."

The frequent conversations of the king with a character so elevated began to bear fruit at once in his improved conduct to his neglected queen, who, filled with gratitude towards the noble-minded favorite, lavished every kindness upon her. Eight years later this gentle and pious queen died. Eighteen months later the king's private marriage with Madame de Maintenon took place in the king's chapel, and the ceremony was performed by Bossuet himself.

The king was forty-seven and Madame de Maintenon was fifty. The Duke of Saint-Simon says of her that at this time "she had great remains of beauty, bright and sprightly eyes; an incomparable grace, an air of ease, and yet of restraint and respect; a great deal of cleverness, with a speech that was sweet, correct, in good terms, and naturally eloquent and brief." "Others in time past," says Guizot, "held sway over the young and passionate heart of the prince, but Madame de Maintenon alone established her empire over the man and the king."

Amidst the adulations of the royal family and the court Madame de Maintenon never lost her head, or forgot that she had risen from the ranks; and in spite of the deference paid to her opinion and judgment by the king, she never offered it unsolicited. In affairs the most serious that were discussed by the king and his ministers in her presence she remained modestly silent and discreet, and when the subject would assume an embarrassing aspect, the king would turn to the madame and ask: "What does your Solidity think?" Her replies were always brief and to the point, and her views generally adopted. The occasions she had of rendering services to others were continual, and it may be truly said that she lived entirely for others, and her charities were unbounded; the convent of St. Cyr, which she founded and endowed, is a notable instance of her many good works. It was an establishment for poor young girls nobly born, with whom she knew so well how to sympathize from her own experience. Sometimes she would steal away from court to seclude herself with these children, teaching them how to love and serve God.

"I have never passed a more agreeable winter," she said on one occasion, "than that one during which I spent a few days in a stable between two cows with all these children around me plying their distaffs."

The secret of her influence we may say was her *unselfishness*, and in her devotion to the king and his family her life was a "veritable slavery." She herself said to a lady of St. Cyr: "I have to take for my prayers and Mass the time when every one else is asleep; for when once they begin coming in my room, at half-past seven, I haven't another moment to myself. They come filing in and nobody goes out without being relieved by somebody higher. At last comes the king; then of course they all have to go out; he remains with me up to Mass. I am still in my night-cap. The king comes back after Mass.

"The Duchess of Burgundy and her ladies arrive; they remain whilst I dine. I have to keep up the conversation, which flags every moment, and to manage so as to harmonize minds and reconcile hearts which are as far as possible asunder. The circle is all around me, and I cannot ask for anything to drink. I sometimes say to them (aside): 'It is a great honor, but 'really I should prefer a footman.' At last they all go away to dine. I should be free at that time if Monseigneur—the dauphin—did not generally choose it for coming to see me. He often dines earlier in order to go hunting. He is very difficult to entertain, having very little to say, and knowing himself a bore, and running away from himself continually; so I have to talk for two. Immediately after the king has dined he comes into my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses; then I must be prepared for the gayest of conversations, and wear a smiling face amidst so much distressing news. When this company disperses, some lady has always something particular to say to me. The Duchess of Burgundy also wants to have a chat. The king returns from hunting. He comes to me. The door is shut and nobody admitted. Then I have to share his secret troubles, which are no small number. Arrives a minister, and the king sets himself to work. If I am not wanted at this consultation, which seldom happens, I withdraw to some further distance and write or pray. I sup while the king is still at work. I am restless whether the king is alone or not. The king says to me: 'You are tired, madame; go to bed.' My women come. But I feel that they interfere with the king, who would chat with me, and who does not like to chat before them; or perhaps there are some ministers still there whom he is afraid they may overhear. Wherefore I make haste to undress—so much so that I often feel quite ill from it. At last I am in bed. The king comes up and remains by my pillow until he goes to supper. A quarter of an hour before supper the dauphin and Duke and Duchess of Burgundy come to me again. At ten everybody goes out. At last I am alone, but very often the fatigues of the day prevent me from sleeping."

What heroic abnegation even in the minutest details of this noble life! Prayer, the Sacraments, and an habitual mortification alone enabled her to persevere in such a life during the long space of thirty years. No woman ever received more respect, affection, and such entire confidence as Louis XIV. lavished all those years upon one who might have been queen had she desired it, but was content to be *wife.* Madame de Maintenon sought to reign over hearts alone.

Only circumstances and a desire to serve the king ever induced Madame de Maintenon to exert her influence outside of the court of France. Fénelon remonstrated with her that she did not mingle more in affairs, knowing that good alone would result from her wise and prudent counsels. But all Europe sought her mediation, knowing her unbounded influence over the king, which she exercised on all occasions with the rare tact and discernment which characterized all she did. She was truly the angel of the king up to the last moment of his life, and even then forgetful of herself and her own interests. When the dying king said to her: "What consoles me for leaving you is that it will not be long before we meet again," she made no reply. "What will become of you? You have nothing." "Do not think of me," she said, "I am nobody; think only of God."

She had given away in charity and friendship all she had; but she had provided well for herself in establishing the convent of Cyr, which now afforded her an assured and honorable asylum for the three years that she survived the king. Here her last days were spent in tranquillity and prayer, and here Peter the Great visited her when in Paris, curious to see *la grande femme.* She was in bed and obliged to use an ear-trumpet, and when he asked her disease, by means of an interpreter, as he could not speak French, she smilingly answered: "A great age." He looked at her a long time in silence, and drawing the curtains of the bed, abruptly retired.

In peace and prayer, surrounded by the Ladies of St. Louis, who owed all to her, Madame de Maintenon passed away at the advanced age of eighty-three, without a parallel in history, a woman truly great in mind, heart, and virtue, but one who, in spite of her unsought-for elevation, never forgot her origin. "I am not a grandee, but a mushroom," she sometimes said—she who was in every way a "queen by right divine."

lative Library Ontario

TWO CAPTIVATING PRODIGALS.

BY M. MURRAY-WILSON.

HOW cheery and bright looked the library with its glowing bed of coals in the grate! What a contrast to the snow-covered, bare branches of the trees in W—— Square opposite! Fred Purcell selected a book at random—he did not wish to read—and stretched himself at full length on a lounge between the fireplace and the windows. He was but nineteen, yet manly-looking, a model for Antinous, with brow more noble and eyes suggesting a greater soul than that youth of beauty. He had come from the parlor below, where there was an incipient comedy—or tragedy—that irritated him. He had left the room, but still thought of the tableaux, and a flush of annoyance arose to his brow, while his dark eyes kindled. His cousin Edna—cousin in a distant degree—was there eagerly hanging on the words and smiles of a man he hated with good reason—Firman Blake—a man well known for his dangerously fascinating manner with both men and women. But Fred's unerring boy's instinct, with a keenness of insight into character due to a naturally truthful nature, as yet unwarped and unbiased by the world and its dissipations, saw into the man's soul and hated him. He had discovered accidentally that there was a deserted wife, from whom he claimed to be divorced, but there had been no divorce granted. He knew also that Blake made a pastime of trifling with women and that Edna was in danger of becoming the latest victim. He might care for her—he seemed to—but that made the danger greater. If it were possible to make him leave the house!

They were in a Bohemian boarding-house. Edna, an orphan, with an income sufficient for her temperate wants, a young woman of rare abilities, was studying sculpture at —— Institute.

Fred was dabbling in the painter's art, although he had formed no definite intention as to a profession in life. He, too, was an orphan, and he had more fortune than Edna. Though not yet of age, his guardian was lenient and could generally be managed very easily. Fred could afford to look about awhile before making up his mind. His mind was not an ordinary one; he loved books, had undeveloped powers of oratory; had thought vaguely of the law for a profession. He loved the arts, and dreamed occasionally of becoming famous as a painter; he loved music, became ardent in the study of it sometimes, wondering if the future might not hold an American Liszt. Lately he had discovered that he loved Edna; and had wondered if it might be possible to win her.

They were playmates in childhood—comrades in after years—when she, a romping girl of seventeen, still clinging to short skirts, went for a long ramble with him, a sturdy boy of thirteen home for the holidays. Then they had grown somewhat apart for a few years, and now are together again, but how widely separated—by Firman Blake! She does not dream of the boy's passion; she has not even noticed anything peculiar in his manner of late. Firman Blake fills her thoughts, obscures her vision, stifles the cries of her better nature.

She was educated in a convent school, but religion could not take firm root in her heart—at least it has not so far. Ambition ruled, and the world seemed too fair to resist. Now even ambition is dethroned for awhile by the superior strength of a first passion. She doesn't know this. Blake has been cautious; he has interested himself in her studies, in her tastes, her aspirations; he has made his conquest certain before declaring his intentions. But two days ago Fred noticed an unusual look of satisfied pride in his face; a deeper glow of passion in her eyes; and had found the opportunity to speak to her alone, and throw out some hints as to Blake's real character. How angry she had been! She refused to hear one word, and when he told her the man was not free to marry she looked so painfully startled that Fred knew she loved deeply, and his pain was twofold—because of his own hopeless passion and the knowledge that she was bound to suffer. In an instant she had recovered from the shock he had given her, and valiantly defended the accused man, declaring she would believe nothing against him but what he should himself confess.

Now, down-stairs, they are together, where Fred has left them, not the shadow of a cloud between them apparently, he talking to her in that deep, enthralling voice of his, she listening, delighted, gazing into his face with defiant trust. She has not even asked him if what Fred told her is true. No, she will not even think of it again.

Hark! The banging of the street door! Fred went to the window, and saw Blake walking rapidly away from the house. Fred's heart gave a bound. Edna was alone. Would she go to the institute? No; he knew she did not intend to go that day. Dare he go to her and try to be friends with her again?

There were several inches of crisp snow on the ground. Would the suggestion of a sleigh-ride tempt her? He stood looking out of the window, undecided, picturing her face when he should ask her to go. A scornful refusal? a haughty reproach? Or would she grow angry again and lash him with bitter words? He could not make up his mind to go to her. He picked up the book he had thrown aside and forced himself to read.

Presently his ear caught the sound of light footsteps ascending the stairs toward the library. Would Edna enter? Then he would ask her to go. He listened nervously. The sound died away. Edna had passed and gone to her room.

Again he wondered if she would receive him kindly, but came to no satisfactory conclusion. Half an hour later as he stood at the window, still uncertain, he was surprised to see the subject of his musings cross the street from the house and walk away at a brisk pace out B—— Avenue.

In a very short while he too went out, taking the same direction, but Edna had distanced him so far that he could not distinguish her from other pedestrians, or she had perhaps turned into another street.

He had meant to overtake her; but now he listlessly gave up the notion, and with a toss of his head he resolved to give his mind to more amusing things for the moment at least. Besides, the exercise of walking in the crisp refreshing air sent a thrill of pleasure through him, his color heightened and fancy began to entertain him with suggestions as to the people he met.

He had walked a considerable distance aimlessly, when his attention was arrested by the sound of organ-music and choir-singing. He paused, looking at the building, and recognized a Catholic church. 'Twas evidently High Mass, but the day was Saturday—not Sunday. He always attended Mass on Sundays, though it was rather as following a habit, and his attention was not always strict. He began to think whether or not it might be a festival, and then recognition flashed upon him. It was the eighth of December. He entered the church and knelt in one of the lower pews.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was beginning. The altar was magnificent with the blaze of innumerable candles and laden with ferns and creamy floral tributes, while at its highest point, prepared as a setting for the ostensorium, were branching rays of gold illumined by jets of light. The church was thronged. Listlessly Fred remained. The music was fine and the choir one of excellence. His senses were pleased and troublesome thoughts lulled to rest. As the ceremony of love, gratitude, and adoration proceeded was not his heart touched? Did not his careless, pleasure-seeking nature feel a faint awakening stir of his long-slumbering conscience?

The Mass has not far progressed—that is the Gospel being sung. Now the pulpit is rolled in place; the gentle prelate, his face thoughtful and serene, his eyes shining with the pure flame of love of God, kneels before the altar, and from the choir is heard the thrilling strains: "Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

Oh, that sermon! Not an eloquent, intellectual discourse, although showing the cultured mind of the speaker. Just the tender appeal of a loving father and spiritual guide; an exhortation to the practice of love and duty; an appeal to the heart, so stirring, so earnest, so penetrating that those who wished to remain unmoved would fain go out from the church, away from that pleading voice, from the glance of those pure spiritual eyes, the powerful, encompassing magnetism of every look, tone, and gesture of the inspired exhorter.

The uplifted faces of the listening multitude glowed with enthusiasm; many an eye grew moist at the close of that far too brief sermon, of which every word sank deep into the heart, never to be forgotten—never, though the heart travel far, far away from the reach of further admonition, though the conscience be drugged into a dreamless sleep, and the heart be filled with busy, crowding, jostling thoughts of worldly ambition, avarice, and power—deep down in the inmost recesses will those words lie buried; but they will speak again and again, echo and re-echo, though hushed, drowned by the cries of the mart and the stock exchange, the din of wild revelry, the impatient voice of passion; sometimes, above all this, or when deserted by success and the revellers of prosperous days—without wealth, without love, without hope—then, like the angel whisper of a faithful friend to the forsaken criminal, will not the far off echo of that voice be heard again, and the dull, leaden heart to memory thrill once more?

It will recoil in shame and despair as from the tender touch of a cruelly neglected friend, and try to offset its sense of ingratitude by foolish pride of resistance; but the sweet, serene voice will not be hushed again until the proud man's head is bowed in penitent prayer, and contrite tears refresh his thirsting soul.

Ah, me! What supreme emotions during that Mass—the consecration! the elevation! God seemed to lay his hands upon the bowed heads and breathe soft incense upon them. Ah, the music of that "Agnus Dei"! How rapturous!

The procession of the children, the bright eyes of the tiny boys, the demure faces of the white-veiled girls, the long train of acolytes, the priests, the loved prelate who had preached the sermon. The Host is raised aloft, and from the choir the "Tantum Ergo" in such a glorious burst of devotional music it seemed the very hearts of the singers dissolved in melody, and the listeners were borne upwards on a mighty wave of sacred song, breathing the consecrated incense of praise and prayer.

Edna was one of the kneeling throng. When Blake left the house she grew restless, and as her nature would not endure the inactive, dreamy melancholy that steals upon one unawares in the absence of an object of passion, she donned a walking costume and went for a brisk, enlivening promenade in the refreshing frosty air. But she did not find the mental rest she unconsciously looked for. Her thoughts were troubled in spite of her resolve not to pay any attention to what her cousin had told her of Blake. Unbidden the thought recurred again and again: "Is Firman deceiving me?"

Then she smiled, continuing: "Why, I've only to ask him to have my doubt dispelled.

"Doubt! Shame! I do not doubt him. My love is not so mean a thing. Of course he is divorced, since he has said so. But he has not said so to me! It is merely the impression in the house. Still it would be dishonest, treacherous for him to speak of love to me if he were not free."

"Free!" whispered conscience. "Is a man or woman free even when divorced? Dare you, a Catholic—even though a poor one—marry a divorced man?"

Edna's heart contracted. She was since her school-days not much better than a nominal Catholic. True, she attended Mass on Sundays, but it was as much from habit as duty, and she had followed the promptings of her own sweet will chiefly. Yet her will had not run in dangerous channels until she met Firman Blake, a man altogether unworthy of her, even if he had had no wife living.

"No matter," she argued with the still small voice, "I need not marry him, but I may love him with all my heart. There is no harm in that."

"But he?"

"I will make him see as I do, that his love—the knowledge that I have it—is sufficient for my happiness, and that he too must be content to know I love him fervently."

"But the world?"

"I care not for the world."

"Ah, take care! Such expressions are dangerous. You must care for the world. Christ died to redeem it. You must guard your actions to avoid scandalizing your world. You, a convent-bred girl: much has been given you; much will be expected of you."

"But my heart is pure. I love; that is natural. I renounce marriage for the sake of my love. I deny myself all but the spiritual realization of it."

"Do you, quite?"

Edna's breath came faster during a brief hurried mental review of her conduct since she had known her lover.

"How you hang upon his words!" said conscience. "Your eyes devour him, your hand lingers in his. Once—when he declared his love for you—and since then too—your lips—"

"Ah!" Edna blushed painfully.

"Is this right? Are you not a traitor to his wife?"

"He is divorced."

"The church recognizes no divorce."

"The church does not permit the divorcee to marry again. I know that. But—"

"You are unmaidenly."

"Ah!"

The church music fell upon her ear and held her attention.

"What is it?"

"The Feast of the Immaculate Conception," prompted the inner voice.

Absently, she went in. The sexton courteously found her a place near the altar. The church being crowded, Fred could not see her when he entered later. Neither did Edna dream that Fred was in the church. She experienced a sense of rest at first. The struggle between her and conscience ceased for awhile. She put aside tormenting thoughts, recognizing the presence of God as soon as she entered the church, although no penetrating light of true self-knowledge had yet entered her soul. She bowed her head in adoration. The music thrilled her and the whole service filled her with emotion, and during the sermon her bright eyes, riveted on the preacher, filled with tears.

As the Blessed Sacrament was borne aloft during the procession of priests, acolytes, boys and girls from the school, a wave of memory swept over her and she hid her face in her hands.

Ah, yes! she had often joined in such processions, strewing flowers before the Blessed Sacrament.

She wept, she accused herself of lack of zeal in the practice of her religion, and determined to attend to her duties soon. But emotion is unreliable; when the cause of it departs, the effect is not always what we supposed it would be. Edna's emotion was short-lived, but she was honest at the time her resolution was made. She prayed fervently during Mass, but she did not acknowledge or recognize her weakness, and therefore did not pray for what she needed most—light to guide her in self-knowledge and strength to resist temptation.

She was unconscious of her great pride. Her very prayers breathed pride. She was contrite, she thought; she blamed herself harshly for not loving God more, and resolved to correct this. The truth did not occur to her, that the most acceptable petition would be that grace be given her to love, that her nature be lifted up to that height, her soul be ennobled, while humility clothed her as a garment.

Poor Edna knew very little of life, notwithstanding her boasted freedom of opinion and action, her Bohemian tendencies, her ambition to become a great artist. Her life so far knew but sins of omission, because the temptation in her path had not been such as to attract her. Firman Blake's passion was the first temptation powerful enough to enthrall her. And this was the only point on which she censured herself—yet little enough on it. It was not with regard to him she took herself to task in church. It was as though she kept that matter a secret from God. Poor Edna!

As that church was very far from her boarding-house, she caught at the excuse not to try to gain the indulgence of the Forty Hours by going to confession that day. She went out of the church with the multitude, passing unnoticed the kneeling Fred Purcell, whose head was bowed low upon his arms, his whole figure in the dark corner of a lower pew, motionless as in a trance.

For Fred was passing through a fiery ordeal that those who saw him did not dream of.

Fred remained long kneeling, wrestling with a sudden resolve. He did not flatter himself by thinking he had received a miraculous manifestation of the will of God in relation to himself. As he knelt there, deep in thought and self-examination, he realized that various events in his life tended to where he had just halted convinced. His early training, his education, even the indulgences to which his financial means had given him access and which so soon palled upon his fastidious taste, his lack of constancy in any occupation he had taken up, his continual search for something to satisfy his nature, something into which he could throw his soul—all these he realized during the Mass—but tended to lead him to a final conclusion—to a recognition of his vocation, and with some pardonable pride he felt, too, that he would be a valuable acquisition to the priesthood in an intellectual way, because of his powers of oratory and his personal magnetism. Besides, he felt that his very passion for his cousin had led him to his true vocation by preventing any love for another woman. He knew that she would never have married him—so much younger than she—even though Firman Blake had not intervened. Nevertheless he found the battle with himself hard to fight because the world held out its arms to him alluringly; he was young, and though some pleasures had palled upon him, there were many yet untried, and many that he knew and had not wearied of.

But he conquered. He would not go home. He went out for awhile and walked a considerable distance, returning in the afternoon at the time confessions were heard. After his confession he visited the prelate whose sermon he had heard at Mass, opening his heart to the dear old man, and receiving the advice and encouragement so much needed.

He was counselled to go into retreat for a few days for further reflection, and made up his mind at once to go to G—— College, a Jesuit institution, where he had been educated. He would not trust himself in Edna's presence again. She would have received him kindly; but he did not guess that, not knowing that in her heart also a struggle had taken place that day.

He knew that he would be welcome at the college, so he despatched a brief note there saying he would visit them. He went to his boarding-house late, and told the hostess he would go away for some days—although he never intended to return—and left early in the morning, taking the train for M——.

Edna appeared at breakfast, pale and unlike herself. She had received a note the previous evening from Blake telling her that business detained him and he would not be at the house until too late to see her. She was almost thankful then; but the morning brought a longing for his presence, and she expected to meet him as usual at the breakfast-table. He was not there. She also wondered that her cousin was not there, and asked the waitress about him.

"He went away early this morning, miss."

"Ah!" She was surprised, but supposed it to be one of his caprices.

Later, as she was going up to her room, the servant brought her a note which a messenger had just left. She recognized Fred's handwriting and hastened to her room to read it. It was as follows:

"DEAR EDNA: When you receive this I shall be on my way to my old college at M——, where I am going in retreat; and I hope during the time given to meditation and prayer to receive a confirmation of what seemed to me yesterday, as I knelt in the cathedral during the Forty Hours' Devotion, a peremptory call to the priesthood. I believe I have discovered my vocation at last. Pray for me. FRED."

That was all. He had pondered for a long time before closing, wondering whether to explain to her, to exhort her to be more practical in religion, to give up Firman Blake. He was strongly inclined to urge her to remember what he had said to her about that man; in fact he wrote a long letter on the subject, then he destroyed it, saying wearily: "I will leave her to God, and pray for her. I am not fit to counsel any one. I must gain strength myself."

Edna read and re-read the short note, scarcely understanding what it contained. At last she grasped its full meaning, and smiled incredulously, saying to herself: "It is a whim. He will change his mind before his retreat is ended."

Then, "So he, too, was in that church. Strange. And found his vocation there—so he thinks. I wonder if it is really true—if he will really be a priest? He might have said good-by to me. The last conversation we had together we quarrelled—about Firman Blake. Ah me! if I only knew what to do."

She clasped her hands above her head, and gazed out over the clear landscape of the park, while tears gathered in her eyes.

She was strangely unnerved and anxious. Her cousin and her lover remained persistently in her thoughts, and troubled her. Again and again she repeated Fred's warning against the other, and her faith in Blake began to waver and grow exceedingly timid. Then she scorned herself for her want of steadfastness in love, and finally she fell to a kneeling posture near the window and dropped her head upon her hands.

Without her volition memory began to play with her mercilessly. All her life passed in review before her and she wept in more humility, perhaps, than she had ever known, crying out at last from her inmost heart: "God, I have been wilfully blind to my duty. Forgive me. Teach me to love Thee and help me to self-conquest."

Almost at the same moment as she prayed thus an overwhelming wave of passionate longing to see her lover swept over her, and she exclaimed in agony: "If I must give up Firman Blake, God, take him from me. I have not the strength. My love masters me."

She knelt for awhile motionless; then arose, bathed her face and began to dress to go to the institute for the art class.

Ere long there was a knock at her door. Edna opened it a little without showing herself, and recognizing the voice of her hostess, she said, "I'm dressing. What is it?"

"Oh! nothing of importance just now. I wanted to ask if you had read the morning paper."

"No," answered Edna in surprise.

"Ah! Then you don't know the startling news. Here's the paper."

"What is it?" asked the girl, as she put forth her bare arm and took the paper.

The hostess answered in a low voice, "Mr. Blake has been arrested for forgery." She heard a faint gasping sound from Edna as she moved away, and then the door closed.

Edna did not faint. With aching heart she read the full disgraceful particulars. The paper fell from her nerveless hands, and she pressed her brow to still the throbbing of her temples. The pain was very bitter; yet she felt that new moral strength had suddenly come to her, and that God had indeed answered her prayer, to take Firman Blake out of her life.

Five years later. Justice was not cheated of its due in the case of Firman Blake. He is in the penitentiary atoning for his crimes, in the flesh if not in the spirit. Of all who formerly knew him there is only one, perhaps, who still remembers him, and she does not cherish the memory. Edna's desire is to banish that period altogether from her thoughts. Speaking of the instability of girlhood's passion, on one occasion, to her bosom friend, she said:

"I know. I've experienced it; and although at the time I believed no one ever loved more deeply than I, and it took a great shock to restore me to common sense, I have since looked back often and often, wondering how it all happened.

"It is the degrading folly of the affair which stings more keenly than if it had been crime."

But that very shame, the memory of which she longs to lose, has helped to develop Edna's character as nothing else would have done. It taught her self-knowledge and humility; brought her in penitence to the foot of the cross, and made an honest, practical Catholic of her.

She then threw her heart into her studies and finally gained prominence at the art institute. Now she is adding to her income the proceeds from the lessons she gives at the various schools in drawing, painting, clay modelling, etc. She is without genius. She boards with a private family who have a delightful home just beyond the city limits, reached easily by the electric cars, and her hostess is exceedingly fond of her. Edna's circle of friends is large and well selected. Her mind now seeks its own level and there are brilliant intellects to be found among her friends.

She will marry, of course, some day, and shine as the queen of a refined and cultured home. In love? Well, perhaps not yet. She herself is not certain about it. She likes more than one admirer very well, and one a little better than the rest. He may be the elect. He is quite handsome, and manly enough to please a woman; his attention is wished for by some fair ones who cannot get it. He is to accompany Edna to the cathedral to-day, for it is Sunday; and a young priest—a stranger in the city—yet already celebrated for his brilliant oratory, is to preach at High Mass.

It is a beautiful day, the Sunday after Easter, the season of alleluias. Fragrance of lilies fills the church. The grand ceremony of High Mass proceeds. There is a note of jubilation in the music. Renewed joy in life quickens the pulses of the multitude listening to the "Gloria," their beating hearts uplifted in prayer of praise and thanksgiving rather than petition.

The Gospel ends. There is a kneeling figure before the altar. The clarion voice of the baritone in the choir bursts into music: "Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

The young priest ascends the steps of the pulpit, and gazes on the people before him. He is very young. All eyes are riveted upon him—the tall, youthful but manly form, graceful bearing, noble poise of the head. What a beautiful face! The brow denotes genius surely. Those glorious eyes evidence a soul of rare depth and strength.

He begins to preach. What music, what power in the voice! A modern Chrysostom!

These are the thoughts of the people, and the sermon itself realized their expectations, as words of beauty and holiness and wisdom were uttered in resonant tones.

It is the same church where Fred learned his vocation for the priesthood and Edna's restoration to piety began. The young priest is emotional and somewhat overcome towards the end of the sermon, as memories crowd upon him without his volition, and people attribute it to a little timidity natural to youth, and agree that it detracts nothing from their enjoyment. But he is not at all timid, and had they known him as Edna did, they would have understood.

When Mass was finished she turned to her companion, as they left the church, saying, "That is my cousin, Fred Purcell."

Of course it was not a surprise to her. She had often seen Fred during his seminary course; he loved her as a sister; there was none of the old passion left, although he never blushed at the memory of it, as Edna did when thinking of Blake.

Fred had not been ashamed of his boyish fervor; it was honest while it lasted, and was supplanted, not by another human passion, but by a devotion to higher purposes, the consecration of his heart, his life to God.

THE PENANCE OF GALAHAD.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THINE own fair device is not about thee:
A Red Worm crawls on thy crest!
And whither wilt thou go, upon thy saddle-bow
So strange and so fearful a guest?

"Thine own fair device I'll broider for thee,
On baldric and saddle-cloth fine,
And have thy branded shield by the cunning graver healed,
Thou holy one, last of our line!"

"Let be. I have dreamed. O my sister,
Dreams pass with the dark and the wind;
But beside me there awoke a memory that spoke
Aloud all the morn: 'Thou hast sinned!'

"The thing caged within me that I knew not
Had burst from the temporal air:
By night I saw my soul, away from her control,
A horror at home in the lair.

"Account it no less than my demission!
I am I, whatsoever is wrought:
Lord where events begin, to rein mine action in,
And lord on the frontiers of thought.

"And weep not for me, awhile to carry
A symbol, though foul and extreme:
I wear a witness so, that the world and thou may know
I fell from myself in a dream.

"If white knights clouded on the wayside
Say low: 'There afar and infirm
Our Galahad doth pass; the altar-rose, alas!
Is first of us all for the Worm!'

"If Arthur at Camelot believe me
The possible lie that I am,
Pray only that I keep, made humble in a sleep,
Still whole in the sight of the Lamb!"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

VI.—HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

A RECENT article in this series of rambling thoughts by the present writer has been honored by many reprints, to say nothing of savage criticism of the "I-think-you-are-horrid" kind.

The temper of my paper on the elastic orthodoxy of our Episcopalian friends was so devoid of rancor that I can find no explanation for the resulting bitterness, unless in the unpleasant plainness and hardness of my *facts*.

There is a penalty attached to all plain speaking. And when one drops from theorizings upon meanness to the directness of "thou art the man," something inevitably happens: David repents, or Nathan catches it! In the recent case the latter would seem to have been the result.

I regret to say that as yet no one has sent me either an explanation or a denial of my too local and too stubborn facts. I still more earnestly regret that from so many sides has come the evidence of David's obtuse inability to see the point. I thought my little parable rather telling, and purposely gave it a local coloring, to the intent that all might verify by near-by cases the soundness of the principles advanced. Alas! Everybody, it seems, knew all that I said before I said it, and the present condition of my David's mind is shown by his complacent, "What of it?" There I am, as it were, laboriously proving the obvious to those who admit it—who glory in it! Enough—and perhaps too much—of the matter.

The object of the present article is to show (to numerous correspondents of whom I *have* hopes) that the go-as-you-please principle runs far back to the very beginnings of the soul's pitiful search for the light, if so be that the one certain voice of infallible Truth has not reached it. And step by step the individual—even in early childhood—not only may, but must, *choose* amid a babel of conflicting teachings that which he likes!

To get away from generalities and unsupported statement of the principles, it will perhaps be best to use the facts in the experience of the writer to make the point in view. Keeping before the mind the fact that Christianity is a divine revelation, and therefore an unchangeable deposit of truth, what shall be said of the pathetic facts which constituted the experience of one soul in its childish and unguided search for it? Be it remembered that the claim of our Episcopalian friends, as evidenced by their use of such terms as "a teaching church," "a rule of faith," "authority in matters of doctrine," is that their ministry and formularies are to the individual soul the unerring guides to a just and true comprehension of the immutable deposit of revealed religion. Theirs in respect of authority to teach is exactly the same as the Catholic claim. Observe now the practical condition and utter uncertainty of the individual. It is not a theory which confronts those who in loneliness and blundering strive to conform their own to the divine religion.

Experto Crede! This is the history of one. When consciousness of sin and God and the unseen first came to me, I was a little chap in Baltimore, and doubtless very much like any other boy.

I remember distinctly having perfectly vague leanings toward the great solemn mystic Faith whose splendid temples were on every hand. But nothing anywise approaching a determination to become a Catholic occurred to me at that time. I was obedient and affectionate. Those who were caring for me would have considered any such event with genuine horror. I weakly found myself repeating, or at the least not questioning, the many ordinary lies told about Catholics. I was ashamed of my own secret inclinations toward the church, and used (when very pressed) to bolster up my shaky and Rome-hungry heart by telling stories told to me of Catholic iniquities in Cuba.

But there I was. I must have a religion. Daily I was becoming more rapt in the religious life. My reading—never much controlled—and a natural disposition to unwholesome dreaming, united with the kind attempts of earnest Christian souls to make me "serious."

I turned my little bed-room into an oratory—much, I suppose, as I had turned a band-box into a helmet with grim barred visor. On week-days I was a mixture of monk and boy—nine parts monk and one part boy; but on Sundays I was a hymn-singing Sunday-school child of the common type, with a sly taste for the Catholic crumbs somehow left over at the Reformation.

I must pick out a church. We selected, after considerable discussion of the reverend pastors of twenty others, the Church of the Ascension. I was in my earliest teens. I had already *chosen* from many denominations one that suited me. And from among the ministers of that one denomination I had—under protest—selected a sort of compromise man. I then began to analyze my teacher's teaching, and to compare him with his own predecessors and his neighbor parsons. Then came the ineffable call to me to "preach the Gospel." At first I was too lost in wondering joy to dwell much on the anatomy, the structure, as it were, of that glad tidings of great joy which had come to me, and which, by me, was to be made known to others. Then came, as in a flood, a terrible revulsion of my old yearnings for the Catholic Faith. I fought it as a black temptation straight from the devil. An accident, as it then seemed, came to my aid. We lived around the corner from St. Luke's, a ritualistic church of (then) moderate type, whose rector was a famous and most gifted teacher of the young. I was allowed to go one Sunday afternoon to hear him.

I have forgotten what he said; but I shall never in my life forget the revelation of that service. It looked Catholic. A dim, fine Gothic church; lights gleaming from the fair white altar; soft, priestly intonation of the dear old collects; long line of white-robed choristers; pictures of saints and virgins. That was an epoch-marking evensong in St. Luke's, Baltimore, to me. I came out a changed lad. Now I must once more choose. I broke from the Ascension, and followed my new guides. One day somebody told me that the former rector of my dear St. Luke's had turned a papist (the Paulist Father Baker) and I was made uncomfortable by it until I could forget it.

About that time the "Cowley Fathers"—Anglican—came to preach a mission at Mount Calvary Church (formerly the church of Bishop Curtis of Wilmington), and I made my way thither. I found a much more Catholic church, a bolder teaching, and such battle-words as "Confession," "Mass," "Ave Maria," etc., etc., used in a matter-of-course way which much distressed me. Again I had to decide as between my rector and these visiting "Fathers"; I chose the latter.

But it was not until the matter of choosing a seminary became necessary that I myself began to feel the logical absurdity of the whole situation. Think of it! A lad of seventeen, preparing to become an authorized teacher of a church claiming to be Catholic and Apostolic, was forced to select from half a dozen seminaries—all of them countenanced and supported by the same church—the one where he could be taught that kind of religion for which he had a liking! I know of no parallel to this in ecclesiastical history.

My friends wanted me to go to Alexandria, Va., in the hope that the evangelicalism in vogue there would "knock the Romish nonsense out of me." I went on a reconnoitring expedition: the learner spying out the teachers! I was disgusted and disheartened. The chapel was a dirty neglected barn, with neither altar nor chancel; a dingy meeting-house, in fact, where a rampant Protestantism was in possession. My new-found "Fathers" suggested the seminary at Nashota, but the distance of that monastic-like school and the fears and tears of my friends debarred me.

Then there was that school of the ultra-Brahmins—the neo-evangelical, up-to-date German-rationalist school at Cambridge. The "broads" were at that time manifesting a strength and bid for popularity among the laity, and the filling of such posts as Grace Church, New York, and the like, with shining lights from that school of opinion gave a glamour to that seat of learning in which one might hope to be furnished with all possible aids in getting around, or over, or under the difficulties of his inherited religion.

But the Catholic taint in my blood was too deep, and I recoiled from the first with contempt and dread—from both the teaching, which I thought distinctly unchristian, and the teachers, whom I conceived to be fascinating men of the world of irreproachable character doubtless, but in every hour of their lives and by their pet peculiarities dragging down the dignity of the priesthood, and surreptitiously committing the church to the most vital heresies. Be it remembered that it was a postulant for holy orders who was thus passing the bishops and doctors of his church before him in critical judgment.

I finally settled upon the General Seminary in New York, whose traditional High-church tone and confessed pre-eminence possessed attractions for me.

But to get there I had to have a tussle with my bishop (Dr. Pinckney, of Maryland). He suspected the Romanizing influence of the Chelsea school, and forbade his "candidates" to go there. Here *was* a difficulty!

I cut the Gordian knot by coolly *leaving* my bishop, and found no difficulty whatever in being received into that happiest of all heterogeneous happy families, the diocese of New York!

"Do as you please and you will be happy," would seem to be the motto for the theological student of that body.

I found myself at last in a cassock and an atmosphere of Catholicity at Chelsea Square. But, alas! the professors were as widely antagonistic in their teaching as the various seminaries. So once more the students sitting at their feet must exercise that most unnatural selection and determine which learned doctor taught truth and which error. And there was indeed a choice of "feet" there at which to "sit." One of the professors heard confessions; another was just then publishing a work against the whole doctrine and practice of Penance! "Take your choice, gentlemen," we were practically told. One dear old doctor, now gone to his rest, was a ferocious Protestant, and afforded us infinite fun by his side-thrusts at the authors and teachings given to us by another professor.

One had to pity those godly and learned men, for they occupied a ticklish position in that, the *General* Seminary which was more or less under all of the bishops. As we found it impossible to believe and accept what at different hours was differently taught, so our teachers must have found it next to impossible to conform to the notions of some sixty bishops, scarcely two of whom would have agreed perfectly in doctrine. The consequence was that while Alexandria was flatly and plainly "low," and Nashota monkishly "high," and Cambridge Pharisaically "broad," the General Seminary strove to be "safe."

Now "safety" of that sort is attainable only by acrobats. And dodging, meaning and not meaning, saying and not doing, characterized the tone and temper of that astounding school of the prophets. Cut deep into the stone walls of the chapel, over the students' stalls, runs the divine commission, and in Latin, "*Receive the Holy Ghost for the office of a priest. Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted,*" etc., etc., and yet, should one of these same professors, *in plain English*, tell the young future priests to teach and hear confessions, he would hear from the bishops in short order, and a still nearer authority would whisper to him that "it was not safe."

So from the moment that I began to look for God until that moment that I passed into His One True fold I was myself my only teacher, as at each step I was compelled to pick and choose from the discordant doctors the one with whom I (the student and the learner) thought I agreed.

SOME NOTES ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

BY F. E. GILLIAT-SMITH.

THE vials of confusion," said Cardinal Manning nearly twenty years ago—"the vials of confusion are poured out on that time-honored, aristocratic but schismatic Church of England."

He was alluding to the troubles at Hatcham—to the contumacy of Mr. Tooth, and from that day to this things have only gone from bad to worse. The complications arising out of the Machonichie case, the Lincoln judgment, and a host of other difficulties have only rendered confusion worse confounded.

All this is true on the face of it, and yet some ten years later, in 1885, we find the same keen-sighted ecclesiastic deprecating any attack by Catholics on the Establishment, on the ground of its value as a teaching body.

"If," he said, "the use of the established churches of this country be regarded in no other light than as elementary catechetical schools—and they are, indeed, a great deal more—which have sustained and are sustaining a large measure, though sadly mutilated, of our Christian traditions, nevertheless, even as catechetical schools, together with the large system of Christian education maintained by them, they ought not to be hindered in their action by revolutionary measures, much less ought they to be rudely destroyed"; and long before Cardinal Newman, a man usually of a very different tone of thought, had expressed almost identical views.

The fact is, if we look into the matter a little more closely, we shall see that the confusion is more apparent than real, or rather, more theoretical than practical, less widespread than it is sometimes supposed to be.

We do not mean to say that contradictory doctrines are not taught within the pale of the Establishment, but that practical, moderate men of all parties—and these probably form the majority of her clergy, generally speaking—leave speculative and debated questions, as much as possible, on one side, and content themselves with treating religion from what they conceive to be a practical point of view. The same class of clergy show little or no hostility to other forms of belief, except where other churches clash with them, where there is rivalry.

This is not generally the case in country districts, especially those removed from great industrial centres, where for the most part the squire and the parson still reign supreme ; and, after all, the country, so far as concerns the future, is of greater importance than the town, for it is the country which is the nursery of the rising generation ; and first impressions usually last longest. That fads and errors and gross heresies *do* exist there can be no denying, and where this is so there is often intolerance.

In a most useful article in the December issue of the *Nineteenth Century* Edward Miller gave his experience of parochial work in two country parishes where he was respectively vicar and rector for a very considerable period, and in the first of which, as there was no resident squire, the whole heat and burden of the day fell on his shoulders alone. His paper may be sufficiently described as a categorical account of the various good works which he, the "village tyrant," inaugurated and in many cases brought to a successful issue, for the material and social advancement of his parishioners, and how he, thereby, annually expended the whole of the income which accrued to him from his benefices.

And although some cavilling folk may think it egoistical thus to blow one's own trumpet, an article like Mr. Miller's has at all events this merit, that the information it contains is given at first hand. Where, then, the author is a man of established probity, and of this in the present case there can be no doubt, we need have no hesitation in accepting the accuracy of his statements.

Mr. Miller observes, and we know from experience that this is so—though, of course, all are not in a position to do as much as he did—that his is a very typical case of the country clergy generally. He adds, many have far surpassed in their labors, etc. It would seem, then, regarding the matter for the moment from a purely secular point of view, that the country parsonages of England form a series of civilizing foci scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, greatly conducive to the material, intellectual, and social well-being of the rural populations.

Moreover, they insure everywhere the continual presence of a resident gentry, a matter in itself of no small importance to the country, whose influence is in the main healthy, and in some measure goes to counterbalance the evil done by political agents and professional agitators, who perambulate the land sowing everywhere, for their own ends, or the ends of their party, the seeds of discord and discontent.

From what has been said, we take it, the following conclusions may fairly be drawn: First, that the Church of England, as by law established, is an institution which teaches and enforces the truths of natural religion, and at least the elementary truths of revealed religion; secondly, that her social and political influence is, on the whole, most salutary; thirdly, that her action on the masses, materially speaking, is highly beneficial.

In order to grasp fully the meaning of the word disestablishment, to realize the force of the blow which its advocates would hurl at the Church of England, it is important to bear in mind the actual social status of the Anglican clergyman.

To begin with: the parson now shares with the squire the chief place in the village community; or, where there is no resident squire, or, as is not unfrequently the case, where the clergyman unites both offices in his own person, and thus becomes what they call, in the midland counties, a "squarson," he reigns alone supreme.

Secondly, the bishops of the Established Church are, for the most part, peers, and the humblest curate, as a possible prelate, holds, in some measure, the position of a younger son of a noble house, or, at least, shines with a light reflected through lawn sleeves from the gilded chamber.

Furthermore, in addition to the halo of respectability which always surrounds the head of a state official, the clergy of the Established Church, or at least her beneficed clergy, are almost all of them gentlemen. It could hardly be otherwise under a system of appointment like that actually in vogue, including as it does lay patronage, and everything which that entails.

Disestablish the church, and at one blow you cut off all these advantages, and though she might not directly come down from her lofty pedestal, the day of humiliation would be near at hand. Sooner or later she would infallibly fall to the plane of the sects which surround her. The status of her very archbishops would be debased to that of Dr. Parker or Mr. Booth, and as for her lower clergy, the humblest tub-thumper on Clapham Common would legally become their equal.

Nor is this all. In the mental calibre, in the intrinsic quality of her clergy, Anglicanism would suffer immensely.

It is said, we know not with what truth, that even now few of her best men take orders. When, maimed, crippled, halting, she could no longer offer them any of the plums of life, the number of able men who cared to link their lot with hers would surely be few indeed.

So much the better, some will say, for the church ; it is well to keep worldlings out of her ranks. Granted, from a spiritual point of view, if it be admitted that the Church of England is a spiritual body ; but we are looking at the matter from a Catholic point of view, and from our point of view the Church of England is simply a human organization.

Deprive her, then, of the sinews of war, of the social prestige which she enjoys as an important branch of the civil service, of the *éclat* which she receives from the presence within the ranks of her clergy of men of high standing socially and intellectually, and even if the conflicting elements of which she is made up continued for any length of time to cohere, it could not be otherwise than that her power for good or for evil would be at once greatly diminished, that her whole vital action would be gradually but surely destroyed.

To turn to the other side of the question. What effect would the disestablishment of Anglicanism have on the Catholic Church ?

As to direct advantages, as far as we can see, there could be but one, and that of a questionable character. The Catholic priest would be legally, what by his own intrinsic merits he is daily becoming more widely recognized as socially—the equal of the Anglican clergyman ; but, be it borne in mind, not by the elevation of the former, but by the degradation of the latter.

Nor, when they come to be examined, are the indirect benefits to be reaped from disestablishment of a much less vague and shadowy nature.

First and foremost the tithe question suggests itself, and the cessation of the payment of tithe or its equivalent to the Anglican clergyman would alone, it may be urged, be an immense boon, not only to every Catholic land-owner, but to every landowner in the kingdom ; a boon, moreover, which might well be calculated to benefit indirectly many a struggling mission.

But, though a few individual Catholics might possibly find some satisfaction in the thought that no portion of their income any longer found its way into the pockets of the parson, the material advantage which they would receive would, in all probability, be *nil.* The tithes would have to be paid, just the same as before.

Again, it may be said that disestablishment would break the yoke from off the neck of those clergy who are only hindered from joining the Catholic Church from a dread of the stern fact that, by doing so, they would lose as well their social position as their means of livelihood.

In the first place, there is no evidence to show that such a class of men exists. But even if there be a considerable body of clergymen thus situated, how would disestablishment help them?—unless, indeed, no compensation were made for life interests, an injustice which public opinion would hardly permit.

It is conceivable, however, that circumstances might arise which would give ground for hope that some measure of good might eventually be the outcome of the overthrow of the national religion—disestablishment might not improbably bring about disintegration.

Where the lines of cleavage would be, would be hard to say. The old Evangelical party might possibly be absorbed by the various more respectable non-conforming bodies—Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, and so forth—or it might make common cause with the free Episcopal Church. From this quarter, then, there is nothing to be hoped, but it should be remembered that Evangelicanism is on the wane within the pale of the Establishment; but a minority, and that a feeble minority, style themselves Low-Churchmen.

If help is to come to us from disestablishment it is from the High-Church party that we must look for it, and the High-Church party have for years past been slowly but steadily gaining ground. With it, undoubtedly, is the flowing tide.

Of this party, perhaps the majority are simply indifferent to Roman claims and Roman pretensions. They know nothing of them. How should they? It is not to their interest to do so. They do not wish, as they would say, to unsettle their simple faith, to stir up muddy water, to raise questions to which it would be inconvenient to offer a reply. Of the rest, a small body of noisy individuals, of late years much *en evidence*, show themselves, perhaps from motives of diplomacy, bitterly hostile to the church. Others, again, are friendly towards Catholicism, put no difficulties in the way of conversions, accept most—some of them all—of our dogmas, including papal infallibility and the Immaculate Conception, and publicly proclaim that they look forward to the day when the Church of England shall once more be united to the See of Rome.

Such, then, is the present position of the High-Church party; thus would it seem to be divided. As to the first class, the shattering of their own frail vessel might possibly impel them, as a last resource, to at least make trial of the sea-worthiness of Peter's barque.

For the second, even if all their noise and brag and bluster do, in truth, proceed from honest indignation at what they think to be the corruptions and innovations of modern Rome, still adversity may make them see things as they really are. When the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house which with such infinite labor they have reared on the shifting sands of historical fallacy and pride, and sweep it clean away, in sheer desperation they, too, may be driven to take refuge in that mighty stronghold which Christ himself hath founded on a rock.

What shall we say of the third class? Self-interest, and some honest scruple or other as to the validity or invalidity of Anglican orders, alone keep them back; the second we might confidently hope would very soon settle itself, if only the initial difficulty could be removed. Would disintegration do so?

There is, however, another factor which must be taken into consideration. A spirit of liberalism in religious thought is rapidly leavening the whole lump so far as concerns the Church of England, and this spirit of liberalism is, at present, hostile to Catholic claims. Whether it will continue to be so remains to be seen.

The fact, however, that among Broad-Churchmen there are many honest, humble-minded, God-fearing men, in good faith and of good will, augurs well for the future.

For such, if only they knew it, there is ample room in Peter's fold; for albeit the private and particular views of not a few of her children are still somewhat straitened, the embrace of Mother Church is very large.

The influence of liberalism, then, on the High-Church party must be regarded as an unknown quantity, which might or might not prove favorable to the cause of our holy religion.

The Tractarian movement, and that development of it which goes by the name of Ritualism, has done much, and is rapidly doing more, to vulgarize the knowledge of Catholic truth.

The story of its success in this field is an old one, but perhaps it will be convenient at the present moment to tell it over again.

Proceeding with that delightful inconsequence and want of logic so characteristic of Englishmen, never once pausing to ask themselves by what authority they were doing these things, nay, notwithstanding the avowed opposition of the whole Anglican episcopate, in face of the open derision of the entire daily press, in defiance of all authority ecclesiastical as well as civil, in spite of a united public opinion envenomed with three centuries of jealousy, terror and greed, a little band of the lower clergy, a mere handful, by sheer dogged perseverance and pertinacity of purpose succeed not only in implanting in the very bosom of erst that stronghold of Protestantism, the Anglican Establishment, almost all the debated dogmas of the Catholic religion, with all the outward forms and ceremonies with which the Catholic Church accompanies their manifestation, but in obtaining what is practically official recognition that those doctrines and practices form part and parcel, at least permissively, of the doctrines and practices of the state church of England.

The achievement is certainly a remarkable one. None but Englishmen would have dared to have done it, and in no other country but England would the accomplishment have been possible.

But this is not all; explain it how you will, Ritualism is the fertile mother not only which has brought forth, but which continues to bring forth, more than half our converts.

But to continue, and here we come to the point to which we wish to draw especial attention. Had it not been for the retention of the old ecclesiastical constitution and forms of church government, of the old Catholic liturgy and breviary offices, for broadly speaking the book of Common Prayer is little less than a compression, an abbreviation, a curtailment if you will, of the old liturgical books in and before the Reformation, the wonderful success which has attended the Tractarian movement would have been altogether impossible. Nay, the extraordinary Catholic revival which in these latter days has rejoiced the heart of the church in England would almost certainly never have been.

Thus much, then, has Anglicanism done for us in the past. What, if she continue the state church of England, may we expect of her in the future?

We cannot for an instant attempt to forecast the current of events, but there are certain facts and certain precedents which cannot be gainsaid, and which, in regard to this question, it will be useful to bear in mind.

(1) There are no signs that Ritualism is yet beginning to decline; on the contrary, everything seems to indicate that it has not yet reached the acme of its power.

It is daily and hourly increasing its borders, and unless some unforeseen conjunction of circumstance arise, the time is not far off when it will have leavened the whole Anglican Church.

(2) The category of Catholic truths which Ritualists inculcate is becoming longer rather than shorter, the truths themselves more definite, and more accurately defined.

(3) The stream of converts which the movement sends us has in no way diminished, but, on the contrary, is growing wider and deeper every day.

(4) The usual course with individual converts is to accept the various dogmas of the Catholic religion separately, to convince themselves of their truth one by one, and finally to examine the credentials of the divine authority which enjoins them.

(5) When the English schism was healed under Queen Mary, Mass had been restored and doctrine purified, before Parliament finally decided by a formal vote to return to the obedience of the Holy See.

It may be urged that even if we could certainly foresee that the Anglican Church would eventually be reconciled to Rome, Catholics would gain nothing by the maintenance of the present state of things, because before any reconciliation could take place the consent of Parliament would have to be obtained. That is to say, the people of England would first have to be converted, and, were this once accomplished, it would be just as easy or easier to make the actual Catholic organization the state church of the realm, or, if need be, to found an entirely new organization.

We answer that Anglicanism is the source of Rome's recruits, that Disestablishment spells death—the death of the goose which lays the golden eggs, the indefinite postponement of England's conversion, and that experience shows the maintenance of a burden to be a far easier matter than its reimposition when once it has been removed. Besides, in the present case the new burden would be in itself much harder to bear than the old. The endowment question alone would be one bristling with difficulties. Any resumption of the old church funds, or such of them as remained, being, in common justice, impossible, without adequate compensation to those corporations which at the time were held to have the right to enjoy them, the solution of the dilemma would probably have to be found in that expedient—fertile source of irritation—an annual public worship budget. The natural and not altogether unfounded dread of investing the hierarchy with political power would doubtless prove another hindrance, and then "the state has got on very well all these years without the church, the church without the state; why should they be again united?" This would be an argument sure to be heard.

And yet some sort of a union between church and state, we have it on the highest authority, is at least desirable, and, after all, a state religion is, in a certain way, individually to the nation which maintains it what the divine office is collectively to the whole church—a long unbroken public act of faith and love and worship.

One more consideration and we have done. The existing organization of the Catholic Church in England, with its incomplete hierarchy, which gathers up, as it were, all power into the hands of the bishops, which excludes the laity from any part in the administration of those funds which they so liberally provide, necessary outcome as it is of the circumstances of the age which engendered it, and well adapted, doubtless, to those circumstances of that age, might prove a serious danger, should England ever again become Catholic, not only to the rights and liberties of the laity and of the lower clergy, but to the very stability of the newly established faith, whilst, on the other hand, the Anglican constitution, outcome of the day when all England was Catholic, safeguards, in a special manner, the ecclesiastical rights and liberties of all sorts and conditions of men.

The maintenance, then, of that constitution is, in a certain sense, a guarantee that the religious life of the English people, when it again returns, and assuredly it will return, shall flow quietly and naturally along its traditional channels.

WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE AT RYDAL.

WORDSWORTH: HIS HOME AND WORKS.

BY PHILIP OLÉRON.

TWO names ever to be connected with poetry are those of William Wordsworth and his devoted sister Dorothy. Thirteenth of the poets laureate, he formed with Coleridge and Southey the famous Lake trio.

The influence of his sister was all through life immense, and with the exception of an interval of some years during their early youth the two were continually together. Dorothy was but six years old when their mother died, and the future poet was sent to school at Hawkshead. Five years later Mr. Wordsworth himself died, leaving his children orphans and the family broken up. From this time till he left Cambridge he saw little of that sister who was to be his dearest companion in after life; the long vacation of 1790 he spent in her company at Penrith, where they enjoyed long rambles together. Of her he said:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears—
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears
> And love, and thought and joy."

The summer of 1791 they spent together in Switzerland, and this year saw his first poems, dedicated to her. Returning to Halifax, in Yorkshire, they lived there till 1795, when the two removed to Racedown, in Dorsetshire, of which Dorothy wrote: "It was the first home I had." Here Wordsworth wrote the "Borderers," and here Coleridge visited them. In a letter to a friend the sister thus described their guest: "He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good-tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every little trifle. At first I thought him very plain—that is, for about three minutes; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth: longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but gray; such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression, but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind; it has more of 'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has fine dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

As a result of this visit the brother and sister removed to Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, where they saw Coleridge often. Walking one autumn evening towards Lynmouth, having crossed into Devonshire, the two poets planned the "Ancient Mariner."

THE LAKE HILLS NEAR GRASMERE.

Wordsworth's first publication was practically unnoticed. At Racedown he had penned "The Ruined Cottage," and "The

Borderers," composed in the same place, was rejected this year. At Alfoxden he wrote, after a visit to a ruin, "Tintern Abbey," which formed one of the Lyrical Ballads so moderately received in 1798. During all this time he was conscious of the devotion and encouragement he received from his sister, and sings of her virtues in more than one poem.

The autumn of 1798 and the winter following they spent in Germany, at Goslar, near the Hartz forest, where they studied the language, and where "Lucy Gray" was composed on the narration of a story by Dorothy. Being confined to the house by extreme cold, the brother worked hard while his sister wrote in her interesting journal.

Returning to England, the two went to the Hutchinsons at Sockburn on Tees, and leaving his sister there, William, with Coleridge as companion, walked through the lake district in Cumberland, North England, and was so charmed with it that he determined to secure a cottage at Grasmere, of which place thirty years before Gray had said "all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire." The spot was indeed beautiful with its lakes and hills, and so on St. Thomas's Day, 1799, they moved to their new home, and were soon joined by their late host and hostess at Sockburn, receiving in the meantime a visit from their young brother John.

This country life with its simple surroundings was just what the poet desired. Hardly an event narrated by his sister escaped being put into verse. She describes vividly the scene which stirred him to write "The Daffodils" in her journal. To this piece Wordsworth's wife—Mary Hutchinson, whom he married in the ensuing October—added the finishing lines:

"They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude."

In the year 1802 Wordsworth, accompanied as usual by his sister, passed through London and on by Dover and Calais to the Continent, where they spent a month. At the latter place Dorothy wrote: "Delightful walks in the evenings; seeing far off in the west the coast of England, like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, the evening star, and the glory of the sky; the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself; purple waves, brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands."

On their return, as remarked above, Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, and this year, 1803, they travelled through Scotland, accompanied part of the way by Coleridge. They saw at Dumfries the grave of Burns, who had died six years before. Of this visit Wordsworth said: "The poet's grave is in a corner of the church-yard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflection, repeating to each other his own verses:

VIEW IN GRASMERE.

"'Is there a man who judgment clear, etc.,'"

and on his return home wrote:

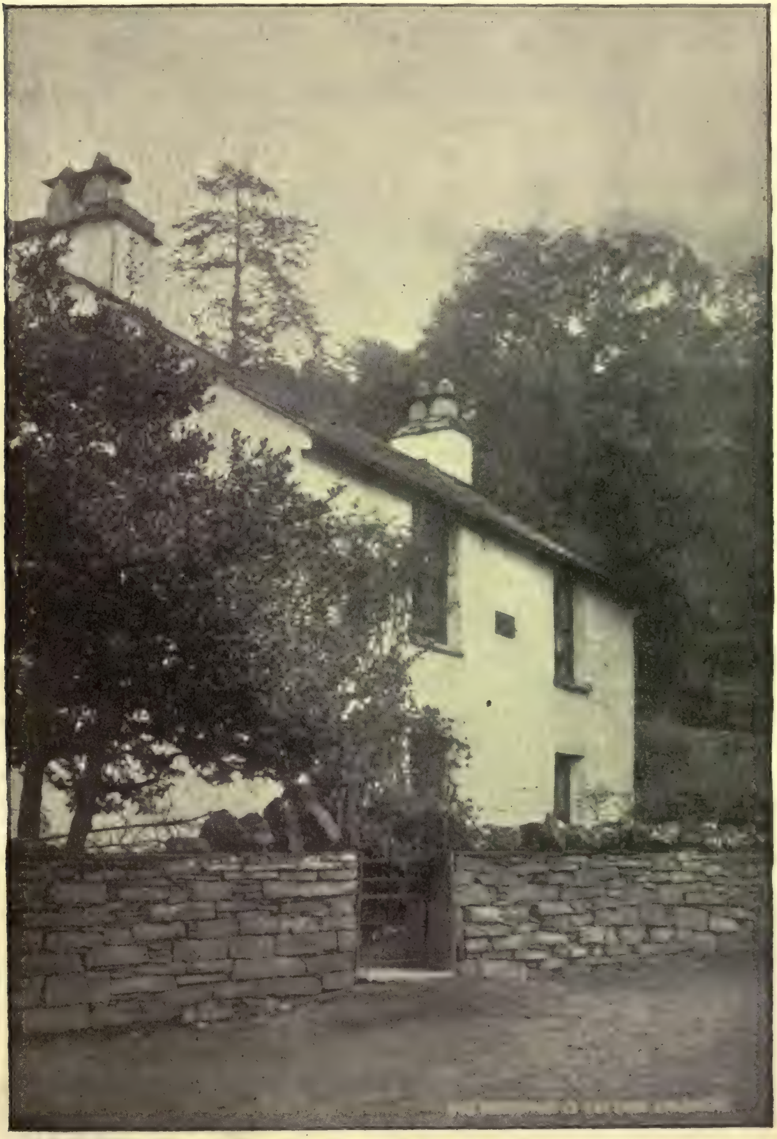
"'I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for he was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.'"

On September 16 they were in Edinburgh, and nine days later with Sir Walter Scott at Melrose.

A year after the birth of a daughter, Dorothy, came the news of his brother's death. John perished with his ship, a large East Indiaman, *Earl of Abergavenny*, February 6, 1805. As the poet mused on the hills and plucked a specimen of Linnæus he thought, and afterwards wrote:

"He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek flower! To him I would have said:
'It grows upon its native bed,
Beside our parting-place.'"

Wordsworth's family was now so augmented that he moved into a house at Coleoston, placed at his service by Sir George Beaumont.



WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE AT GRASMERE.

In 1807 he first turned seriously to sonnets and in the next few years composed many; the first two were on Napoleon.

In the autumn the family received a visit from De Quincey, who thus describes the home:

"A little semi-vestibule, between two doors, prefaced the entrance into what would be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was . . . embossed at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. . . . I was ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen inches in all, to a little drawing-room; . . . there was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps three hundred volumes, which seemed to consecrate the room as the poet's study and composing-room, and such occasionally it was. . . . Early in the morning I was awakened by a little voice, issuing from a little cottage-bed in an opposite corner, soliloquizing in a low tone. I soon recognized the words: 'Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried'; and the voice I easily conjectured to be that of the eldest among Wordsworth's children, a son, and at that time about three years old."

Wordsworth himself said of his life: "My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves."

In 1811, after losing two children, Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount, and in 1814 paid a second visit to Scotland with his wife and her sister. This year he finished the "Excursion," and took little holiday again till 1820, when he went abroad—travelling through France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. For nine years he worked continually, aided very much by Dorothy, for whom the strain was too much; for in 1829 she became seriously ill and never thoroughly recovered. She outlived her brother, however, by five years, dying in 1855 at the age of eighty-three, while the poet, who had been made laureate in 1843, passed away in his eightieth year. His sister lies beside him in the church-yard at Grasmere,

> "And in that further and serener life,
> Who says that they shall be remembered not?"

Hazlitt has described Wordsworth as "the most original poet of the time, but one whose writings were not read by the vulgar, not understood by the learned, despised by the great, and ridiculed by the fashionable." He certainly rose to fame slowly, but he began at an early age and finally wrote himself into the hearts of the people. Wordsworth did not escape the satire of Byron, who refers to him as one

> " Who both by precept and example shows
> That prose is verse and verse is merely prose,"

in 1809; while Leigh Hunt makes Apollo, in the "Feast of the Gods," scorn not only Wordsworth but Coleridge also.

GRAVES OF WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER DOROTHY.

> ' For Coleridge had vexed him long since, I suppose,
> By his idling and gabbling and muddling in prose;
> And as for that Wordsworth! he'd been so benurst
> Second childhood with him had come close on the first."

Like other young and ardent men of the time, he looked on the French Revolution as a good omen, and wrote:

> " Bliss was it in the dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven! O times,
> In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
> Of custom, law and statute, took at once
> The attraction of a country in romance!"

"I was a sharer in the general vortex," said Coleridge.

More, perhaps, to his sonnets than his other works did William Wordsworth owe his high position. In these indeed he excelled, and at his best reached far ahead of his contemporaries, and even might be called the prince of all English sonnet writers. There is a great gulf between his best and worst pieces, and some of the latter are very ordinary poems. He had a bad habit of rhyming upon everything, and never wrote anything to equal "In Memoriam" or "Hiawatha," when we are considering only the long pieces. Amongst his short poems "The Daffodils" is perhaps the best known.

In his enormous number of sonnets he dealt with various subjects. In two he surpassed himself, namely, that on Venice and the one on the subjugation of Switzerland:

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free:
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea."

The thought through the second is similar:

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty."

Then when Napoleon—practically suzerain of Naples, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany—seemed ready to turn and rend England with her one small ally, Sweden; and when the young Republic in America, under a hostile president, seemed ready for war, Wordsworth spoke:

"Another year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown:
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the foe."

Wordsworth was a High-Churchman and in prose strongly anti-Roman Catholic. But between his prose and verse there is a strange contrast, for in the latter he mentions very favorably the monasteries and schoolmen, and especially the Blessed Virgin, whom he addresses as:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

DOWNFALL OF ZOLAISM.

BY WALTER LECKY.

A FEW years ago, while visiting a friend in a suburb of London, I ran across these lines ornamenting a dead-wall:

"Go forth in haste,
With bills and paste,
Proclaim to all the nation:
That they are wise
Who advertise
In every generation."

It may or it may not be poetry—that is a matter of taste in these days, when every suckling has a definition on his lips—but it is sense, and sanity rules the roost in the long run.

Few men keep it in mind so constantly as the subject of this paper, Émile Zola, does. It is to his knack of advertising that he owes what ephemeral fame he may possess. As a literary artist, not even his ablest followers could persuade us to hail him as such. Howells, from his pulpit in *Harper's*, tried that trick. His converts were a few morbid sciolists of the school which believes that novelty is the standard of genius in literature. Howells has left the pulpit, with his Tolstoi and Valdes. *Trilby* is just now the fashion, and your American reader follows the fashions in books as well as hats.

That his end was near; that, like Martin Tupper, he had lived to see the shadow mantling his fame, was well known to Zola. People were tired of his filth, weary of his *ego*. Critics like Brunetière had made sport of his platitudes and mockery of his strut. In his palmy days, days of pot-paste and putridity, he had written "La république sera naturaliste, ou elle ne sera pas." This *naïf* phrase means the conquest of France by the naturalism of the writer. Let the present government meditate on that pithy, pointed advice. Zola and safety; no German nightmares to poison its sleep; no Panama Canal schemes to hurry its waking hours, but peace and prosperity. Strange that not only the government—an irreligious one at that—but the masses have derisively rejected his advice. Such an acute adviser felt quickly the people's pulse. They were clamoring for art, hungering for long-banished ideals; would not a new sensation melt on their jaded palates?—a pudding of reckless mendacity, dulness, spiced immorality, served up in the dish of pseudo-science.

Lourdes was written. It was advertised as a scientific study; critics laughed in their sleeve at the myth. It was to be a rigorous investigation of *documents humaines*, under the suzerainty of Pasha Zola. Religious journals gave him credit for good intentions; they took the Jekyll, and forgot the Hyde part; bespoke him a royal welcome at Lourdes; and in the dulness of their editorial sanctum saw a sinner singing *mea culpa*. Abbés opened long pent books, doctors added their testimonies, peasants came with their belief. Patients of Charcot, scoffers of his school—a school that promised surcease from pain, and could give but a few minutes' calm—brought, if one may so phrase it, their healed maladies. Here on every hand were *documents humaines*, ready for the application of his *formule scientifique*. We have the effect in *Lourdes*. I daresay no critic, French or English, will have the hardihood to explain Zola's use of the *formule scientifique*.

If this is science, Scotch ghosts and Irish fairies are more real. It was a good stroke of trade to have an American journal publish it as a weekly sermon; it was in line with the spasmodic sensationalism of the New York pulpit. It may have been read in weekly doses, at least by Apaism; in bulk there comes an ominous doubt. Read Zola's dulness—and Stevenson, Doyle, Kipling, Barrie, telling stories! The ladies, the feeders of writers and publishers, are not heroic; and it were heroic indeed to wade in a Zola pool, while Du Maurier was waiting to conduct them through the mazes of the "Latin Quartier"; Kipling, to show them an Indian jungle; Stevenson, the coast of Samoa; Barrie, his native Thrums. Even G. P. R. James, with his romantic horseman, or Roe—peace to his shade!—with his *Barriers Burned Away*, were preferable.

If the failure of *Lourdes* was emphasized in America, it was no less so in its native France; a fact which proves the decay of Realism, or Zolaism, during the life of its most active champion and orthodox expounder. To what influence may this rapid reaction be attributed? An exposition of the theories of the school and their manner of application is the best answer. It is useless to begin at its origin, if that to any certainty can be found. Traces of it may be felt in the Greek and Roman writers, though there is no evidence of their conscious use of it; in the Renaissance, when men's minds were fantastic and unbalanced; and finally formulated into a literary canon by Sebastian Mercier, in his *Essay on Dramatic Art*, published in Amsterdam, 1773. In this essay he not only ante-dates Zola and his school, but supplies them with much of the matter elaborated in their bible, *Le Roman Experimental*. As this bible is their up-to-date belief, and contains Mercier unabridged, night-cap and all, to it must the critic go; and in doing so bear in mind the warning of M. Zola, that he will only fight on his own dunghill: "J'attend toujours un adversaire qui consente à se mettre sur mon terrain et qui me combatte avec mes armes." He disdains, and rightly, those who make "un petit naturalisme à leur usage" the straw man of the critics, and calmly and effectively dispose of their creation.

What teaches their bible? "A system which ties down art to the reproduction of the sensible reality as made known by experience." In other words, realism accepts all the elements that nature furnishes, just as they are. It contents itself with fragments, without a thought of the whole to which they belong. It does not occupy itself with finishing the incomplete, or drawing men and things in their plenitude. It portrays indifferently the weak and strong, the interesting and uninteresting, and cares little if the given impression be vague and indecisive. Impassiveness is a virtue, and the author must completely efface himself, become a mere phonograph or photographic plate.

It is easy to rend this creed. Such theories are, to say the least, inapplicable. They would do away with imagination, that power which is essential to all abiding literature; they would banish the ideal and put on the dissecting-table lifeless bodies. There is a graver objection: The school is strong in its use of the word "experience." How can such a term be applied to the deliberately planned puppets of an author's brain? What relation do these puppets bear to men and women? In the author's alembic are they not twisted and fitted and modelled to suit their creator's point of view? Will they not dance, sing, or weep as he pulls certain wires? The author's effacement is a mere myth. There is nothing of the æolian harp principle about him. His vagaries will peep through his characters; his personality dominate their actions. He will use his eyes, and these may be of varying merit, and their seeing will be sifted and colored with his own dyes.

What boles and knots has not dyspepsia given to literature!

Even grant that he could efface himself, what would he have but the outside of things?—the very last thing that the realist would pride himself on having. His is the cult of examination, introspection, and various other words mouthed without the slightest thought as to their logical meaning. He forgets that the spirit cannot be treated as a part of nature, and brought within the range of the phenomenal sciences, without a violation of the fundamental fact of consciousness, namely, the distinction between the self-determining subject which knows and acts, and the passive object which is known and acted upon.

With such false theories and philosophic ignorance what wonder that the school is ruptured, tottering, and the output decaying, its stench in every man's nostrils? "C'est un nouveau siècle littéraire qui s'ouvre," said Zola, bringing into the arena this *formule scientifique.* This *formule* has been contended for, but the methods of science cannot be applied to art, and this *nouveau siècle* is returning to the ways of the masters.

It is a question if Zola would have been hailed so long, even with all his advertising tactics, had he not served to the Parisian public huge collops of filth, and exhausted his talents in the presentation of illicit passions, shocking the most sacred canons of art. Discretion and delicacy were banished from his mind. That he had a sensation, and feathered his nest during its run, proves the sanity of the doggerel on the dead-wall.

The poet De Musset rightly read the school's tendencies, the nature of its productions, and the ultimate cause of its death. With an astonishing sagacity writes Paul de Musset; three years in advance he divined that this new kind of literature would bring about a revolution, and have a profoundly corrupting influence on public taste. "There!" he cried as he showed me the *feuilleton,* "look at this and tell me if imaginative literature can live when people so brutalize their readers and themselves? Do you not see that this house-maid's literature will generate a whole new world of ignorant and half-savage readers? I know well enough that it will die one day of its excesses, but before that it will have disgusted finer minds with reading."

The disgust has come. Ferdinand Brunetière had truly written: "M. Zola n'est de ses romans que le principal auteur, mais il a pour complices tous les imprudents fauteurs de sa reputation." The *fauteurs* have deserted, the color-bearer is left alone. The "*école naturaliste*" that was to give stability to the Republic has been found hollow and bottomless; reaction has set in—on what lines is a new study.

THE POPE AND ENGLAND: TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY ANSON T. COLT.

WE live in an age of prediction. The times are rife with it. From the profound deductions of science to the brilliant fictions of Verne and Bellamy, an age that is intellectually most alert declares on every hand its mind about the future.

And rightly so; for the power of predicting, to a certain extent, has a place in every normal mind, and therefore cannot be without its use.

Islam, indeed, would do away with it and would administer to the soul of each Mohammedan that local anæsthetic, kismet—'tis fate; "whatever is, is right"—that takes for the future no care and little thought. Thus, the Turkish ambassador who is described as having viewed the coronation pageant of Victoria without moving a facial muscle, could have had but faint predictive insight regarding the achievements of her reign.

A proportion of the people among whom we are have the predictive faculty in somewhat marked degree. The pretence of "fortune-telling," with its kindred deceptions, is only a counterfeit of this specific mental power. Happily it is often found with those who are least likely to intentionally abuse it. The richly imaginative mind might be thought the most successful at foretelling, but in fact the more calculating and mathematical the brain the clearer will it conceive the ratio of any given age to a succeeding one, and from present conditions determine future developments.

Nor would the declaration hold regarding sensible prediction, that "the wish is father to the thought," for one says: I frequently have foreseen events which I heartily wished might never come to pass, and their approach filled me with sadness, but I saw them coming, *and they came.*

Now, in view of what has been said about prediction, let us consider, briefly as we must, England as she stands to-day. This shall help us the better to forecast the future in its relation to the nation's most momentous affair—the welfare of the souls of her people.

Her position: "Half an island off the coast of France," all the world save England may exclaim; but the least English amongst us fairly might acknowledge that England now, albeit for good or ill, is in several important respects the foremost power of the earth.

Of course Americans best love America. They appreciate the *vastness* of our wonderful Union of States; but England has had, and has made good use of, the necessary ages for becoming *great.*

Insular position, also, is of much advantage to her in a worldly way. It minimizes the need of military defence and simplifies that which is absolutely necessary, letting the army be outnumbered by eight others without fear of disastrous results. It frees, also, the tremendous extra-acquisitive energy of the people for the maintenance of a navy that is stronger by one-sixth than any other. So this "little island" may concentrate fighting force with a perfection that knows no precedent, and hurl herself with ponderous weight of arms against the object of attack. There are English battle-ships well capable of shelling the buildings of New York from miles beyond its harbor. Thus we may realize her power by recalling what her ships might do against us.

Immeasurably above this warlike strength, however, and chief among the glories of England, rests her language, which is likely to become within a century such a speech-medium for all the world as Latin is throughout the universal church.

The greatness of England's position, power, and language shows the importance of her having a tried and sure foundation of existence, and one that shall endure.

The distinction between religious nature and religious character is broad indeed, but the English people have a perceptible blending of the two; naturally they are positively religious. England and those who are within her churchly influence are to-day represented by an Anglican ministry whose number is greater by a thousand men than the standing army of the United States. But the one most widely spread desire of to-day among them is for Catholicism, which is built on something more substantial than the idea that an unknowable kind of lesion took place within the Body of Christ after the Sixth Œcumenical Council, and that this internal wound remains unhealed.

We need only read the recent declaration of the Cardinal-

Archbishop of Westminster to realize the resumption of Catholic ritual in so many parts of England, and to understand how generally the nation is beginning to make use of the objective features of the Faith. Englishmen cannot let many decades pass before they understand once more that Catholic dignity and beauty in holy things is vain without Catholic obedience.

In England, however, private judgment is yet allowed to measure and weigh whatever itself may consider historical evidence. To speak of Catholic principles as favorably as she now quite generally does, is an excellent thing; but to prove what power upheld them in England from the Norman conquest to the sixteenth century, if an oft-maligned yet Sovereign Pontificate did not, would be nearer to the purpose.

Much as we may admire phases of the English state, while preferring our own, the position of the English Church is one which no American, whatever his belief, can favor. An Episcopalian bishop naturally of the fairest mind, no longer living, made full inspection of the "Establishment" and its effects, and then wrote homeward from London, referring to this feature, from which the United State is wholly free: "The most lawless thing in England is the Church of England."

Union of church and state is a human plan which tended in former times to uphold the state; but now its influence over the *personnel* of its clergy cannot be salutary. Its first feature is the *necessary* ratification by the crown of bishops previous to their consecration. A second mark is the enforced payment of tithes and church-rates by people living entirely apart from the state religion, and who, in numberless instances, have no form of faith whatever. How can they who are so situated readily attain even a measure of conversion, or aid in the true advancement of a church, or help to bring a blessing on it?

This secularly conceived "union" contains two principles which, when superficially examined, seem rather strong. One of them secures the church her property rights through the aid of the secular power. The other declares that churchmen shall alone govern the state. But common justice compels every government to protect the rights of property—free, too, of taxation, when it directly serves the people's welfare, as really religious work invariably does.

It was found impossible to enforce, by means of legislation, the "government by churchmen" clause, in other than the merest nominal way. No executive power can train its officers to become hearty churchmen. Her Majesty, to begin with, manifestly prefers the Scotch Kirk and its chapel at Balmoral Castle to any other place of worship in the kingdom. The fallacy of establishment lies, however, deeper than this; it was anticipated, even before the actual founding of the church, by our Divine Lord and in the words: "My kingdom is not of this world."

At present the number of its opponents increases constantly. It is in itself so unchristian, and hence so uncatholic, as to cause the London *Church Times* to say: "As a nation we have lost the Catholic faith and Catholic worship, and have a new Protestant religion of our own."

No survey of the English Establishment could be begun, however, without most fully recognizing the enormous volume of pious and charitable work which it does every year throughout the land. But true and apostolic religion is charity's only real foundation, and the best of England are enchained to-day by the branch theory, which can never be proven Scriptural and Catholic.

Yet the nation even now is full of souls, both clerical and lay, who acknowledge to themselves that the life or death of Protestantism as a belief hangs on the acceptance or rejection of the Papal authority. Englishmen who accept this, to the health of the soul, will observe within themselves a psychological change which they can plainly realize; it is the transfer of their fealty from the power of individual choice to the privilege of obedience.

About the year two thousand England will begin a morrow; not man's to-morrow, but that of God, with whom a millenary is as a day. Surely as Divine power is greater than malign influence, so surely are these changes of "to-morrow's" England bound to tend towards her real advancement; thus prediction for England must be optimistic.

"Optimism is superficial" the pessimist asserts, but the little worth of pessimism may be known by its non-effectiveness; what have hopelessness and pessimism ever helped a man to invent or to discover, to conquer, to achieve, or to win? Its function is to tear down, not to edify, and we would look to it in vain for help in thinking or in doing.

So let an optimism, duly qualified, always be with us.

We shall see by its light that the faith of England has a future. The most conservative prediction cannot give Establishment more than fifty years more, though it indeed dies hard.

No one with a heart can fail to commiserate, however, the ministers of England when this, for them, appalling change takes place. There can be no escape from severe destitution; supplies withheld, necessities continued; and all to prove what sort of "mother" the state is in reality to them. For a single instance: the seventy-five thousand dollars yearly income of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury swept almost away, while the colleges, schools, hospitals, and work that depends upon this income will continue to require support. It is on passing through this veritable furnace of disestablishment that the clergy of England shall turn to Catholicism, which alone has withstood the sieges of time, deriving throughout all its course authoritative mission solely from the Holy See and from dioceses in full communion with, and holy obedience to it.

English church architecture bears sufficient witness to the truth that the realm belongs rightfully to Catholicism. Every Gothic arch in England tells its story of the past and affords a prediction for the future. Springing into being, both in England and on the Continent, during the eleventh century, it is not known who reared the Gothic Order, nor its undoubted origin plain. Theories severally derive it from the interlacing boughs of trees, or from the space that intervenes in masonry when two round arches intersect. Its progress over Europe is identified, however, with the work in church-building of the monks and others who came from the Roman See, or from some daughter diocese. During the sixteenth century Gothic and Norman passed into other hands. But what connection is there between the Gothic arch and Protestantism? It must ever remain Catholic in significance and in effect, as it was presumably in origin. In God's to-morrow, when he is pleased to summon back his own, the Gothic Order shall be restored to its true place in the temples wholly Catholic.

Then, too, will the nation willingly exchange the counsels of Canterbury, which of necessity must always be more than half advisory in their nature, for the beneficent and paternal rule of the Holy Father. The Sovereign Pontificate shall then no longer be thought vain-glorious. What manner of human glory is possessed by the "Prisoner in the Vatican"? For his Holiness absolutely nothing which the world accounts of value.

The clergy and people who will make the England of this to-morrow, freed from the secularizing influence of a "union" which is hostile to religion, will be ready to receive the gift of Faith—coming to obtain it, not in phalanx as an army but one by one, those chiefly favored bringing families and friends.

Britons are too literal, too logical, too clear in their conceptions, too matter-of-fact, to be satisfied for longer than say three added generations with the uncertainties and negations which Protestantism's very name conveys. Nor can they longer decline, it would be hard to doubt, the guidance of the overwhelming majority of those whom Anglicans themselves concede to be the Christian bishops of the world, and who to-day are pillars of the Holy See.

A unique phase of the subject is the perfectly apparent admiration with which thousands—tens of thousands—of Anglicans are viewing the church, and testing all things in religion and in daily practice according to their knowledge of the standards of Catholicism.

And what other standards of doctrine and of action can there be? What agreement reached, in bearing onward through the world the ark of God, unless not only His *reign* on earth, but also, as a recent author well distinguishes the terms, His *rule* begins? And where is the rule that is operative on earth without regularly authorized and duly commissioned administrators?

These are questions which the to-morrow of England must answer in the one and only way.

DAWN.

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY.

NIGHT is gasping for breath, she is struggling with death ;
She is faint as a dying fawn ;
She swoons away at the coming of day—
At the flush of the filmy-eyed Dawn.
With a quivering joy comes this maiden coy
From a cleft in the starless sky,
Veiling the light from the prostrate Night
As she hastens, radiant, by.

Swiftly she came, in a rose-tinted flame—
Swiftly she came from afar;
Driven on by the love of the good God above,
In whose hand all created things are.
On, on, the while, with her comforting smile,
Over the mountain and plain—
The whole earth in bliss waits her wak'ning kiss,
As withering flowers the rain.

She awakes from their dreams the slumbering streams;
She gladdens the longing birds ;
She speaks to the trees, waving soft in the breeze,
Of a joy that is sweeter than words.
She whispers in glee to the darkling sea
Of the death of the midnight drear;
To old and to young her sweet song is sung—
To both inexpressibly dear.

To forest and fen, to the shadowy glen,
To the flowers trembling and pale,
Her love-laughing eyes, as she lightning-swift flies,
Tell her sweetly mysterious tale.
Ever thus to the end will the Godhead send
Its messenger Dawn from on high,
The symbol indeed of a world that is freed—
Of a life that can never die.

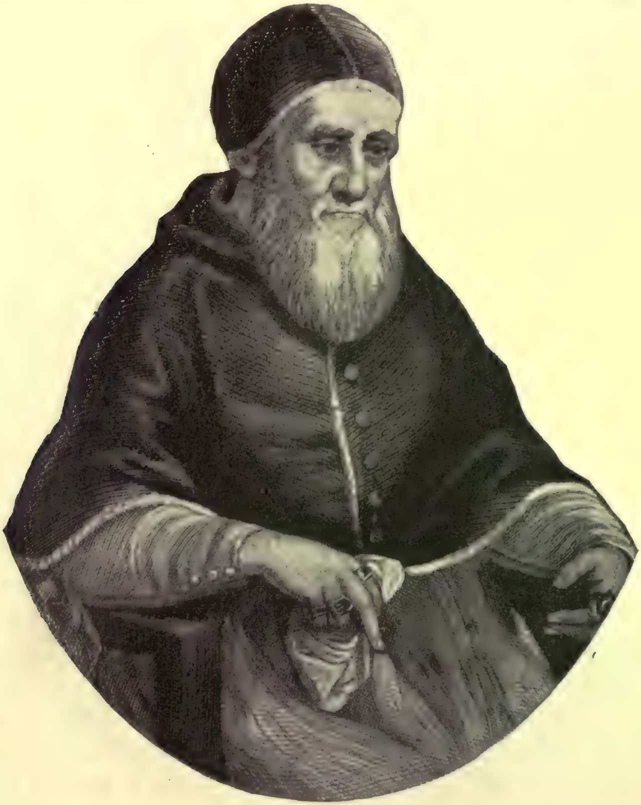
PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE RENAISSANCE PONTIFFS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

IT is a matter of grave concern that little notice has been taken as yet in the Catholic press of a sweeping and unconditional accusation against the personal character of a series of Popes in the pages of *Harper's Magazine.* There is nothing novel in the fact that charges are persistently made against individual Popes, for even during their own lives the circulation of scandalous libels concerning several distinguished occupants of the Papal chair gave point to Hamlet's monition: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The libeller and the blackmailer are, unfortunately, not modern excrescences upon private and public life. In no country was the libel brought to such perfection as in Italy, even before the advent of the printing-press. Pasquin made it into an engine of torture so exquisite that his name has secured an evil immortality by reason of his skill in lampooning. But hitherto such attacks have only been made against particular Popes. The writer in *Harper's* takes the bold step of blackening the characters of the Pontiffs of a whole era in one grand sweep of his pitch-brush. It is of the century in which Joan Darc lived and died that this language is used:

"The highest personages in Christendom, the Roman Popes, vicegerents of God, representatives of Heaven upon earth, sole authorized agents and purveyors of salvation, only infallible models of human perfection, were able to astonish even that infamous era and make it stand aghast at the spectacle of their atrocious lives, black with unimaginable treacheries, butcheries, and bestialities."

This language is conveniently indefinite, inasmuch as it gives no exact limit to enable the investigator to fix it as applying to certain individuals. Its recklessness, no less than the terms in which it is conveyed, defeats its own object. It may well be doubted that any one reader of the magazine is either so ignorant of the truth or so blinded by prejudice as to believe that the Roman Catholic Church ever taught the doctrine of the personal impeccability of the Sovereign Pontiffs. Every educated person knows that over and over again has it been solemnly affirmed that human weakness is the common inheritance of the ecclesiastic and the layman, and no Pope that ever reigned that did not confess his human frailties as a penitent just the same as the humblest layman in the church. But whilst so much is freely admitted, the monstrous assertions tacked on to this vulgar sneer about the sole agents and purveyors of salvation cannot be suffered to go unchallenged. If a particular Pope were named one might be able to pin the writer to the sources of his libel, but as a general charge is made it is necessary to meet it by a general defence.



JULIUS II.

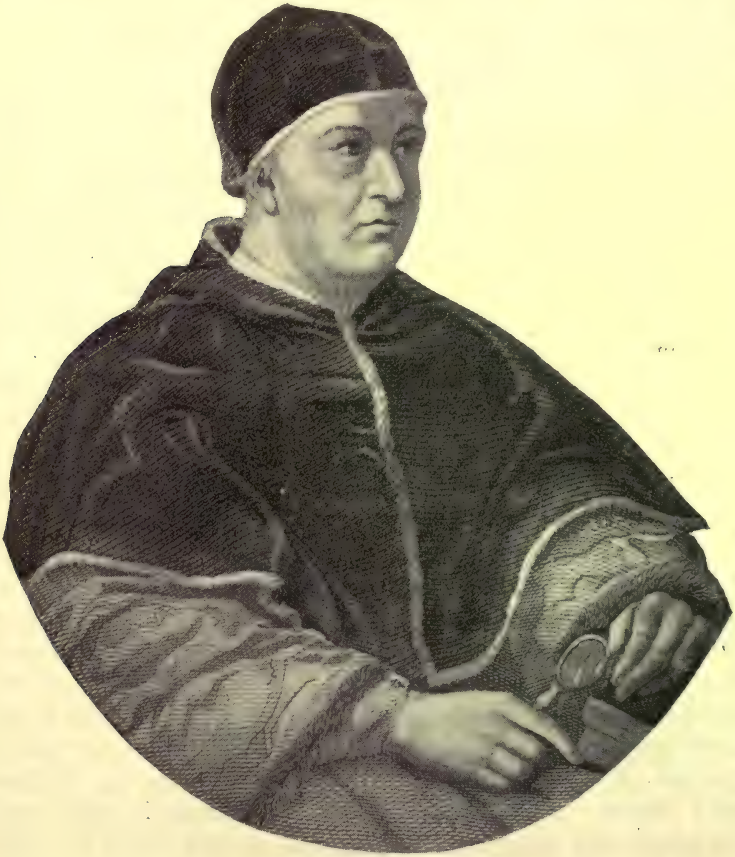
VAGUENESS OF THE ORIGINAL ATTACKS.

During the dismal period of the great Western Schism, and all through the still more disastrous time when rival popes claimed the allegiance of the faithful, many scandalous charges were circulated, mostly anonymously, against different claimants of the Pontifical chair. Things of this kind, done in the heat of a partisan struggle, carry no weight whatever. In a good many cases they were formally withdrawn, as in the case of the Council of Basle and Pope Eugene IV. No honest historians have taken such loose charges seriously. Even in the case of the Pontiff against whom the imputations of a scandalous life take the most definite shape, Alexander VI., much that is charged is clouded with such doubt, and is interwoven with so much that is merely legendary, that chroniclers who have sought for truth rather than literary notoriety have hesitated to accept the stories of the Italian writers on the Papacy. The crimes of Cæsar Borgia were not those of the Pope, who seemed to have stood himself in fear of his terrible son.

But whatever be the truth with regard to Alexander VI., he is the only one who approaches in any way the monstrous ideal of the writer in *Harper's;* and, moreover, he is fairly outside the period, loosely as it is indicated, embraced in the indictment, as he reigned only in the closing years of the fifteenth century and the opening ones of the sixteenth. It is manifestly only fair that the Pope's living so much beyond Joan's period should be omitted, and the century referred to by the writer made to include some Popes who lived a little before the end of the fourteenth included as contemplated by the author when drawing up the indictment.

FOES WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH.

It is unquestionably true that the period spoken of was a critical one for the church. The gates of hell had been long sending forth its legionaries to undermine the Rock of Peter or take it by escalade. Corruption and worldliness in many places had resulted from the contact of the church with the state. There had arisen a revival of pagan literature and pagan art, and this had infected not only the lay mind but penetrated even to the Papal court and the ranks of the higher ecclesiastics. Pagan philosophy was found to be a bad yoke-fellow with Christian purity, and the result of the adoption of the elegant epicureanism of the ancients by the higher classes was a loosening of morals in the religious life as well as in the secular. A powerful contributory agent to such a deplorable position was the long struggle over the central authority. When different Popes claimed to be the lawful successors of St. Peter, the minds of men became uncertain and the foundations of faith began to tremble. With the doubt and distraction that clouded the moral world all through the long period of the Western Schism and the contentions for the Papacy, it is matter for wonder that any vestige of the original faith of Christianity remained to transmit the light to the succeeding ages. There was a mysterious veil over the workings of Heaven in the church. The cries of anguish which went up from souls fearful for the outcome were laden with the weight of despair. Catholic historians no less than Protestant and infidel have pictured and deplored the miserable plight of religion in that cheerless time. But none of those historians have ventured to assert that all the claimants to the Papal chair were men of crime and scandalous life. Bitterly hostile as the chief Protestant historians have been toward the Papacy, they have not been



LEO X.

so indifferent to their own reputation as to endeavor to blacken the character of men confessedly great and blameless, nor ungenerous enough to deny that often they proved the only safeguard for an imperilled moral law or public safety or international right.

ENDEAVORS TO ENSLAVE THE PAPACY.

Of the general relations of the Popes to the temporal princes, after the downfall of the Roman Empire, the German historian, Ranke, whose prejudices could not altogether overcome his judgment as a philosophic reviewer, thus writes:

"There was a principle inherent in the ecclesiastical constitution which opposed itself to a secular influence so widely extended" (viz., the authority of the German Emperor, Henry III.), "and this would inevitably make itself felt should the church become strong enough to bring it into effectual action. There is also, it appears to me, an inconsistency in the fact that the Pope should exercise on all sides the supreme spiritual power and yet remain himself subjected to the emperor. . . . The Pope might have been prevented, by his subordination to the emperor, from performing the duties imposed on him by his office as common father of the faithful."

Taking still higher ground, on the effects of the leavening of the Roman Church system in the incipient civilization of the Middle Ages, the same eminent authority says:

"The task of bending the refractory spirit of the northern tribes to the pure laws of Christian truth was no light one; wedded as these nations were to their long-cherished superstitions, the religious element required a long predominance before it could gain entire possession of the German character; but by this predominance that close union of Latin and German elements was effected on which is based the character of Europe in later times. There is a spirit of community in the modern world which has always been regarded as the basis of its progressive improvement, whether in religion, politics, manners, social life, or literature. To bring about this community, it was necessary that the Western nations should, at one period, constitute what may be called a single politico-ecclesiastical state."

Many other passages might be cited to show that not only was it by virtue of the absolute necessity for a free and unshackled power for justice as against brute force that the Popes struggled for supremacy, but by virtue of the natural law of progress and international development. Europe for many centuries was little more than a vast camp of armed robbers, so to speak, until the forces which the church had set in motion began slowly to mould the chaotic mass into shapes of order and outlines of political life. There was no restraining influence over the savage passions of men, no protection for the weak, no citadel for virtue, but the spiritual power which was transmitted straight from Christ to Peter and his successors.

HALLAM'S SCALE OF MORAL TURPITUDE.

Hallam, the English Protestant historian, whose references to the Papacy are characterized by no spirit of philosophy or charity, but by the narrowest rancor of a Scottish Covenanter, does not dare to allege any such extraordinary crime against any of the legitimate or pseudo-Popes as the writer in *Harper's* imputes. Only two of the Popes of that century are singled out by him for strong animadversion. These are John XXII. and Alexander VI. The crime which distinguished the former, in Hallam's eyes, was avarice; Alexander was tainted with licentious prodigality; and this species of immorality in Hallam's eyes is not quite so reprehensible as the other. He sums up his review of the fifteenth century Popes by this loose and indiscriminate indictment against the whole body:

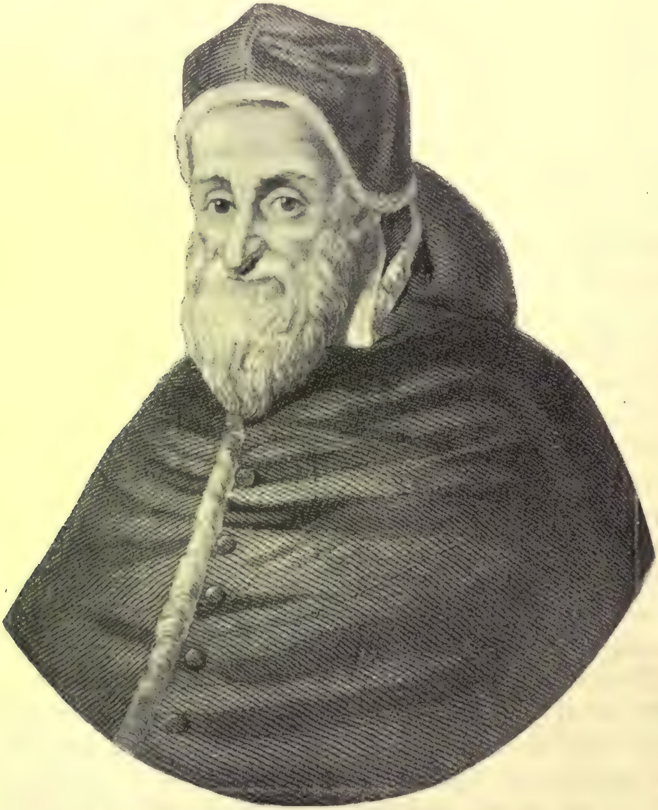
"Men generally advanced in years, and born of noble Italian families, made the Papacy subservient to the elevation of their kindred or to the interests of a local faction. For such ends they mingled in the dark conspiracies of that bad age, distinguished only by the more scandalous turpitude of their vices from the petty tyrants and intriguers with whom they were engaged. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, when all favorable prejudices were worn away, those who occupied the most conspicuous station in Europe disgraced their name by the most notorious profligacy that could be paralleled in the darkest age that had preceded."

Here in this latter sentence we have words so nearly identical with some of the phrases in *Harper's* as to suggest that the writer had Hallam before him as he penned his charge. But it will be noticed that he goes on to indicate darkly what Hallam did not dare to insinuate with all his will to do it.

Let us now turn from the paltry spite of these pettifogging writers to the testimony of more generous but incomparably more able enemies. Ranke was capable of appreciating the difficulties of exalted men dealing in their day with the most serious political complications of a period of international transition and dynastic intrigue, incessant and universal. Hear what he says about one of the Popes included in the frightful accusations of Hallam and the *Harper's* writer:

STRAITS OF A GREAT MILITANT PONTIFF.

"There has doubtless been justice in the complaints raised against the exactions of Rome during the fifteenth century, but it is also true that of the proceeds a small part only passed into the hands of the Pope. Pius II. enjoyed the obedience of all Europe, yet he once suffered so extreme a dearth of money that he was forced to restrict his household and himself to one meal a day. The two hundred thousand ducats required for the Turkish war that he was meditating had to be borrowed; and those petty expedients, adopted by many Popes, of demanding from a prince, a bishop, or a grand-master who might have some cause before the court, the gift of a gold cup filled with



SIXTUS V.

ducats, or a present of rich furs, only show the depressed and wretched condition of their resources."

THE POPES AND THE ROMAN BANDITTI.

Pope Sixtus IV. is set down as the first of the Pontiffs who enlarged the boundaries of the Papal States by taking possession of the territory of several petty nobles; but, observes Ranke, "There is a certain internal connection between the fact that at this period the temporal princes were regularly seeking possession of the Papal privileges, and the circumstance that enterprises partly secular now began to occupy the most earnest attention of the Pope. He felt himself, above all, an Italian prince."

Ranke ingeniously suppresses the fact that the petty nobles in Rome and its neighborhood in those days were incorrigible banditti. It required a man of courage to deal with such desperadoes at times. The first act of Sixtus V., after he was elected, was to provide for the safety of his people by hanging four of the noble ruffians who had dared to violate his ordinances. His subsequent struggle with gangs of banditti who had long terrorized Rome forms one of the most vivid chapters in modern history.

PALTRY-MINDED CONSTITUTIONALISTS.

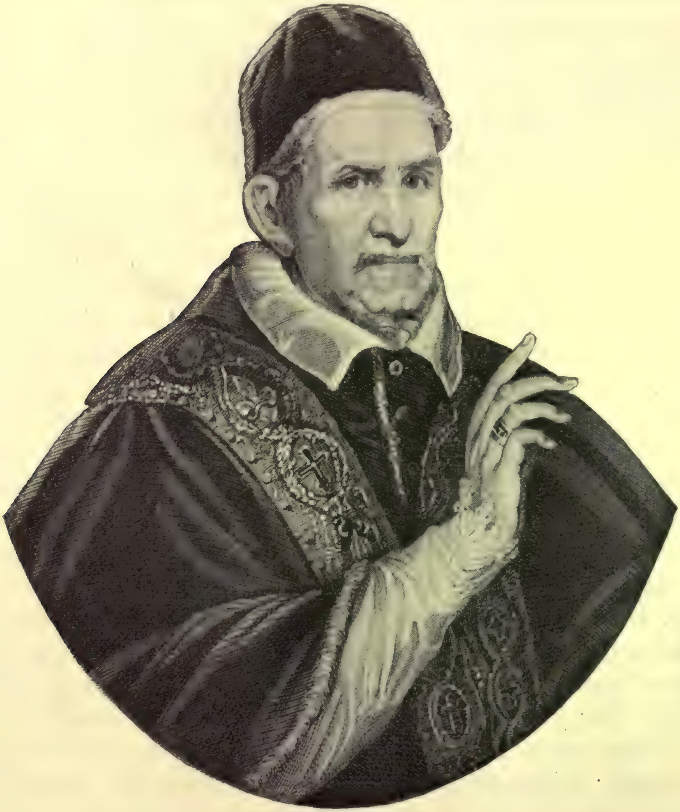
But it is not alone in the *suggestio falsi* that Hallam and the *Harper's* writer sin; respectable Protestant authorities prove that the *suppressio veri* is none the less flagrant. Three or four of the Popes of this epoch stand out prominently as worthy of their lofty station. The names of Martin V., Nicholas V., and Leo X. are famous in the annals of the Papacy. Martin V. was confronted with the herculean task of healing the ravages which the great schism caused throughout the church universal. His private character was above reproach. Hallam is obliged to mention the name of this Pontiff once or twice in the course of his history; he makes no charge against him, neither does he eulogize his character. Is it that the historian is incapable of appreciating virtue, or unwilling to mete out justice? The language with which he closes his survey of the decline of Papal influence in Italy is inductive evidence of his mental unfitness to approach such a subject, or even to remotely grasp the spirit and significance of many of the mighty events comprehended in his panoramic review. The last sentence may be taken as a specimen:

"Those who know what Rome has been are best able to appreciate what she is; those who have seen the thunderbolt in the hands of the Gregorys and the Innocents will hardly be intimidated at the sallies of decrepitude, the impotent dart of Priam amidst the crackling ruins of Troy."

Mr. Hallam was a great "constitutionalist." His animus against the Papacy arose from the resistance which that august authority always offered to the endeavors of the English crown, and other crowns, to subject the church and its mundane head to the power of unconstitutional monarchs. The fact that those monarchs were mostly persons destitute of any moral character does not seem to be worth mentioning in such a history. But if it be the private life of a Pope or a claimant of the Papacy, the matter is of quite a different character. This is the "historical temper" of most of the English writers who have treated of this difficult subject. Lord Macaulay is an honorable exception. Though he hated the Papacy, he frequently did ample justice to the piety, the wisdom, and the scholarly attributes of the men who filled the Papal chair at great crises in the world's history.

RANKE'S CLOSE RESEARCHES.

But Professor Ranke had better opportunities of learning the truth about the various Popes than any of the other historians. He spent a long time in Rome, in Venice, and other parts of Italy hunting through the rich stores of MSS. dealing with the various epochs which the great Italian houses connected with past Popes carefully preserve. He was freely allowed to examine the Barberini collection, also that of the Corsini palace, and the Venetian archives. He seems somewhat surprised at the perfect liberty accorded a Protestant in this regard, judging from his prefatory observations. Many of the documents he went through were never intended for public use, he informs us, and consequently they spoke more freely about great personages and events than otherwise would have been the case. It is to be remarked that with all this mass of gossip and rumor and fact at his disposal unreservedly, Ranke does not make any specific charge of the nature hinted at in this terrible indictment in *Harper's* against any of the Popes. He advances nothing stronger than the vague and shapeless accusations mentioned above. Whatever scandal-mongering went on about these matters, they were never made the subject of serious investigation. We have only to look at what is going on in our own day to find an explanation of such stories. Men occupying high station have from time immemorial been subjected to slanderous attack for the basest motives—pelf or the gratification of private spleen. It is not in every case that the objects of such attacks take the trouble to publicly refute them, as President Cleveland courageously did a short time ago when a false charge of habitual intoxication was made against him by a cleric who valued sensationalism more than the sanctity of truth.



INNOCENT X.

AN IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN'S TESTIMONY.

Professor Alzog, of the University of Freiburg, who, although a Catholic historian, exposes the abuses of the church with unsparing hand, testifies to the purity of life and nobility of character of Pope Martin V., one of those implicated in the sweeping assertion of the *Harper's* writer. His testimony is indisputable, inasmuch as he blames with impartial hand the vices of others of the Avignon Popes, or Pope-pretenders, such as John XXIII. At the same time he points out how the testimony on this point is conflicting, and the circumstances under which charges of a damaging character are put forward furnish a ground for suspicion of their *bona fides*. The feud between Sixtus IV. and the Medici family furnishes a very striking illustration of this point. The admirers of Lorenzo de' Medici have not hesitated to implicate the Pope in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, a shocking tragedy in the course of which Giulano de' Medici was assassinated, an archbishop was hung, and several priests despatched without trial. It is pointed out that one of the assassins of the Pazzi testified before execution that the Pope was at the head of the conspiracy, but we must remember that in those days "confessions" of this kind were wrung from prisoners on the rack or otherwise under torture, and were often retracted as soon as the physical agony which compelled them had subsided. Italian history of this period is painful reading. It is one mournful chapter of intrigue, treachery, sensuality, and revenge. It is largely written by men who were partisans of the various factions, and must be taken with the greatest caution.

LORD MACAULAY ON THE CHARACTER OF ONE OF THESE POPES.

Of Nicholas V., the august promoter of the classical revival of the fifteenth century, the late Lord Macaulay used these remarkable words in 1850 at Glasgow University:

"At this conjunction—a conjunction of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the restorers of learning, Pope Nicholas V. He had sprung from the common people, but his abilities and his erudition early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was to his native Tuscany what the back settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence—those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arranged the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne, but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy. By him was founded the Vatican Library, then and long after the most precious and most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine Empire. His agents were to be found everywhere, in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West, purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owed so much to him as history. By him were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled historical compositions—the works of Herodotus and of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius."

We have now shown what historians whose reputation is world-wide have said and left unsaid of several of the Pontiffs who have been held up to execration by the unknown writer in *Harper's Magazine*. We might add that were it not for the efforts of some of them, the work of the Moslem might have been completed and Europe given over to the swords and the harems of the desolators of Greece and Armenia. Judging men of such a kind by the microscopic eyes of jealousy is not the mark of intellectual capacity.

PIETATI
ETCOMODOPON
TIFICVM.

FATHER HECKER AND THE ESTABLISHING OF THE POOR CLARES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY REV. S. B. HEDGES.

THEY who have carefully read chapters nineteen and twenty-seven of Father Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker* will in no way be surprised to learn how deeply Father Hecker was interested in the establishment of the Order of Poor Clares—a purely contemplative order—in the United States. Father Elliott remarks that Father Hecker was of the opinion that there was need amongst us of that higher spirituality which comes from contemplation, and that in this opinion he was in accord with some of the best minds in the church to-day. That this is true may be evidenced by the following words of Cardinal Manning: "It was in the midst of commercial and luxurious Italy that St. Francis arose to bear witness against greed, and sensuality, and selfishness; and to set fire to the heart of the world cold in self-indulgence. It is to commercial and luxurious England that the Seraphic Order comes once more. It came in our thirteenth century, when England was sick with worldliness, and the lot of the poor was hard; it comes again in the last days of the nineteenth century, when the wealth of England is piled mountains high upon a toiling and suffering people. The gulfs and chasms which divide our classes and threaten the peace of our commonwealth can be closed only by the humility and charity of Jesus Christ." How akin Father Hecker's thoughts and very words were to those of Cardinal Manning we shall presently see, when the four short letters of Father Hecker to Sister Maria Maddalena are presented.

The history of the establishment of a religious community in any new field of labor is invariably the same, and may be written in a few short words: poverty, disappointment, failure, death, and at last success at the hands often of others than those who initiated the work.

Nor do we find the establishment of the Poor Clares in the United States any exception to the general rule. Indeed, we cannot but admire the undaunted courage of the two Italian ladies who came here to accomplish this work. The blessing which Pius IX. imparted to them on their leaving Rome seems to have had in it the power of efficacy. Less worthy of their great vocation, they would have returned to St. Lawrence in Panisperna, at Rome, disheartened, acknowledging themselves beaten and their mission a failure. But not so these daughters of St. Clare. After three long years of hope deferred, at last, in the far North-west, did they come to see their work inaugurated, and finally firmly and permanently established, and from St. Clare's Monastery at Omaha to one of the very places where they had previously experienced failure has gone forth a colony of Poor Clares.

The history of the Clares in the United States up to the time of their permanent foundation at Omaha, Nebraska, from facts set forth in the annals of St. Clare's Monastery, is a narrative of much suffering and many wanderings.

The Monastery of St. Lawrence in Panisperna, with its great Church of St. Lawrence Martyr, situated on the Viminal hill, one of the seven hills on which the Eternal City is built, is erected over the ruins of the palace of the Emperor Valerian. Over the arches of a semi-amphitheatre were built the cells of the nuns who from the time of the thirteenth century to the present day have passed their lives there in prayer, contemplation, and penance. This place was first tenanted by Benedictine monks, but was given to the nuns of St. Clare a short time after the death of the seraphic St. Francis, and while the glorious Mother St. Clare was still living. It was here in this great Church of St. Lawrence that Monsignor Giacchino Pecci was consecrated archbishop on February 19, 1843. From the same Monastery of St. Lawrence, in Panisperna, on the 12th of August, 1875, in obedience to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., and to the Most Rev. Father Minister-General of the whole Franciscan Order, residing in Ara Cœli, Rome, Sister Maria Maddalena and Sister Maria Costanza Bentivoglio, set forth to come to the United States. Before leaving Rome the two sisters had an audience with the Holy Father. During the audience he addressed to them the following words: "When St. Mary Magdalen arrived at Marseilles after the death of our Lord, she found herself alone and without consolation. Thereupon she betook herself to a grotto, and penetrating deeply into its recesses she gave herself up to prayer and contemplation. She begged of Almighty God to deign to enlighten the minds of the people of Marseilles with the light of Divine Truth. You too, my dear children, are to go to a distant country to engage in a life of contemplation and prayer. You will find in your new home men of great wealth, men devoted to traffic and speculation, interested in all things material, and looking forward for temporal advantages. You will not find much asceticism, and but little interest in things spiritual. My dear children, you must, with detachment from all earthly things, be to the people of your new home an example that will be a silent teaching. Your lives, devoted to prayer and union with God, will make known to many souls that true happiness is not found in material and temporal things. In communing with your Celestial Spouse, our Divine Lord, you will find light, comfort, consolation, and compensation for all the privations which for his love you take upon yourselves. You will obtain, too, the grace of many a conversion." Then his Holiness, turning towards Dr. Chatard, rector of the American College in Rome, who was present at the audience, he said: "In this way will be consoled the friends of Father Rector, who has so deeply interested himself in the success of this work." Then the Holy Father gave them each a medal of the Immaculate Conception and his blessing, saying: "May this blessing accompany and strengthen you to perseverance, and be to you a promise of a crown of glory in eternity."

The two Poor Clares left Rome on the 14th of August, 1875, in company with the Rev. Mother Ignatius Hayes, superioress of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, and of a Franciscan father who was appointed by the Most Rev. Father-General, according to the expressed desire of the Holy Father, to accompany them. They reached New York on the 12th of October, 1875. Some time after the sisters received a letter instructing them to make application to his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey for admission to his diocese, which they accordingly did. But their application was refused. They then made application to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, who also refused. Then they made application to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia, who encouraged them to hope that they might ultimately be received into his diocese. Accordingly, on the 11th of October, 1876, they established themselves in West Philadelphia. However, on the 27th of October it was intimated to them that their stay in the archdiocese was not to be permanent, as it was thought that their institute was not in accord with the spirit of the country. Accordingly they left Philadelphia on the 29th of November, 1876. In the meantime they had been received into the diocese of New Orleans by the Most Rev. Archbishop Perché. Having set forth for their new destination, they arrived at New Orleans on the

14th of March, 1877. But they were not destined to remain here. In obedience to the Very Rev. Father Jankenette, O.S.F., minister-provincial of the German province of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, Mo., they left New Orleans for Cleveland, O., where they were received by the Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour. On the 14th of December, 1877, they were joined at Cleveland by five Poor Clare sisters from Germany. But the wanderings of Sister Maria Maddalena and Sister Maria Costanza Bentivoglio had not yet come to an end. Seeking a permanent foundation, they returned to New York on the 3d of March, 1878. On August 15, 1878, the third anniversary of their departure from Rome, they set forth for Omaha, Neb., where they had been received by the Right Rev. James O'Connor as religious of his diocese on this condition, that some pious and good benefactor would establish for them a monastery. This benefactor they found in the person of Mr. J. A. Creighton, who gave to their institute six acres of land, built their monastery, and, through the mercy of God, his charity towards them has never ceased and has had no limit. Since the year 1878 the Poor Clares have been established in the City of Omaha. Thus has been accomplished the end for which Pius IX. sent them to the United States, viz., the manifestation of the contemplative life in this active,busy Republic.

When Sister Maria Maddalena came face to face with the trials and difficulties which are incident to the establishment of a new religious community she sought out Father Hecker for advice and spiritual consolation. How generously Father Hecker gave both the one and the other we may infer from his letters. Sister Maria Maddalena, referring to his letter of September 16, 1876, says: "In the letter of September 16, where he says 'but the end of your difficulties has not come to pass, etc., etc.,' he seems to have written in prophecy. These words were verified, for he had a foresight of the future trials which we were to undergo. In fact, the whole of this letter seems to have been a prophecy." And here we present Father Hecker's letters to the notice of the reader. Brief as they are, they fully indicate Father Hecker's mind in regard to the contemplative life. There is one passage in the letter of March 28 worthy of special consideration. It is this: "There are those who believe that our century, and above all our country, is antagonistic to this kind of life; as to the forms of its expression, this may, to some extent, be true. But my most intimate conviction is, that not only the gift of contemplation is necessary to these, but God will not fail to bestow this grace on certain elect souls in our day, and precisely among us. It is the only counterweight that can keep this headlong activity of our generation from ending in irreligion and its own entire destruction." How singularly confirmative are the words of Cardinal Manning, already quoted, which were written some years after, of these expressions of Father Hecker. And here we present the letters themselves:

"JULY 20, 1876.

"DEAR SISTER MAGDELINE: Your letter shows clearly that God has taken your affairs in his own hands. He leaves you no human prospect whatever. Every door appears shut against you. *Ipse faciet.* O blessed obscurity which forces the soul to look for light and guidance to God alone! O blessed perplexity which throws the soul in entire dependence on God! This is the real contemplative life.

"Do you not believe that the Holy Spirit could change and would change the minds and hearts of those to whom you have appealed, were it best to do so? That he does not, is not this, his not doing, also a sign of his divine action and a mark of his favor?

"There appears only one thing left for you to do, and that is to profit by this divine action. But how? Why, as often as your mind is disturbed, and your heart grows faint, take some pills—made in equal parts of the following ingredients: Resignation, Patience, and Fidelity to the Divine Will.

"Who knows but after all it may be the will of Divine Providence that when you have learned, by your present trials, the greatest of all lessons in spiritual life, absolute dependence upon God, utterly regardless of all else whatsoever, you will find the intention and purpose for which you undertook your voyage is the one he has appointed for your first work in this country.

"May the light to see, and the strength to follow at all costs, the holy will of God be imparted to our souls!

"Faithfully yours in Xto,

"I. T. HECKER.

"God bless you and your sister!"

"NEW YORK, September 16, 1876.

"MY DEAR SISTERS: I have been absent for some time, and this is the only reason why your former letter has not received an answer.

"God has rewarded your resignation and patience, but the end of your difficulties has not come to pass. You have the task of laying the foundation of a community of St. Clare such as will approve itself to God and your holy Foundress. May the Holy Spirit be your guide in this important task!

"My intention was to leave for Philadelphia on Monday next, and I had hoped to see you there and congratulate you. If you will be in Philadelphia before the close of the week, send me word, at my usual address, at once.

"When in Philadelphia, where I have some friends, I will not forget you and your requests in your former letter.

"May God bless you both with the fulness of his Spirit, until you become great saints and the models of all those who may be called to your new community.

"Believe me ever yours faithfully,
"I. T. HECKER."

"November 4, 1876.

"MY DEAR SISTERS IN XTO: No, no; I do not smile at the contents of your letter. I sympathize with you, and see in your apparent misfortune the hand of Divine Providence. That hand seems to me to direct you to that point for which you left Rome.

"Your holy founder, St. Clare, is not idle in this matter; she is determined on making you in reality, as well as in name, her children.

"She began in the way of the Cross, and she wishes you to follow her in imitation of our crucified Lord and Saviour.

"Take up your cross. Take it up cheerfully, looking to Jesus, Mary, and St. Clare, and all will be right in the end. There where you have been rejected you will in due season return in triumph.

"Go where you were sent. You will be received warmly, and do God's work.

"God bless you, give you courage, and direct you in all your steps. Faithfully yours,
"I. T. HECKER."

"278 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK,
March 28, 1877.

"MY DEAR SISTERS: It was with great pleasure that I received your letter of the 4th of this month, and learned that you were to be settled in New Orleans under Archbishop Perché.

"It seems to me you have now obtained all the conditions most favorable to the accomplishment of your design in coming to the United States. It now rests with you to make the beautiful flower of divine contemplation take root in the virginal soil of the church in our young Republic.

"I cannot conceive a nobler design, a greater work, and one fraught with more precious fruits.

"It will be my constant prayer that God may give you the grace of receiving the spirit of your holy foundress, St. Clare, and be the nucleus of gathering together those souls on whom God has bestowed the vocation of contemplative life.

"There are those who believe that our century, and above all our country, is antagonistic to this kind of life; as to the forms of its expression, this may to some extent be true. But my most intimate conviction is, that not only the gift of contemplation is necessary to these, but God will not fail to bestow this grace on certain elect souls in our day, and precisely among us. It is the only counterweight that can keep this headlong activity of our generation from ending in irreligion and its own entire destruction.

"I trust that the trials, the mortifications and disappointments which you have received since your arrival here, have served to deepen the conviction in your souls of the high vocation to which you have been called, and, like that of your holy Foundress, your names will be held in benediction in common with hers in the future of the church in our beloved country.

"May God's Holy Spirit guide you always and in all things.

"Faithfully yours,

"I. T. HECKER."

Omaha is one of the fairest cities of the North-west. It is beautifully situated on the bluffs of the Missouri River. From September to January it has a climate of unsurpassed geniality and beauty. One glorious day of sunshine follows another without interruption. And here is situated St. Clare's Monastery, wherein is the novitiate of the Poor Clares. Necessarily the vocations to the contemplative life are few. It is only the more chosen souls that God calls to this holy state. And therefore the novitiate is a small one; and yet St. Clare's has sent forth its first colony. The monastery is a plain, unpretentious brick building, without architectural design or beauty. The spirit of poverty everywhere prevails in and about the building. The utter bareness of its little parlor indicates that here indeed is holy poverty practised most faithfully. Here may be learned what Father Hecker calls the greatest of all lessons in the spiritual life, "absolute dependence upon God utterly regardless of all else whatsoever."

DR. HEBER NEWTON ON THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

REV. DR. HEBER NEWTON, in a sermon preached a few weeks ago, expressed some opinions about the Resurrection which created quite a sensation and have been quite widely discussed and commented on. They seem, strangely enough, to have been considered as original with him; in point of fact, however, they are quite familiar to any one acquainted with modern liberal Christianity, so called, though it is probable that those who entertained them a few years ago have now, by a natural progress, arrived at a complete disbelief in the fundamental point of faith which they attack. Similar notions were also entertained, and condemned as heresies, in the early ages of the church. The only reason or excuse which can be given for noticing them now is the attention which they have so undeservedly attracted.

The principal idea broached by Dr. Newton is that the body of Christ did not really rise from the tomb, that in which he showed himself to his apostles being only something made in its likeness. As to what became of the body which was laid in the sepulchre, the doctor is prudently non-committal. It would appear that he holds the Christian faith so far as to believe that the body there deposited was a real human body like our own; but of course any belief of a thinker of this progressive type might vary from Sunday to Sunday, so that it hardly seems necessary to be very particular on this point. At any rate, he is reported to have said: "Some one will ask me what, then, became of the body? But I am too reverent to speculate about what became of that sacred temple of the Divine Spirit. I leave all such irreverent speculations to higher ecclesiastical authorities."

It must be confessed that it is rather hard to see at first just where the irreverence in this speculation comes in. If the original theory is not irreverent, it is not very evident why irreverence should be involved in the examination of questions so intimately connected with it. But it is no doubt an excellent plan to thus ward off criticism. Here at least, if nowhere else, our reverend—and reverent—theorist may indeed lay some claim to originality.

If we look squarely at the matter, undeterred by this warning, we see of course that the theory that Christ did not raise his body from the tomb, assuming it again to himself, implies—since it is not held that it remained there—either that it was removed thence by some human agency, or that it was disposed of by the power or direction of God in some miraculous way. We may safely say by the power of God, for we are talking to Christians, and for such no other power outside of the natural order can be admissible in this case.

The first of these is the most obvious supposition, and was the one adopted for use at the time by the enemies of Christ. He had, as we all know, distinctly predicted his resurrection; the chief priests and the Pharisees were aware of this, and knew also that what was understood by this among the Jews was a resurrection, like that in the case of Lazarus, of the actual body which had died. Assuming them to have really believed that this was impossible, or indeed even in the interests of truth itself—though they were not much in earnest about that—it was reasonable enough for them to take the precautions which they did to prevent the abstraction of Christ's body from the tomb by his disciples. If they could keep it there, his prediction was a failure.

When they found they could not keep it there, in spite of their precautions, there was but one resource, which they of course adopted. They bribed the guard which had been set to watch at the sepulchre to say that they had fallen asleep. Of course they could not, without absurdity, testify positively that the body had been stolen while they slept; but such an explanation of its disappearance had then all the probability which was needed.

Obviously, this explanation cannot be given by any Christian without what would very rightly be called irreverence. For certainly it would be such to suspect the disciples of a trick like this, and still more to imagine Christ as having directed them, or any one of them, to perform it. And it seems to be this which Dr. Newton is shirking when he says he is too reverent to speculate about the matter. It may not be too much, however, taking into account his general proclivities, to suspect that he really inclines to this view of the case; for, if he did not, it would naturally occur to him to suggest the only other available alternative, mentioned above. Probably what he really means is that he is too reverent to the "higher ecclesiastical authorities" to speculate about it out aloud.

Enough has already been said to show that we cannot, if we wish to remain Christians in any proper sense of the term, doubt that Christ actually raised his body, the one in which he had lived and was crucified, from the tomb. If the apostles abstracted it themselves, their whole preaching was an imposture; if it was taken by some one else without their knowledge, or otherwise disposed of by the power of God, Christ would certainly have instructed them about it, and not allowed them to preach a lie to the world. We simply have to reject Christianity as a divine revelation if the Resurrection is not true in the sense the church has held and taught it; that is plain enough; though it must be acknowledged in behalf of Dr. Newton that he is not the first who has failed to acknowledge this; and perhaps many have failed even to see it.

It has just been said that Christ would have instructed the apostles if they were mistaken, and prevented them from preaching as they did. But we need not depend on such an argument as this, good as it is. For we have the most distinct statements from the evangelists that he took special care that they should understand that there was no mistake about the identity of his risen body with that which had suffered on the cross. No one can rationally put any other interpretation on his words as recorded by St. Luke, on the occasion of his appearance to the Apostles on the evening of the first Easter. They did not at first believe it was really his body which they saw; "they being troubled and affrighted, supposed that they saw a spirit. And he said to them: Why are you troubled and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; feel, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me to have" (Luke xxiv. 37-39). And St. John, as we all know, tells us how, as St. Thomas was not present on the occasion just mentioned, Christ took special pains to assure him on the next Sunday that it was really his crucified body which had now risen. "Put in thy finger hither, and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into my side" (John xx. 27).

A most remarkable statement of Dr. Newton, and one far from creditable to him, must now be noticed. Our attention is often drawn to statements by Protestants having some considerable claims to learning and a fair general reputation for honesty, which are inconsistent with either one or the other of these qualities. But really this seems almost to surpass all hitherto uttered; we cannot tell whether in the line of astounding ignorance or of unblushing effrontery. The doctor is quoted as saying: "No one believes that he (Christ) entered into the higher life which we call heaven in the physical body. Some time or other, after what we call the resurrection, that physical body was dropped, and in his spiritual body Jesus Christ passed into the heavenly sphere."

Is it not almost inconceivable that any sane person, pretending to know anything about Christianity, could make such a statement as this? "No one," forsooth, believes what over three hundred millions of Christians believe; no one believes what the church has held without question from the beginning! Is it possible that the learned doctor does not know that it is the Catholic faith that the body of Christ which was buried and which rose from the dead, is now in heaven? Or knowing this, does he have the effrontery to call the whole of Christendom, with the exception of some isolated geniuses like himself, "no one"? For Protestants have made no general protest on this point, and if they say the Apostles' Creed, express their belief in just this very thing. Really, this is unequalled; it stands out quite by itself among its kind.

But to proceed on the main line. Dr. Newton acknowledges that the actual statements of the evangelists support the belief in Christ's physical resurrection, and alleges no definite quotation from them against it. Would it be believed that he pretends to have a sufficient proof of his theory in St. Paul's words (I. Cor. xv. 50), that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"? But this is not to be wondered at. Heretics have always used the Bible in this way; they choose a text or set of texts which can be made to support their opinion and ignore what is inconvenient. Etymologically a heretic means a "chooser"; and Dr. Newton is an admirable specimen of the class. He will not even look three verses below, and read, (v. 53) "*this* corruptible must put on incorruption; and *this* mortal must put on immortality."

The sense is obvious, and must be so even to Dr. Newton himself. "Flesh and blood," as it is in this mortal life, cannot inherit the kingdom of God; it must be raised to a higher state, and endowed with glorious qualities, corresponding to that state, before it can do so. These qualities are well understood and defined by theologians. The chief of these are impassibility, brightness, agility, and subtilty.

That we might realize these qualities more fully, God has been pleased to give us numerous examples of them in the lives of his chosen servants. As to the first, that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—to use the names familiar to Protestants—in the fiery furnace, is by no means unique. The same thing, in one form or another, is recorded frequently in the acts of the martyrs, and was ascribed by the heathen persecutors to magical arts. It has also been noted on various occasions in more recent days, one instance being familiar to those who have read the well-attested accounts of the apparition at Lourdes. The true character of these phenomena is manifest by the preservation of the body not only from pain but from physical injury, as in the case of Bernadette just referred to.

The quality of brightness has also numerous illustrations. To show that it cannot be attributed to imagination, one instance out of many will suffice; that, namely, of St. Andrew Avellino, who on one occasion when returning from a sick call in a storm of wind and rain which extinguished the torches of the attendants, shed a light from his body, which lit up the way.

Elevation in the air and flight through it is so well known an occurrence in the lives of holy persons, that in many instances it has hardly occasioned any surprise in the spectators, especially in the case of saints like St. Joseph of Cupertino (1603–1663), with whom it was, we may say, habitual.

The very quality which in Christ's risen life excites our greatest wonder, that of passing through closed doors, is not without examples among the saints, those of St. Dominic and St. Raymond of Pennafort being perhaps the most notable.

It would be unprofitable to dilate more on this subject, as the evidence cannot be made convincing without a very extended treatment. The mass of it is immense; but a great deal of it has stood the test of most rigorous examination.

Of course it is quite possible for any one so disposed to close his eyes and ears, to abandon reason and common sense, and absolutely deny all this evidence, and everything else which does not come within the range of his every-day experience. But obviously no one can, consistently with this, hold to his belief in the miracles of Christ, or form any theories based on the Gospel records; especially as Christ himself predicted that his followers should show in their lives marvels similar to, and even greater than his own.

And now one point especially deserves to be noted.

It is this: As has been said, there is perhaps room for doubt whether Dr. Newton holds, like some ancient heretics, that Christ's body was a mere illusion, not a physical body at all, both before and after the resurrection, or keeps to the usual and correct, as well as natural, belief that it was a true physical and human body, at any rate in the first of these periods. If he adopts the first view, the whole matter has no application to us, as Christ ceases to be a man, and no conclusions as to any resurrection for us can be drawn from his. We ought charitably to presume that he has the sense to see this; and therefore give what is also otherwise the most probable meaning to his words, and consider him to hold that Christ had during his mortal life a real human body. And now we must ask him to notice a noteworthy matter, namely, that phenomena similar to those which were observable after the resurrection were occasionally manifested during the previous period, as, for example, in his walking on the water, (Matt. xiv.); in his disappearance when the Nazarenes were about to cast him from the precipice, (Luke iv. 30); and similar occurrences, (John viii. 59 and x. 39); and especially in his transfiguration. Now, if such qualities as lightness, invisibility, and splendor were possible in a physical and material body similar to our own, why should not the risen body also be physical and material?

The simple fact of the matter is that qualities of this description do not belong of right to a mortal body, but may be and often have been—as in these cases of our Lord himself, and in those of the saints which have been referred to—conferred on it temporarily in a special and miraculous way. But they do belong of right and continuously to a risen body, whether that of Christ or of any one who has part in his resurrection, though they may not be continuously manifested.

The whole ground or excuse for vagaries such as those of Dr. Newton therefore absolutely disappears.

It only remains to inquire whether there are any necessary and unchangeable physical laws which shut out the hypothesis of a material body in any occurrence observed in Christ's risen life. To this no scientific man who cares for his reputation will presume to give an affirmative answer. He may say, indeed, that it is contrary to his scientific experience, and to that of the world at large, that one piece of solid matter can pass through another without visible disturbance of either; and this—the passing through closed doors—is really the only case presenting special difficulty. But if asked for a reason why this should be so, he will probably say that the strength of the forces binding the particles of a solid together would be the obstacle. He must, however, acknowledge that these forces might be modified so that such penetration would be possible; for, as regards mere space or room, even the usual theories of matter allow plenty. And it is quite to the point to remember that the corpuscular theory of light, proposed by Dr. Newton's great namesake, though now abandoned, was never considered absurd, and was not rejected on any such grounds; just as electricity is even now commonly treated of as a fluid passing through solids with great rapidity. To say that these substances were regarded as imponderable is a futile objection; for weight, or in other words, subjection to and exercise of the action of gravity is not the real test for discerning matter from spirit. Should any one wish, however, to assert that this action is inseparable from material substances, such an assertion, however groundless, is not to the purpose; for the mass may be diminished so as to be practically imperceptible. It was indeed Sir Isaac's theory that the particles of light were subject to gravitational action, but from their small mass incapable of exerting it perceptibly.

It would evidently be simply ridiculous for any one of us, with our very rudimentary notions of the constitution of matter, to say or to hold that a material universe is impossible except on the laws which we have observed, or that material substances could not exist in the present universe exhibiting phenomena which would require a modification of the laws so far ascertained. Even in the case of gravitation, the best known of all, no sensible astronomer felt any absolute confidence that it would be found to apply to the orbits of the double stars.

Let us now look, to show the remarkable contrast between the scientific and the non-scientific mind, at the ground—really the only ground—on which Dr. Newton bases his objections to the Christian dogma of the resurrection. He says that "the language of the records, it is said"—and seemingly he assents to this—"implicitly implies the resurrection of Christ's physical body." But he remarks that "over against any such language there is a general tenor of the description of the appearance of Jesus. Those descriptions are of a body wholly differing in its powers from the body which we now know. Our bodies cannot appear and disappear at will. They cannot pass through closed doors." It may be remarked that he does not seem to notice that the appearing and disappearing at will was, as has been shown, observed in Christ during his mortal life. But the principal thing to be noticed is that he assumes that because Christ's risen body exhibited qualities different from what we observe in material bodies, it could not be a material body, or at any rate not the same which he had before. As if, forsooth, new qualities could not be given to that body, even had they never been previously manifested.

We all remember how the great Sir Isaac Newton confessed after his astonishing discoveries that he was but as a child, picking up pebbles on the beach, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored beyond. But Dr. Heber Newton is a much superior man, and knows it all.

In what has been said some injustice may have been done to him; for his words have been taken from reports, not from any document bearing his signature. But still these reports are probably not far astray; and it really seems as if he had not at all understood what the dogma is that he is combating; at least that is the most favorable supposition that can be made. He does not see that what Christians believe is that Christ's body and the bodies of those who share his resurrection have glorious qualities assigned to them which no one pretends they habitually possessed in their mortal life; how far these qualities follow laws divinely established, or how far they are under the control of the soul with which the risen body is reunited, is of course unknown.

The risen body, with its new qualities or gifts, is called the spiritual body. "It is sown," says St. Paul, "an animal body" ("a natural body," the Protestant version has it); "it shall rise a spiritual body." Dr. Newton uses the term "spiritual body," but does not seem to attach any very definite idea to it. It would appear from some subsequent remarks of his that he imagines this body to be one that we carry about with us through life, or that it is formed in some way at the moment of death. "It may," he is reported as saying, "draw around itself from the body which it leaves, or from the spiritual elements in the encompassing ether, the elements for a new and finer material body." This is certainly a truly scientific idea. One would think that "spiritual elements in the ether" were quite well understood and recognized.

It is really too much to expect of us that we should try to make sense out of such crude and random notions.

As to the Christian dogma, the sense of which is quite clear, any one can see that the material substance of a body *may* remain precisely the same, though new qualities are conferred. The difficulties as to the reconstruction of a body out of the particles composing it at the time of death, as well as other considerations, have given rise to a good deal of discussion as to just what is meant in this matter by identity; and certainly we do not need to use the term in its most absolute sense, in which our living bodies do not remain the same from hour to hour. But we have no space to enter on this subject, and this is not the issue which Dr. Newton raises.

THE MUSEUM OF THE ROCKS.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

WE believe we may say without fear of contradiction that until within comparatively recent years—say, until the time of Buffon—natural history was studied under difficulties, and he who devoted himself to it advanced with timid, halting steps, as though in dread of giving offence to some venerable opinion of his forefathers. The old idea that all the different species of animals and plants had been created by the Almighty just as we see them to-day still prevailed, and, moreover, it was believed that the creation had taken place not much more than five or six thousand years ago. Now it is universally accepted that millions of years have elapsed since the first living organisms swam in the sea and crawled along the primordial beaches, while the doctrine of evolution, or hereditary descent with progressive modification from a few, simple original types, is commonly held by scientific men. But the belief in the fixity of species died hard. Lamarck, in his *Philosophie Zoologique*, published in 1809, argued with much ability that species were not immutable, and his friend Saint-Hilaire adopted Lamarck's views. But they did not make many converts. Something was lacking in the doctrine of evolution to make it generally accepted; there was no plausible explanation of how change of species had been brought about.

THE FORMATION OF NEW SPECIES.

And here we come to what has always seemed to us an interesting and romantic fact. Two naturalists, who were likewise friends—Charles Darwin and Alfred R. Wallace—were endeavoring simultaneously and independently, one in England, the other in the East Indies, to find a reasonable explanation of evolution; and it occurred to each of them—to Darwin a little sooner than to Wallace—that Natural Selection, or the survival of the fittest, was the key to the mystery.*

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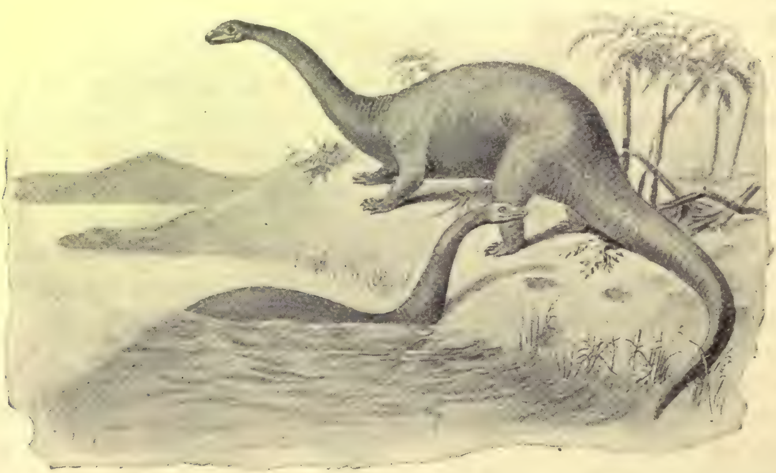
* "Natural Selection can only effect the survival of characters when they have attained some functional value. In order to secure the survival of a new character—that is, of a new type of organism—it is necessary that the variation should appear in a large number of individuals coincidentally and successively. It is exceedingly probable that that is what has occurred in past geologic ages. We are thus led to look for a cause which affects equally many individuals at the same time, and continuously. Such causes are found in the changing physical conditions that have succeeded each other in the past history of our planet, and the changes of organic function necessarily produced thereby."

See article in the *American Naturalist* for March, 1894, by E. D. Cope, entitled "The Energy of Evolution."

Bearing in mind that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive; that no two organisms are exactly alike; and that variations useful to the individual plant or animal undoubtedly occur in nature: "Is it not," they said, "highly probable that the animal or plant possessing any favorable variation should, in the complex struggle for existence, survive, while the one possessing a variation which is not favorable to it should perish?—the result being the formation of a new species." We know that man, by accumulating and preserving certain variations and applying the principle of selection, has, in a comparatively brief time, produced the many different kinds of domestic animals and plants which we see around us. Now, what man has accomplished by means of artificial selection, Nature has no doubt been able to accomplish in her own slow way—working through long geological periods—and it is this work of Nature which Darwin and Wallace have called natural selection. The word Nature is here personified. Darwin says:* "I mean by Nature only the aggregate action and product of many natural laws, and by laws the sequence of events as ascertained by us." And we may here remark that this idea of natural selection, which occurred quite independently to Wallace and Darwin, has, by giving a momentous impetus to the theory of evolution, wrought an effect on philosophy and science without a parallel since the days of Aristotle.



A GIGANTIC DINOSAUR. LENGTH 60 FEET. ("*Extinct Monsters*," *Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.*)

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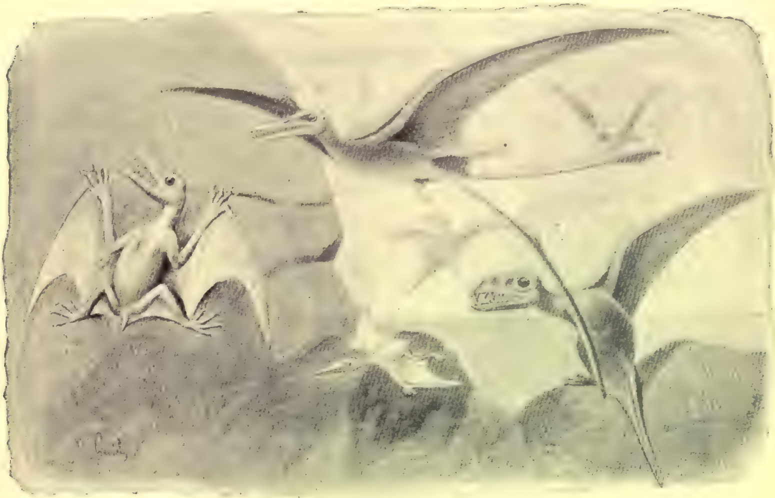
* *Origin of Species*, p. 63.

THE DINOSAURS.

Adopting, therefore, this view of God's work—namely, that it has been gradual and by means of evolution—what can be more interesting than to stroll through the wonderland of Nature and to try and discover the numberless forms slowly making their appearance one after the other through the different geological ages—a many-branching tree—and to try and trace the mutual affinities of extinct and living forms? Far back in the triassic era, for instance, there lived an order of reptiles known as Dinosaurs. There were many species of this long extinct order.

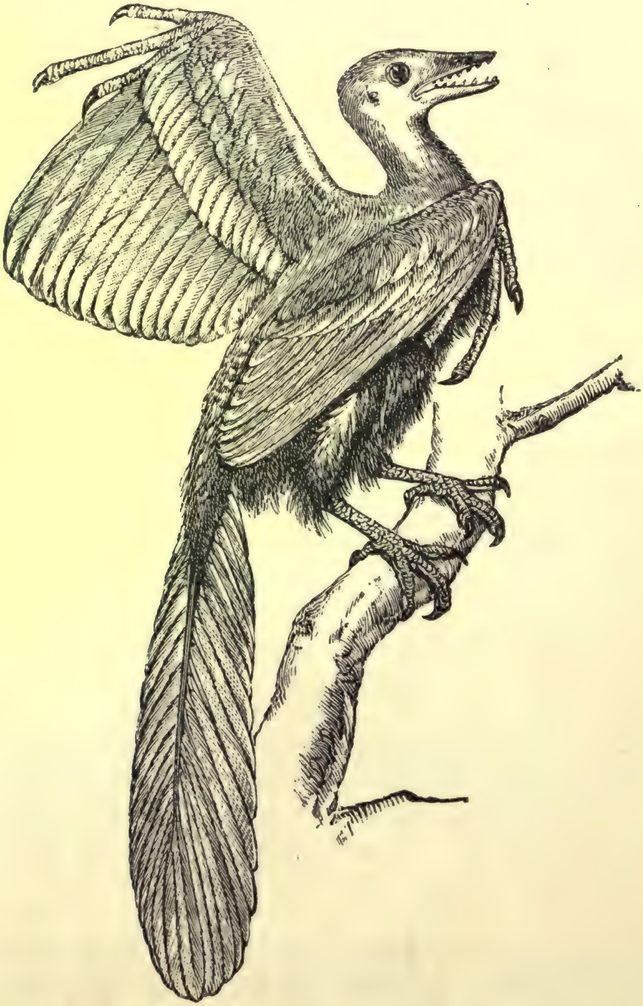


GROUP OF SMALL FLYING DRAGONS.—PTERODACTYLS.

Some were quite small, while others, such as the Atlantasaurus, discovered by Professor Marsh in the Rocky Mountains, are computed to have attained a length of from eighty to one hundred feet. And this age is sometimes called the age of reptiles. The dinosaurs possessed certain characters which linked them closely to mammals as well as to birds. Their limb bones were hollow; they did not crawl as reptiles usually do, but walked erect with a free step, while some walked on their hind legs alone.

Along with the dinosaurs lived another interesting reptile called the Pterodactyl. It had wings—probably leathery wings like a bat—and a long tail, and one species could expand the tip of its tail, so as to make it serve as a rudder. There is good reason to believe that the pterodactyls lived in the cliffs along the sea-shore, and that their prey was mostly fish, and judging from the size of their brains they were intelligent creatures. Professor H. G. Seeley places them in a distinct subclass, between reptiles and mammals, and they are sometimes called Ornithosauria, or bird-lizards. Many pterodactyls measured only two feet in spread of wing, but in Marsh's unequalled collection at Yale we find some with a spread of wing of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Birds, which hold so distinct a place in the animal kingdom,



RESTORATION OF ARCHÆOPTERYX; ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE. (*By Romanes—Natural Science, December, 1894.*)

are believed by good authorities to have sprung from some branch of the dinosaurs. For a long time the opponents of evolution ridiculed the idea of birds being descended from reptiles: no bird had yet been found which in the least resembled a reptile. They made light of Darwin's words:* "The crust of the earth is a vast museum; but the natural collections have been imperfectly made, and only at long intervals of time." At length, in 1862, an important discovery was made in the limestone rocks at Solenhofen, Bavaria: a fossil bird was found to which the name Archæopteryx was given. Its lizard-like tail had twenty-one joints and was as long as all the rest of the vertebral column, while its jaws were full of teeth; at the same time its wings and tail were distinctly feathered. And in 1873 a second specimen was dug out of the same rocks. The illustration here given is by the late Professor Romanes. In it we perceive that the digits of the wings are still unreduced, and these, like the feet, are covered with scales.

All who have carefully examined these two specimens find in them a singular combination of reptile and bird: indeed, except for the feathers, archæopteryx might almost as well be called a bird-like reptile as a reptilian bird. We know that some of the dinosaurs show in the structure of their bones a remarkable likeness to birds; and in archæopteryx we may truly say that the wide gap which separates the birds from the reptiles has been very much narrowed, and no doubt future discoveries will make the gap still narrower.

THE WANT OF LINKS.

We admit that the steps by which organic life has developed through the ages from low to highly organized forms are very imperfectly revealed in the rocks; few missing links have been discovered. But there are very good reasons why the record should be so broken. The preservation of organic remains in sediments, which afterwards harden into rock, is a good deal a matter of chance. If a bone, for instance, sink to the bottom of a lake or sea where little if any sediment is forming, the bone will by and by decay and disappear. Then again stratified rocks, perhaps rich in fossils, may by pressure or the influence of heat be changed into hard, crystalline rocks; which change is called metamorphism. Now, when this change takes place, the rocks not only assume a different character and aspect, but they also lose every trace of the fossils which they contained. Another reason, too, why more transitional forms have not been discovered, is that only a small portion of the earth's crust has been explored by geologists.

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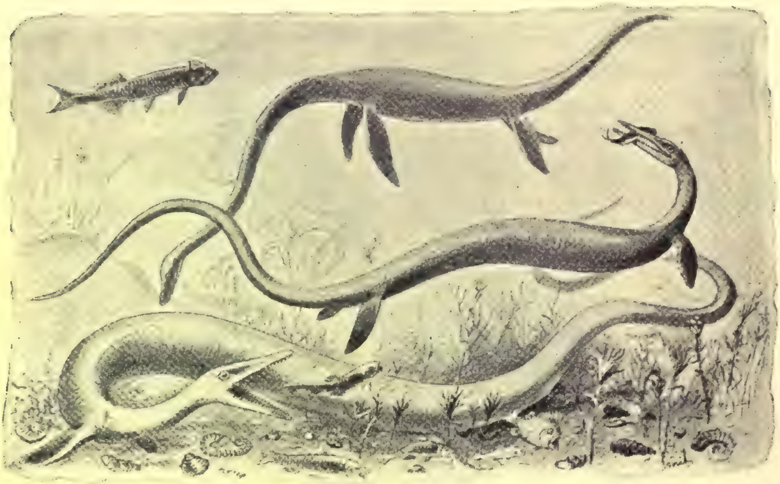
* *Origin of Species*, p. 734.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

And now to go back to the age of reptiles—the age of dinosaurs and pterodactyls and the strange reptilian bird archæopteryx—there lived in the sea during that era monsters which we may be justified in calling sea serpents, although properly speaking they were not true serpents. Serpents, according to the best authorities, have come to us through some primitive form of lizard with very small legs, and which found it easier to move over the ground by wriggling along eel-fashion and making use of its ribs instead of its legs, so that in time, from want of use, the legs disappeared.* But the marine reptiles, whose skeletons have been preserved in the stratified rocks of Europe and America, had short limbs, which were used much as fish use their fins. The largest of these creatures is known as *Mosasaurus Princeps*, and its length was about seventy-five feet.



GROUP OF SEA SERPENTS, ELASMOSAM, AND FISHES. LENGTH FROM 50 TO 75 FEET.

It is chiefly to the American scientists Marsh, Cope, and Leidy that we owe our knowledge of the Mosasaurus, which abounded in the cretaceous sea of North America. Like snakes, they had on the roof of the mouth four rows of formidable teeth, and the articulation of the lower jaw was such that they could swallow their prey whole, just as snakes do.

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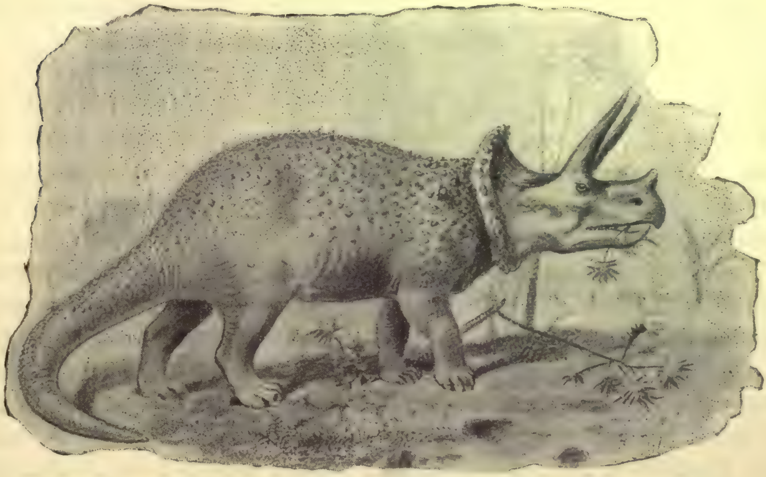
* In the boa constrictor rudiments of legs are perceptible.

Professor Cope tells us how strange it was to find these sea animals, once so plentiful between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, now lying stranded a thousand miles from the nearest sea water.* "If the explorer searches the bottoms of the rain-washes and ravines, he will doubtless come upon the fragment of a tooth or jaw, and will generally find a line of such pieces leading to an elevated position on the bank or bluff, where lies the skeleton of some monster of the ancient sea. He may find the vertebral column running far into the limestone that locks him in his last prison; . . . or a pair of jaws lined with horrid teeth, which grin despair on enemies they are helpless to resist, etc."

GIANT DEER.

When the fossil-hunter ascends from the Mesozoic strata, which contain the remains of so many wonderful reptiles and comes to the rocks of the Tertiary age (divided into the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene epochs), he sees quite a different fauna and flora. Mammals, which in the older rocks were represented by a few little animals—probably marsupials—now appear in great numbers; he is in the presence of a higher



A GIGANTIC HORNED DINOCERAS. LENGTH ABOUT 25 FEET.

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* *Report of U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories*, vol. ii., 1875.

type of life. In North America the cretaceous sea has disappeared, and in what is now Wyoming is a great tropical lake surrounded by luxuriant forests inhabited by strange and gigantic quadrupeds. Perhaps the most wonderful mammal among them was the Dinoceras, which probably weighed when alive and full grown about two and three-quarter tons.

The Dinoceras must have been a stupid beast, judging from the size of its brain, which was even smaller than the brain of some reptiles, and we learn from Marsh that all the earlier tertiary mammals had uncommonly small brains. But as time went on their brains increased in size; and Marsh's law of brain-growth is a singularly suggestive discovery. The dinoceras suddenly disappeared at the close of the first epoch of the tertiary. But it was succeeded in the following miocene epoch—in the region between the Rocky Mountains and western Nebraska—by another huge mammal called Brontops, whose fossil remains were discovered by Marsh, in 1874.

It was larger than the dinoceras and was more nearly allied to the rhinoceros.

THE MEGATHERIUM.

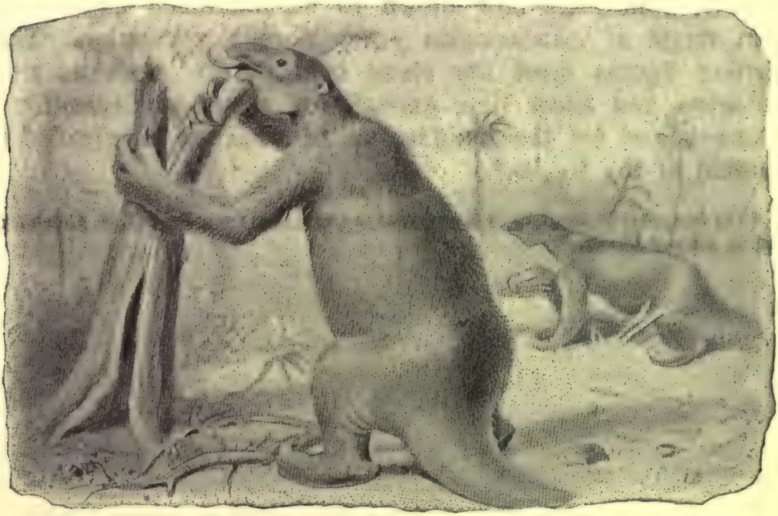
In the Pampas of South America have been unearthed the remains of a gigantic animal, allied to the sloth and ant-eater, which lived during the quaternary period (immediately preceding the modern era), and called the Megatherium. It surpassed the rhinoceros in size, and its bones were more massive than the bones of an elephant. Its tail, too, must have been exceedingly powerful, while its fore and hind limbs were provided with immense claws.

The late Professor Owen's explanation of how this animal obtained its food, and the use which it made of its tail, is now generally accepted as correct. The megatherium must have fed on the leaves of trees; but as probably no tree had limbs strong enough to support it, it raised itself on its hind legs and, leaning back on its tail, pulled the branches towards it; it may even have been able sometimes to pull a whole tree down.

Many other interesting animals, long extinct, have been discovered in the rocks and in the deep clays; the mammoth, the mastodon, the great Irish deer (not an elk, but a true *cervus*), the woolly rhinoceros, etc. But we have not space to give even a brief description of them. We may conclude by saying that if the record of the rocks were not so imperfect, if we had an unbroken history of the life system, we should find—according to the highest authorities—that the animals which lived millions of years ago are, indeed, the ancestors (not, however, always in a direct line) of the animals now existing.

CHANGE POSSIBLY INCESSANT.

Nor can any valid reason be given why evolution should not still be going on: all things are changing, albeit with imperceptible slowness. Nor are the heavens to be excepted; astronomers tell us that the present North Star will not always be the north star. And if we could project ourselves into the far-off future, say two or three million years from the present, we should most likely behold a different fauna and flora. The climates then may not be the same as our climates, and there may be a different distribution of land and water; prairies may be elevated into mountains; and where now stand New York and London may be buried fathoms deep under the sea. And surely, in order to adapt themselves to changed conditions of life, animals and plants will have to change also.



GREAT GROUND SLOTH OF SOUTH AMERICA. LENGTH 18 FEET.

ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH.

There still may be a few doubters who will say there has not been time enough since the creation for so great an evolution of organic life to have come about through natural selection: although Darwin and Wallace never held that natural selection was the sole cause of evolution. We refer these doubters to an article in *Nature* for January 3, of this year. There we find that Sir William Thomson has recently admitted the force of the arguments brought forward by Professor Perry, one of his own pupils, in favor of a much greater antiquity of the earth. In place of his first superior time limit (based on calculations made thirty years ago) of 400,000,000 years for the past existence of our planet, the eminent physicist concedes as possible, from facts now known to us, the much higher maximum range of 4,000,000,000 years since the creation. These startling figures meet the views held by the more advanced geologists, and allow time enough for the slow deposition of sediments and for the building up of what we have called the Museum of the Rocks.*

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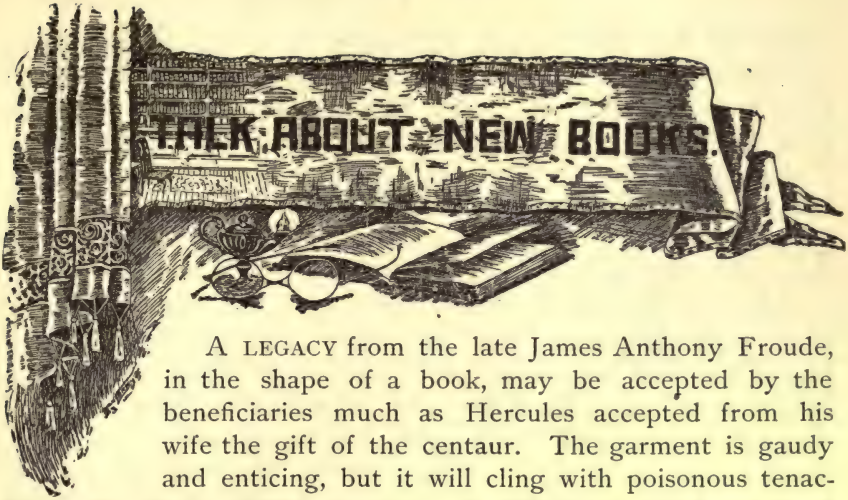
* The foregoing illustrations, it is proper to say, are taken from Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's work on *Extinct Monsters.*



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

A LEGACY from the late James Anthony Froude, in the shape of a book, may be accepted by the beneficiaries much as Hercules accepted from his wife the gift of the centaur. The garment is gaudy and enticing, but it will cling with poisonous tenacity to the frame of the acceptor. In this book, which treats of the rise of the English naval power,* the eminent whitewashing historian undertakes the daring feat of showing that piracy, treachery, and carnage were eminently respectable pursuits when undertaken for the spread of the Reformation in England. This proposition may sound startling, but here we have it in its naked horror, set forth with due circumstantiality and depending on the audacious plea of justification. It has been the fashion to make the Jesuits responsible for this atrocious principle in moral philosophy, but no one has as yet suggested that Mr. James Anthony Froude was a member of that much-maligned order. It was only a short time before he died that Mr. Froude bequeathed this new legacy to the admirers of the Reformation. It was contained in his lectures as Regius Professor at Oxford in the years 1893–94. In these he reviewed the careers of the buccaneers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, such as Hawkins, Drake, Winter, Raleigh, and others of that tribe. It is needless to say that his pictures of these adventurers and the scenes in which they played the leading parts is animated and glittering. But it is not cheerful reading. The record of rapine and murder is only attractive to the Jack Sheppard order of mind. Mr. Froude appears to have thought that this was the prevailing taste among his Oxford auditory.

"The English sea-power," says the Regius Professor, "was the legitimate child of the Reformation. It grew out of the new despised Protestantism." And it was under the illegitimate daughter of the founder of the Reformation that this power found its full development in piracy on a grand scale, slave-dealing, and universal rapine. But it was under the founder himself that the buccaneering business began. The historian most felicitously quotes a saying with regard to Henry when beginning this portion of his narrative. "'King Harry loved a man,' it was said, and knew a man when he saw one." Mr. Froude would not have been found recalling this suggestive aphorism had the bluff king's dangerous admiration been confined to the sterner sex. Amongst other men whom he knew and esteemed, was one Mr. William Hawkins, of Plymouth; and his esteem was based upon that personage's success in bringing home presents of gold and ivory from the African Coast, together with some human chattels. This Hawkins was the father of the John Hawkins who was knighted by Elizabeth for his amazing success as a scourge of the seas, and shared with Sir Francis Drake the honor of being the most formidable of the pirates and cutthroats that sailed the Spanish main. Elizabeth took her share in the plunder and took shares in slave-hunting enterprises; and when the Spaniards retaliated on any of the pirates she made loud complaint of her subjects being maltreated and robbed!

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* *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It would have been in other hands an impossible task to defend the deeds of such monsters as Hawkins and Drake. But Froude's motto is *toujours audace.* The law of nations, the laws of humanity, might be outraged, horror accumulated on horror, but he has a defence. "Spain and England," he declared, "might be at peace; Romanism and Protestantism were at deadly war; and war suspends the obligations of ordinary life." What a hideous doctrine! It makes one's flesh creep to read this crimson pharisaism.

Far-fetched as this excuse of an unofficial religious war is, moreover, the inventor of it himself shows it to be untenable. In the course of his lectures he points out more than once that the real objects of the Holy Office in Spain were political and commercial rather than religious; that religion was used, in fact, by it only as a mask for the most material designs and methods. Thus he is hoist with his own blasting-charge.

We do not envy the feelings of the creed or the people in whose behalf Froude undertook this unique line of defence. To their careful perusal we commend these chapters on "The Sea-cradle of the Reformation." For ourselves we have only to say that civilized peoples have repudiated the doctrine that between nations at peace there can be any toleration for unauthorized murder and piracy, and that even when a state of war exists the laws of good faith and humanity are still binding on belligerents. Froude has written his own epitaph. Out of his own mouth he stands convicted as the falsifier of history and the champion of treachery and every curse that springs from the basest passions of the human heart.

We have heard so much lament of late over the paucity of Catholic fiction of the better order that we are somewhat curious as to the reception which awaits a new issue of the famous classic novel *Dion and the Sibyls.** This work was published in this magazine a good many years ago as that of a master of scholarly style, the late Miles Gerald Keon. The book appeals to the same level of intelligence as the famous *Ben Hur* appeals to—possibly a shade higher. Yet, despite its classic quotations and recondite points, it is free from the charge of pedantry. It presents to the ordinary understanding the same grasp of the universal situation in the pagan world when nascent Christianity was struggling in its swaddling-clothes as the writer himself had acquired. Its diction is a model of purity; its dramatic construction masterly. Some of the situations are invested with a tremendous power. They present us with pictures of the spirit of the time, so cruel and so steeped in dark superstition, so glutted with conquest and so great withal in imperial conceptions, that give the work the vividness of a vast and fascinating panorama. To the meanest intellect it is plain that the author had made himself familiar with the every-day life of the Roman court and every detail of Roman life before he sat down to write his book. He had wrapt himself up so thoroughly in his subject that he found no difficulty, apparently, in bringing the aid of lifelike reality to the aid of an imagination of uncommon richness and creative power. It is not alone with the material world of the time he deals, but he enters also into the labyrinths of the metaphysical speculations of the philosophers and the mental struggling of the better men and women of the Gentile world for light amid that opacity in which the rays of Christian truth were as yet only seen through the merest chinks.

We would commend this noble work in especial to the attention of the various Reading Circles throughout the country. They will be enabled to judge how nobler a thing the

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* *Dion and the Sibyls.* A classic novel. By Miles Gerald Keon. New York: Catholic School Book Company, 28 Barclay Street.

English language is on the pen of a writer who knows its capabilities than on the lips of people who make it a vehicle only for the dull practical business of every-day life. We ought to add that the style in which the book is put forth by the publishers is a credit to typography.

Mr. J. K. Foran, who has lately had conferred upon him the degree of doctor in literature in addition to his former one of bachelor *in utroque jure*, has just published a collection of his lyrical pieces, in a very handsome volume.* These poems are of a miscellaneous character and display a great inequality in merit. While many of them are pleasing in construction, others are hard and unmusical, and remind one a good deal of the work of the late Mr. Tupper. There is also a decidedly reminiscent flavor about one at least of them; we mean the piece addressed to an artist about to paint the portrait of Rev. Dr. Tabaret, O.M.I. It instantly recalls the lines of Thomas Davis to Hogan about the statue of O'Connell, as well as the more graceful apostrophe of Denis Florence McCarthy to the depictor of the lineaments of the great Father Mathew. An address to a brook is open to the same remark, as it follows in a degree the lines of a more famous composition. The descriptive pieces in the book are the best of its contents. These are vigorous and picturesque; but it is needless to say that this species does not stand on the highest plane in poetry. In the elegiacs, moreover, it is just to say there is a ring which approaches the true note of poetical passion in many of the lines—notably in the lament over the late Father Tom Burke, O.P. Yet in many places there are faulty lines and a tendency towards objectionable forms of expression—as, for instance, in a piece entitled "The Chief of the Ottawa" we find this inelegant form:

> "For he stood by the wave that does silently lave
> The spot where his forefathers rest."

There is considerable power, though little of freshness of idea, in a poem on Mr. Gladstone, and some other pieces of a patriotic character (Canadian) possess dash and spirit. But the general impression left by all is that they were written more under the stress of a necessity to make rhyme, fairly consistent with common-sense and passable as poetical expression, than the afflatus of high or novel ideas. It is not well even for a good prose writer like Mr. Foran to at all times yield to the temptation to indulge that innate tendency to rhyme which is a legacy from the days of nascent intellect, when rhythm is but an effort of nature and a combination trick between ear and tongue. A good many typographical errors are observable in the book—a fact which helps the sense of disappointment which some of the work inspires, inasmuch as the cover of the book which encloses those faults is attractive.

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* *Poems and Lyrics.* By J. K. Foran, Lit.D., LL.B. Montreal: D. J. Sadlier & Co.

The Japanese fit now holds us fast; it is in the hysterical stage. Of books on that odd country we continue to get more than we ask for. It is fearful to contemplate what we may have to endure by and by, when the whole army of writers and commercial travellers who shall certainly move upon the country, now that it has become famous, set their pens and tongues in motion. Mr. Henry T. Fincke is the latest contributor to our stock of knowledge of the manners and customs of the Japanese.* He writes with the idea of a man who can take a good note of what he sees, and he gives us a pretty clear idea that his own notions of morality and those of the average Japanese do not present any abysmal difference. The questions of the beauty of the Japanese women and the ethics of partial or total nudity occupy a very large share of his philosophical attention. The Japanese, in these respects, contrast very favorably with the Americans, he opines. He does not think the Buddhist monks quite so rascally as the mediæval ones in Europe, though they (the Buddhists) are loafers taken from the lowest dregs of society. The value of the aspiration that we might be able to induce six hundred Japanese missionaries to visit our country to instil notions of humanity and politeness into American life may be tested by this opinion.

The "chiels amang *us* takin' notes" are not the *raræ aves* that they used to be. Flying visitors from every part of the Old World are to be found every year gathering their impressions and raking in our money—like Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling and David Christie Murray—and sometimes laughing at us for our readiness to be plucked, and our gratitude for the favor of being ridiculed. Paul Bourget is of the number, though not of the ill-conditioned lot. He spent a few months in the country, and turned the visit to account. He paints our portrait and asks for our opinion of the performance. In reply to his criticism we proceed to pass our own opinion upon his work, and ask what is the value of such hasty impressions. This is the orthodox way of answering a question *more Hibernico.*

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* *Lotos-Time in Japan.* By Henry T. Fincke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We may say at the outset that Paul Bourget, like a great many more of his countrymen, looks at some social aspects of a strange country from a merely animal point of view. The fault is not intentional perhaps; it is a question of national temperament. French writers of the later school are more sensual than others. Sensuality has had its period in most literatures; its period is not yet over in France. Consequently when we find this talented Academician considering American society from that stand-point we need not be surprised at the tone and language which he uses. It comes to him perfectly naturally. He gives us credit for being better behaved than folk in France, but taunts the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon Puritans with hypocrisy in the matter of scandalous living. Possibly he had the case of a great public man, legislator and lay-preacher, just before the world when the Academician arrived here, in his eye. It is not just to the Puritans to judge them by one or by several examples. One swallow does not make a summer; one black sheep does not nigrify the whole flock.

When a writer accustomed all his life to the institution of a demi-monde talks of the difficulty of understanding the smile of the American woman, with "its respectable animalism," we respect his ingenuousness. If he cannot understand the smile of a virtuous woman, his comprehension of the character and bent and achievements of a great people is limited to the surface things. Therefore his views on what met his eyes in society here may be read for amusement's sake; for that of instruction they are not of any great account.

M. Bourget pays America the compliment of borrowing the name of his book from the work of one of America's greatest poets and authors. Longfellow gave the name "Outre-Mer" to his book of European travel; and this is the title M. Bourget chooses for his. He might also with advantage borrow some of Longfellow's purity of mind when discussing the characteristics of people outside France.

His own countryman, Max O'Rell, who, in our humble opinion, is far more deserving of a place amongst the forty "immortals," as a recognition of literary ability, is far beyond him as an itinerary commentator. He has much more delicacy in handling risky subjects; and he has a gift of humor, entirely absent in the writings of M. Bourget. The utmost that can be said of *Outre-Mer* * is that it is lively and at times pungent, and devoid of that tone of snobbishness and conceited impudence which characterizes the *obiter dicta* of some literary magnificoes from England who now and then deign to visit and patronize Brother Jonathan.

On matters of tangible fact and safe critical judgment M. Bourget's observations are more valuable. He attended Catholic churches during his sojourn here, and was profoundly impressed by the earnestness of both priests and people. He bears enthusiastic testimony to the great vitality of the Catholic Church in America, as well as to the thoroughly democratic spirit which distinguishes it within and without. He had interviews with some of the more prominent dignitaries of the church—notably Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and the Rector of the Catholic University, Right Rev. Dr. Keane, and he gives fine silhouettes of all three. Archbishop Ireland struck him as being the most forceful figure in American Catholicism, because of his splendid optimism and his sterling patriotism. It strikes M. Bourget that the position of the Catholic Church in America, unconnected as it is with the state in any way, is far happier than that of the Church in France, harassed on all sides by anti-clerical laws and liable to be held accountable to the state for every public utterance of its bishops and clergy.

A book which just reaches our hands in time only for a hasty review may be described as one of the modern curiosities of literature. It is a compilation of the public utterances of the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Satolli, since his arrival in the United States, upon matters of high public moment.† The circumstances under which these addresses were made were often so peculiar as to give the flavor of novelty and uniqueness to the work. Coming to this country with not a thorough knowledge of the English language, the delegate labored under enormous difficulties at first, but his wonderful quickness of perception and readiness of resource enabled him to overcome them all in time. Called upon to reply to many speeches and to decide on many causes in a strange tongue, he had to avail himself largely of the help of others at the beginning. His general plan was to dictate in either Latin or Italian, and get one of his secretaries or his friends to render this reply into English. These renderings he would critically examine, and sometimes suggest corrections where the translation did not appear to convey the particular shade of meaning which he desired. The English of these addresses, then, is that of other minds, in a good many cases; and as they are the work of different hands, they present a diversity of style which, to one unacquainted with the circumstances, must appear singular.

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* *Outre-Mer. Impressions of America.* **By Paul Bourget, member of the French Academy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.**

† *Loyalty to Church and State. The Mind of his Excellency, Francis Archbishop Satolli, Apostolic Delegate.* **Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.**

Since his advent here, however, the Apostolic Delegate has labored diligently to overcome the obstacle of language, and his efforts have been most successful. His later utterances have been delivered without much intermediary help. Through all, however, whatever their differences in verbal drapery, there runs a line of thought and constitutional scholarship which shows the profound student and the vigilant observer of all that is making up the present great page of civilization's history.

That such a man as the Papal Delegate, with his hands daily filled with ecclesiastical business of the most delicate and intricate nature at times, could make so thorough a study of the social and political problems of the United States as this work demonstrates is a proof of that rare intellectual power which is demanded for the office of high plenipotentiaries. It is only one man in a million who possesses such gifts in ordinary degree; the richness of Monsignor Satolli's fitness for his office is something phenomenal.

The volume of addresses now presented to us is prefaced by an introduction from his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and from this we gather that a good many pronouncements, judged to be of the highest importance by those who heard them, have not been preserved. The editor of the work is the Rev. J. R. Slattery, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions, whose earnest labors on behalf of the negroes elicit a warm note of praise from the Apostolic Delegate. A great diversity of theme is the feature of the addresses. They deal with the subjects of education, the Papacy and its relations to outside authority, the constitution of the church, the harmony of the spirit of Catholicity with American institutions, public and parochial schools, religious associations, temperance, the functions of the press, and other important factors in our national life. Besides the addresses there are several letters to Catholic societies and the Press.

Perhaps the most important of these expositions of the mental attitude of the Apostolic Delegate, from a wide public point of view, is that which he gave at the banquet of the Carroll

Institute at Washington, D. C. It was in the course of this address that he expatiated on the Papal Encyclical on Church and State, and his observations may be taken as a full explanatory glossary on the original text. We would be gratified to reproduce the whole of his Excellency's admirable discourse upon this theme, but that pleasure is denied us, owing to the briefness of the interval between the reception of the volume and the publication of this issue of our magazine. We must content ourselves with a few extracts dealing with the duties of the Catholic citizen and the public press:

"Broad and complete is the demonstration given by the Holy Father in this encyclical that the state has nothing to fear but everything to hope from the existence of the Catholic Church in her midst. She has everything to hope and nothing to fear, not only as regards her independence and constitutional liberty, but as regards the liberty of political parties as well, to none of which does the church or the pope desire that Catholic interests should bind themselves. The church holds herself on a higher plane and looks only to the common good, to the reign of truth, justice, and peace. There is nothing to fear, but everything to hope in the instruction and education given by the church to Catholic youth. Beneficent societies, the freedom of the press, the freedom of religion have nothing to fear from the church. Wherefore, after this magnificent exposition of Catholic truth in the recent encyclical, all sinister pre-occupations concerning the possibility or impossibility of a true harmony between Catholic spirit and civil and political liberty should disappear. One of the church's teachings is that a popular form of government is a just and proper one. It has never happened that the church or a pope entered, of his own accord, into the vast field of civil government; but history sufficiently proves that trouble has always arisen when governments have overstepped the limits of their legitimate authority, and have sought to interfere in religious matters. The danger of such trouble does not exist in this country, as is evident from the spirit of the Constitution and from the loyalty of those who are its custodians. To them does it belong to maintain the spirit of the Constitution in prohibiting the framing of any law in matters of religion, and the using of any distinction among the people based on religious differences; but, it is certainly against the spirit of the Constitution to refuse the co-operation offered by Catholic institutions, or to exclude them solely because they are Catholic. . . .

"I cannot conclude without calling your attention to one other important consideration concerning the relation of the church to the nation in this country. The opinion is certainly growing, that we are nearing a most critical point in history, and that in this country especially great problems will soon demand positive solution. All the horrors of a social revolution are predicted by men no less renowned for accurate and calm thinking than Professor Goldwin Smith and Professor Von Holst. All agree in selecting this country as the field of the greatest of the disorders which threaten society. This being so, it is interesting to note the words of a non-Catholic writer in the latest number of an important magazine. He says: 'The tacit acknowledgment of the religious primacy of the successor of St. Peter is one of the clearest signs of the times. It is a significant recognition of the fact that the Catholic Church holds the solution of the terrible problem which lies on the threshold of the twentieth century, and that it belongs to the pope alone to pronounce our social *pax vobiscum.*'"

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I.—A NEW CATECHISM.*

The man who attempts to prepare a new catechism, notwithstanding the number already in use, must have some very special reason for such an undertaking. If it is simply to bring out some pet idea of his own about some controverted point in theology his trouble will be ill repaid. We can readily see from a study of this catechism that the author, Dr. Schwenniger, has no such hobby to ride. He has this motive, and it is a worthy one—he wishes to impress upon the minds of our children the great truths of our religion, and to show that these dogmas rest for their foundation first on the authority of the teaching church, supported by tradition and Holy Scripture. The child is impressed from beginning to end of this catechism with the fact that the church is the living Christ, that as he existed and taught before any written book, so too his church, his mouthpiece, must be heard before we bring forth arguments from either tradition or Scripture. "What does the living, teaching church hold?" That settled, then her teaching he strengthens by tradition and the Bible. This idea, carried out so well throughout the catechism, has a wonderful effect upon the mind of the reader.

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* *Katechismus für die Katholischen Volksschulen in den Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerikas.* New York: Chas. Wildermann, 11 Barclay Street.

The order, the concise answers, the attractive way of putting the great truths of our holy faith, give evidence of most careful preparation. The author has been working on this book for the past fifteen years, and during these years has given several hours every day to its study and preparation.

Another good point worthy of notice is that for the children of German parents he insists that, while they study the catechism in their own language, they must have on the opposite page the English translation—and good English it is at that. For English-speaking schools a special English edition has been prepared. The book has the most cordial approbation of the author's Most Rev. Archbishop. An instructive and interesting article on the question of catechisms would no doubt prove of value to those whose work of love it is to teach our children the truths of our holy faith.

2.—LECTURES ACCORDING TO SPECIFICATION.*

The Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle is Canon of Canterbury, and fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. *The World as the Subject of Redemption* comprises a series of lectures delivered at Oxford in the course established by Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury. An extract from the will of Canon Bampton, by which provision is made for the delivery of these lectures, is printed at the beginning of the volume as a sort of prefatory note. There is no mistaking the mind of the canon, for in his will he plainly states what he desires in this course of lectures, and he clearly indicates subjects, and time, and other matter relative to the course. Professor Ely in his introduction says: "*The World as the Subject of Redemption* offers a system of apologetics." This title—a system of apologetics—clearly indicates the scope of the essays. Here is a somewhat curious thing in regard to the work. In his preface to the new edition Canon Fremantle honestly admits that the book fell flat in England. "The lectures excited little attention in England, either on their delivery in 1883 or on their publication in 1885. . . . . At all events, the book fell almost flat on this side of the Atlantic; and the publishers were at one time so much disheartened as to incline to give it up as dead." Then Professor Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, took notice of the lectures, pointing out their value as contributions to apologetic literature, and the dead came to life again, and so into a second edition. The Oxford lecturer is generous in his acknowledgment of this fact.

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* *The World as the Subject of Redemption.* By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. With an introduction by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. Second edition, revised. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

3.—FROM THE PRETORIUM TO GOLGOTHA.*

This beautiful little book of some twenty-five pages has this merit on the face of it—it does not divorce art from religion. The scenes of the great tragedy of the Passion and Death of our Lord have called forth from the most gifted pens and brushes the highest inspirations of the artist's talents. This zealous secular priest has made wholesome use of the few spare moments in his busy parochial life to select the best types of the most celebrated artists to place before our minds the cruelties inflicted on our Lord during the Passion. The best have been chosen: Raphael, Fra Angelico, Doré, Rubens, Titian, Munkacsy, Hoffmann, and others. Our friends of the Episcopal Church who have lately taken up this devotion of the Way of the Cross will be delighted with this added aid to their efforts in the right direction. The meditations are based on the gospel narrative and therefore good, while the prayers are pointed and practical. The translation of the "Stabat Mater," while literal, is rhythmic and forceful and may be sung by the congregation with good effect.

4.—THE COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.†

Bishop Hefele's learned work has fared well at the hands of Mr. William B. Clark. The translation from the German is exceedingly well done. Mr. Clark deserves the thanks of the student of general history for placing this valuable work in an English dress. No student, and especially no divinity student, of church history can well afford to be without the four volumes already produced, and we will expect with interest the fifth volume, which completes the work, and which is promised if "the demand for that which is now issued" warrants it. We have no doubt that the fifth volume will appear in due season.

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* *From the Pretorium to Golgotha.* By Rev. Patrick E. Fitzsimons. New York: S. J. Kerr.

† *A History of the Councils of the Church.* By Right Rev. Charles Joseph Hefele, D.D. Translated from the German, with the author's approbation, and edited by William B. Clark, M.A., etc. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Vol. iv.: A D. 451–680. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

5.—A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.*

The spirit of the times is marked by a very earnest desire for Christian Unity. The currents of religious thought are setting in strong and fast towards this much-desired goal. The negotiations of Lord Halifax in England, giving occasion to the outpouring of the great heart of the Holy Father in his letter to the English people on the one hand, and the splendid temper with which it has been received by them on the other, indicate a very strong desire on the part of all concerned to enter into closer religious charity. In this country the cordial way in which the great work that Father Elliott has undertaken has been received, the many expressions of a more kindly feeling towards Catholics, the evident desire to suppress rancorous religious antipathies, all these indicate a closing of the gap. The closer we come together the more we want to know of each other. Hence a restatement of Catholic doctrine just now from Father Searle, who has reasoned out all these problems for himself, will meet a general welcome from the many who are becoming more and more interested in these great vital problems.

Father Searle is a convert himself, is professor of mathematics at the Catholic University, and his book is just what it purports to be—a collection of plain facts for fair minds, an appeal to candor and common sense.

As a book for missionary purposes it is of very great value. Many devoted priests and laymen will see in it a splendid handbook to distribute widely among non-Catholics, because it is a calm, well-reasoned, dispassionate statement of the Catholic position. There is no spirit of attack or controversy about it. It is simply building the bridges across the stream of prejudice, and an invitation to join hands and forces in a Christian unity. We are quite sure that at this present juncture it will meet with a very great success.

6.—THE IRISH REVIVAL.

We have received the report of the Gaelic League—an association whose object is the preservation of the Irish language by *viva voce* example—for the year 1894. It is an encouraging record of good work done. Few people outside Ireland and Irish circles are aware of the great hold the Irish tongue still maintains upon the mass of the Irish peasantry, particularly those of the West and North-west. It appears from the last census report that there were at the time the enumeration took place close upon seven hundred thousand Irish-speaking persons in the country, but to the vast majority of these people the vernacular is only known as a spoken language and with a very limited scope. To diffuse a knowledge of Irish as a written vehicle with a splendid storehouse for scholars is one of the principal aims of the new League, and the encouragement the movement has received from eminent people of letters is a hopeful augury of success. An Irish revival is going on the force of which has been strongly felt even here. The movement was begun a good many years ago by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, whose cheap educational books were a great boon to the Irish-speaking population, hitherto ignorant of the grammatical structure of the tongue they had been reared in. The Gaelic League is destined to help the work by giving the students of Irish a practical knowledge of its idioms and correct pronunciation—one of the most formidable difficulties which confronted those making its acquaintance for the first time. The revival of this ancient tongue is something unique in the history of language and literature.

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* *Plain Facts for Fair Minds : An appeal to candor and common sense.* By Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P. New York : The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West Sixtieth Street.

7.—SHORTHAND FOR TYPEWRITERS.

A most ingenious system of shorthand for typewriters has been devised by Rev. D. A. Quinn, of Providence, R. I. It is claimed for the system that it can be learned in a few hours, and given an average intelligence and an average memory, the claim seems to be good. The system abolishes the use of any of the present systems of shorthand script, and asks no more than the utilization of the alphabets of the typewriting machine, capitals and small letters. These are availed of on the phonetic principle and for the construction of grammalogues, prefixes, etc. The result is an immense saving of time and manipulation to those who take the trouble to learn the system by dispensing with the trouble of writing shorthand and then transcribing it on the machine. An admirable book of instruction is published by the Continental Printing Company, Dyer and Pine Streets, Providence, R. I.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics. By Francis Gillow. Vol. iv. (Burns & Oates, London.) *The New Speller and Word Book.* (Catholic National Series.) *Charity is the Greatest Gift of God to Man.* By the Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P. *A Royal and a Christian Soul: A Sketch of the Life and Death of the Comte de Paris.* By Monseigneur D'Hulst; translated by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, M.A. *The Road to Heaven: A Game.*

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Indian and White in the North-west. By L. B. Palladino, S.J.; with an introduction by Right Rev. John B. Brondel, first Bishop of Helena.

VICTOR RETAUX, Paris:

Questions Actuelles d'Ecriture Sainte. Par le R. P. Joseph Brucker, S.J.

S. J. KERR, New York:

From the Pretorium to Golgotha. By Rev. Patrick E. Fitzsimons.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

Under the Man-Fig. By M. E. M. Davis.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston:

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. With introduction and notes by A. J. George, A.M. *Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America.* Ibid.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Instructio Sponsorum Lingua Anglica Conscripta ad Usum Parochorum. By a Priest of the Mission.

CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES, Buffalo:

Visions of St. Paul of the Cross.

CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., New York:

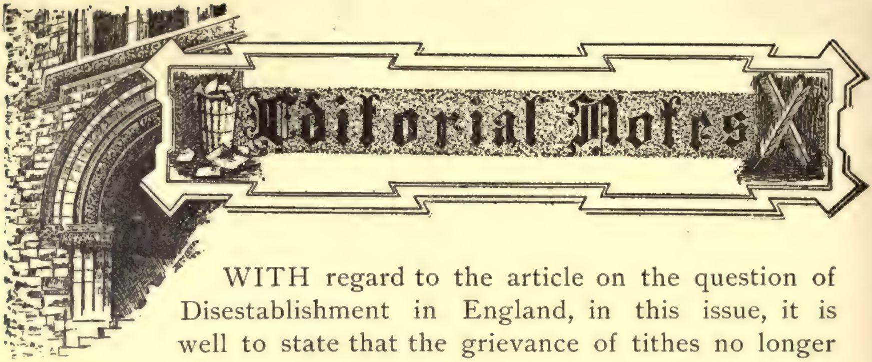
Joanna Traill, Spinster. By Annie E. Holdsworth. *The Scallywag.* By Grant Allen. *The Story of Eleanor Lambert.* By Magdalen Brooke. *Through the Red-Litten Windows,* and *The Old River House.* By Theodor Hertz-Gartèn. *Out of the Fashion.* By L. T. Meade. *The Last Tenant.* By B. L. Farjeon. *Is She Not a Woman?* By Daniel Dane. *'Lisbeth.* By Leslie Keith.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:

Wheelbarrow on the Labor Question.

CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, 120 West 60th Street, New York:

Plain Facts for Fair Minds. An Appeal to Candor and Common Sense. By Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P. *Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary.* By Rev. C. A. Walworth.



Editorial Notes

WITH regard to the article on the question of Disestablishment in England, in this issue, it is well to state that the grievance of tithes no longer enters as an element into the problem, as might be inferred from the writer's argument. By the Tithes Commutation Act, passed in 1836, and a couple of subsequent emendatory acts, the payment of tithes was transferred from the shoulders of the tillers of the soil to those of the owner. If the tithes are still paid by the tenant, it is in an indirect shape.

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On page 191, May number, in article Training-School of Nurses, by Thomas Dwight, M.D., the statement was made that the first training-school for nurses was opened in Buffalo in 1892. We learn that a training-school was opened in connection with St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the fall of 1889.

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One of those red-letter days in the Church's calendar, the golden jubilee of an illustrious son, was the 16th of May last. The date marked the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Archbishop of Boston, the Most Rev. John Joseph Williams. This auspicious event was attended by such circumstances as must render it memorable. From the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff came an autograph letter of congratulation, accompanied by a gold medal and the notification of the apostolic benediction; and from a multitude of hierarchs and pastors throughout the United States and in other lands messages of felicitation. Bishop Goesbriand, as the senior spiritual overseer of the province of New England, offered the present of a beautiful chalice on behalf of the bishops of that province. The Papal Delegate headed the array of bishops and clergy who travelled to Boston to be present at the solemnity, and never has there been a more imposing gathering at any similar celebration. Cardinal Gibbons, who was on his way to Rome, was there; and sixteen other archbishops and bishops, many of them from the most distant dioceses, also testified by their presence the reverence in which they held the venerable prelate of the great New England province.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

FRANCE GRAPPLING WITH THE DRINK PROBLEM.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

THE discussion of temperance and allied questions is just now a noticeable feature of the French press. The serious manner in which thoughtful minds are taking it up is shown by an unsigned article in that able scientific journal, *Cosmos*, Paris, April 6. The increasing evils of drink in France are acknowledged, and in canvassing the various methods of different countries in dealing with the problem the conclusion reached is that neither the Gothenburg system, nor the high-license system, nor the prohibitory system gives the best results; but that these are obtained from the Swiss system of government monopoly. Conditions in France are thus stated:

"The question of alcoholism is still the order of the day. The spirituous liquors, more or less pure, that are dealt out in the drinking-saloons are the cause of ravages that show effects even in the descendants of the victim. The picture of the dangers and crimes of alcoholism has often been painted here; we will not recall it. Suffice it to say that its evil results are increasing. In the insane asylums the intellectual decadence of 16 per cent. of the inmates is attributable to drunkenness; the number several years ago was but 11 per cent."

The *Cosmos* writer refers to a "remarkable report" made before the Congress of Alienists by M. Ladame recently, the conclusions of which are thus stated:

"Increase of taxation gives increase of revenue, and does not produce diminution of consumption; it does not even temporarily check the continually increasing progress of the amount consumed. It is thus an insufficient means, at least when taken by itself. . . .

"Here we must note that experience has shown that the introduction of beer and its general use as an habitual drink has not prevented in several States of America the increased consumption of alcohol.

"We will say little concerning the reduction of the number of saloons. Theoretically the means appears excellent, but if we examine the question more closely we shall not be slow to perceive that the number of saloons is rather a consequence than a cause of the augmentation of the consumption of alcoholic drinks, and we may even see in the same country the most destructive consumption of spirits in the districts where the saloons are least frequent. This was proved by an investigation made by the Swiss Federal Council, which found that the consumption of spirits was greatest in the Swiss cantons where saloons were fewest. M. Van der Meulen also arrived at this result in the communication that he made to the Congress of the Hague (August, 1893) on the consequences of the Dutch law of 1881 regulating the number of licenses for the sale of liquors according to the population. . . .

"The researches of Moeller in Great Britain, as well as those of G. Hartmann in France, lead to the same conclusions.

"But if the limitation of the saloons is accompanied by measures restraining the sale of alcohol and improving the processes of manufacture, the conclusions are not the same, and we may thus reach satisfactory results, as has been done in

Sweden, in Norway, in Finland, and in several States of North America. We shall now see how this is done."

Considering what system could be best applied to France, the writer thinks the duties on liquor should be maintained, the state must monopolize the rectification of spirits, a heavy tax must be put on spirituous liquors, and light drinks must be free from tax. But these methods will depend for their results upon the organization of temperance societies. Says the writer:

"But to reach these results it will be necessary to establish temperance societies in France, for, as M. Ladame rightly says: 'No measure is capable of combating alcoholism effectively unless it is sustained by public opinion.' This is why temperance societies have always played the most important *rôle* in this strife, for they form and enlighten public opinion and take care that the legal provisions that they have caused do not become a dead-letter. *The only countries that have made serious laws against alcoholism are those where temperance societies have proposed and prepared those laws.*"

SCHOOLS OF THEOLOGY.

(*Rev. W. Barry, D.D., in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record for May,* 1895.)

COLERIDGE has said excellently well that, of all books, "the Bible alone contains a science of realities; and, therefore, each of its elements is at the same time a living germ in which the present involves the future, and in the finite the infinite exists potentially." It is the Book of Religion, not as a system, but as a revelation. The truth which it conveys is from spirit to spirit, not merely from phenomena to understanding. It offers to us at once the credentials of Christianity as an historical fact, and the substance of its message. While we receive it as an inspired whole on the authority of the Church, its various portions have always appealed, as by an innate or sacramental grace, to the hearts which they have awakened, rebuked, comforted, lifted up to the world unseen. Inasmuch as it sets before us the life of Christ in prophecy, parable, reality, and anticipation, it must needs excel in height and depth all possible commentaries, though written by saints and doctors—and the power of *their* thought, the charm which breathes from their pious musings, the unction their words distil, take us always back to the source from whence they drew their inspiration.

Yet, if ever it was true, now it is truer than ever, that "the energies of the intellect, increase of insight, and enlarging views are necessary to keep alive the substantial faith in the heart." Our first step must be to recognize that in religion we have dealings, not merely with a Divine Nature, like that which Spinoza defined as unfolding itself into the universe, but with the Father who is for ever distinct from the universe. Then we shall begin to perceive how great and evil a change has been wrought in modern times by the widespread supposition that symbols of personality are all one with abstract notions; whereas, in revelation, as in fact, they furnish a living language, which becomes the seed and spirit of action. Thus enlightened, we shall look upon things visible, in their whole course of development, as hieroglyphics which wait for an interpretation. In the Scriptures we shall read the secret of them as intelligible writing; in tradition it will resound as a chant of faith and hope; in the lucid teaching of St. Thomas and his peers it will have become a philosophy, never indeed complete, though suggesting deeper thoughts of God and man as it takes up into itself fresh knowledge, the new experiences of history, and the prophecies or divine judgments which the centuries fulfil. But, always, on the altar-steps of that holy place, let us see the mystic, whose silence strikes a more sublime chord than even angelic speech, and whose rapt ecstasy is ever teaching us that while scholasticism moves along the ground, and thence surveys the heavens which it has not ascended, there are wings of love and prayer that lift the spirit into a divine ether—to some Paradise of God where our finest human knowledge must seem little else than ignorance.

If we hold these things in our memory we shall not turn scholastic argument to uses for which it was not designed, or incur the charge that it is an arrogant *Aufklärung*, pretending to measure the immeasurable, and to imprison the infinite. We shall put from us all questions—and they are many—which tend to satisfy curious leisure, but do not edify; we shall learn that in philosophy *Ama nescire* is often the truest wisdom; and the sad issues of so much wrangling over that which was God's secret will have taught us to be sober. At all times, and even in St. Thomas, we shall be most scrupulous not to confound with revealed realities the reasoning by which men would explain them. It will be a first principle with us that experience goes beyond analysis; that the abstract is no more than one facet of the diamond sphere, whose light in its fulness we cannot behold; and that if the creative source of theology is faith, its safeguard must ever be love. Thus, perhaps, we may come to be at once more orthodox and more tolerant; we shall pierce through the language of others to their devout intention; and with the growth of personal freedom, and of fearless because loyal thinking, we shall be securing to the great scholastic tradition a renewal of life, yet ourselves be falling under no tyrannous or mechanical routine.

LENT PREACHING IN PARIS.

(*From The Speaker, London.*)

"IN one of the richest parishes of Paris—the Madeleine—a Dominican preached a series of Lenten discourses on the Duties of the Rich; the Law of Justice; the Law of Charity, and the Brotherhood of Man. At St. Clotilde, in the heart of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, a Jesuit treated the question of 'Work and Wages,' laying down the principle that a share in a company does not only confer upon the holder the right of receiving a dividend, but that it also imposes the moral responsibility of any injustice suffered by the workmen. Even the Lenten orators who had announced theological subjects seemed drawn by an irresistible fascination to the study of social questions—one preacher interrupting his course on 'Hypnotism and Miracles' in order to treat the absorbing theme. It came to the front at the outlying Church of St. Pierre de Montrouge, where the old system of a dialogue between two preachers—one of whom played the part of the Devil's Advocate—was revived with great success. The preacher began his sermon as follows: 'It is impossible to deny the existence of a grave social question. Some time ago a Socialist congress took place in Paris itself. In Germany the Socialist candidates obtain more than a million of votes. In England strikes are the order of the day. Everywhere we find war to the knife between labor and capital. The church alone can heal this breach. The church, strong in its principles and in its gospel—the church.'

"'Allow me to put a question,' a voice said suddenly. The 'Devil's Advocate' had risen from his place on the '*banc d'œuvre*' opposite the pulpit. His mocking voice had a strange effect in the sacred edifice. 'You make a great fuss about your "Church" as a universal panacea,' he went on, in a sneering tone. "The church was not born yesterday; it has eighteen centuries of existence. If it be really so powerful it has had plenty of time to make its power felt. Show us that your church is able to solve the social question, and this will prove the truth of your assertion.' We can only allow ourselves space for the leading points of the preacher's striking reply: 'The church has abolished slavery. The church has ennobled work; it has made the carpenter's tool sacred. The church has created Charity. Go to Pompeii, to Herculaneum—you will only find the houses of the rich. Come to Paris, and you will find countless asylums—the hostelries of suffering humanity.'

"The 'Devil's Advocate' rose to object that all this was ancient history. The church had done good service in past time, he admitted, 'but now it is dead.' The preacher gave a vehement denial. 'No—a thousand times, no! The church lives. All modern questions have been closely studied by the church. It was a bishop—Monsignor Gibbons—who proposed the eight-hour day. *The Pall Mall Gazette* showed us that Monsignor Manning, in spite of his eighty-two years, was able to conjure up a social tempest. You speak of a coffin for a dead church; but I declare that it is creating not a coffin, but a cradle for the new-born hopes of the world.' This time the Devil's Advocate was put to silence."

THE POPE ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

(*From the New York Sun, May 4.*)

DURING the last generation the tendency of the doctrine and practice of the most aggressive party in the Anglican Church, and in the Episcopal Church of this country, has been toward Rome. In its extreme it has gone so far as to be almost indistinguishable from Roman Catholic teaching, usage, and terminology. It has established the conventual system. It has introduced the confessional. It renders adoration to the Virgin Mary. In ritualistic Episcopal churches doctrines distinctively Roman Catholic are taught, and their services are conducted in a manner which might deceive a Roman Catholic himself into supposing that they were wholly churches of his faith. The cup is denied to the laity by artful methods. A ritualistic periodical recently ridiculed the use of the terms Communion and Eucharist as a Protestant abomination, and urged that Mass only should be the designation employed, as in itself an indication of Catholic faith. It would banish every suggestion of Protestantism and bring in whatever savored of Catholicism in the substance of doctrine, the form of words, usage, symbolism, and tone and behavior.

This party, however, stops short at the authority and supremacy of the Pope. It continues to reject that doctrine with all the obstinacy of the Protestantism against which it is so free in expressing its hatred, and of which it is so contemptuous. . . .

At any rate, this tendency toward Roman Catholic doctrine and sentiment, which is now so strong in the Episcopal Church, will be likely to gain much sympathy for the Pope in his general effort to bring about Christian unity on the basis of the Roman Catholic faith; and when once that sympathy is fully aroused, may it not be strong enough to break down the sole remaining barrier of objection to the Papal supremacy? It is not reasonable to suppose that there will be any surrender of an organization like the Anglican Church. That would be practically impossible; but the drift of individual Episcopalians toward the Roman Church, already somewhat marked, may be increased. Besides, the uprooting of faith by the so-called advanced theologians, the teachers and professors of the new Biblical criticism, is inducing in many religious natures the desire to find rest for their souls in an authority in matters of faith and religion which permits no dispute with its absolute infallibility.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR ENGLAND.

(*From St. Luke's for May.*)

SO, it seems, we are to have University education after all for our young men. God be praised that our wise pastors see that it is good to keep Catholics in touch with the national universities. Perhaps now the dream of Cardinal Newman will be realized and there will be a Catholic College at Oxford. We believe he even went so far as to buy land for such a purpose. If the Nonconformists have been able to start one, and the Ritualists have theirs, we may hope to see a St. Augustine's College started by our bishops for Catholic students. It would be a good idea to let that be the form of the memorial of the thirteenth centenary of the coming of St. Augustine to England. The amount of good such an establishment will do at Oxford, just at the present time, will be enormous. It will be the piece of leaven which will leaven the whole mass. Perhaps St. Benedict will soon once more see his sons back there; and the white-robed sons of St. Dominic again teach St. Thomas's *Summa* by the banks of the Isis. And we may be sure the Society will be at hand to take a prominent part in the work.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

(*From the Homiletic Review for May.*)

HONEST pay for honest work is often better than charity. Just now there is special demand for Christians, for churches, and for charity organizations to see to it that those who in any way serve them receive full compensation for their toil. Not from the side of infidelity, but from a devout believer, Father J. O. S. Huntington, we quote the following:

"There are many shams in our modern religionism. I know of few more loathsome than the hypocrisy of the lady managers (what a singularly suggestive title!) of an orphan asylum worth a half a million of dollars, who expect a hired nurse-girl to be content with less than a private family would pay, because she is working, as they say, 'for the Lord,'—so afraid that she will not lay up sufficient treasure in heaven that they rob her of half her wages on earth; and, while they tell her in unctuous phrases that 'it's all for the good of the dear little children,' neglect to print her name among the benefactors of the 'institootion,' though the proportion to the income of what she perforce contributes entitles her to head the list.

"Educate, train the masses!"—this has become the cry in many quarters. Make the most of their powers, give them the best opportunities for culture, and teach them such things as will make them masters of their situation and exalt them into better condition. The philosopher Fichte said: "Since Pestalozzi gave the mighty impulse it has been generally admitted that only through an improved education of the masses can the conditions be found for overcoming completely the manifold evils in the state, in society, and in the family life, and for securing a better future for coming generations. Still more generally can it be affirmed that the destiny of a people, their prosperity and their decay, depend ultimately on the training which the young receive. It follows from this as an axiom that the people which possess the deepest and the most manifold culture down to the lowest stratum of the population will also be the mightiest and happiest of the peoples of that generation: invincible to neighbors, envied by contemporaries, and a model for imitation."

A writer who quotes this passage adds the significant testimony of a French officer, who attributes the recent victories of the Germans to their education. In a letter to a friend the officer says: "If you had lived, as I have, in Prussia, you would understand how much truth there is in the saying, 'The German schoolmaster won the battle of Königgrätz.' . . . Never shall I forget how, when I was with Bismarck at Varzin, in 1869, the chancellor, accompanied by his two sons and myself, took pleasure in visiting the school-master of a small neighboring village. Think of the effect of such an evidence of appreciation for a modest teacher on the part of a man like Bismarck!"

AMERICANISMS AND ARCHAISMS.

(*Mr. George Newcomen in The Academy.*)

"MY own experience is, that most so-called Americanisms, and, indeed, Irishisms also, are in reality archaisms of the English language, which have a habit of surviving where one would least expect to find them. Many persons will tell you that the phrase 'to let slide' is an Americanism, but students of English literature will call to mind the following stanza from Chaucer's 'Clerkes Tale':

"'I blame him not that he considered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his lust present was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every side;
Well neigh all other cures *let he slide,*
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.'

"Several other illustrations of so-called Americanisms which occur in Chaucer may be given. As, for example, 'I guess'; which is frequently to be met with.

"'With him ther was his sone, a younge squier,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty year of age he was I *gesse.*'
(Prologue, *Canterbury Tales.*)

"'Right' is often used by Chaucer as the modern American uses it in the phrase 'Right away':

"'And al were it so that she *right now* were dede.'
(The Tale of Melibeus.)

"Many quaint words are commonly used in America, as 'pitcher' for 'jug'; 'freshet' for 'brook'; 'fall' for 'autumn.' 'Homely' is invariably used to express the absence of beauty—as 'a homely girl' for 'a plain girl.' An example of such usage may be found in Shakspere:

"'Upon a *homely* object love can wink.'
(Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4.*)*

"In conclusion, I would sincerely express a hope that Americans may hold fast to all 'isms' which are not vulgarisms. Life would be unbearable if every one talked like a book. It is far better to use 'isms' than, in the words of an illustrious Irishman, 'to hide one's nationality under a cloak of personal affectation.'"

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

VERY few successful Reading Circles can be found that are not deeply indebted to some professional teachers among the officers and members. This prominence is not entirely due to the self-assertion requisite for good teaching, but rather to the power of management which is a necessary element of strength for every Reading Circle. Daily contact with inquiring minds is a steady incentive to self-improvement, and enables the teacher to realize keenly the advantages resulting from a union of intellectual forces.

The charge has been made that city teachers seldom voluntarily attend lectures, and rarely write for educational journals. Very soon, it is predicted, those teachers who ignore educational literature will certainly be requested and permitted to enjoy the sweets of private life. The coming teacher will be required to study men and affairs, the movements of popular thought, ponder well the great problems of humanity, and so educate pupils that they become valuable to society. Too long has the notion prevailed that any one can teach children; the time has come when the school-room needs the most gifted men and women.

Without making any progressive announcements or depreciating the history of education in the past, some Catholic teachers of New York City have within the past year followed a systematic plan of reading. It was decided at the outset that much of the experience of the rural teacher is not available for the practical work of teaching in a large city. Then an attempt was made to concentrate attention on some of the words which are often used, though not sufficiently understood, in modern educational literature. A list was selected of twenty-one words which are here given: Classification, Morality, Perception, Pedagogy, Apperception, Psychology, Gradation, Consciousness, Method, Discipline, Cognition, Repetition, Education, Assimilation, Instruction, Subject, Volition, Object, Observation, Environment, Psychic. For the purpose of securing immediate results it was arranged that each teacher should prepare a statement containing a brief definition of every word in the list, and construct a short sentence showing its distinctive meaning among educationists. The books which were found most helpful in this study of word-meanings were volumes VI., *Elementary Psychology*, and XIX., *Psychology applied to Teaching*, of the International Education Series, written by Joseph Baldwin, A.M., LL.D., professor of pedagogy in the University of Texas. Another excellent book by the same author is entitled the *Art of School Management*, published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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By consultation with eminent Catholic teachers we have secured favorable mention for De Graffe's *Methods of Teaching*, published by Messrs. Bardeen Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; Page's *Theory and Practice of Teaching;* White's *Elements of Pedagogy* and *School Management;* Sheldon's *Lessons on Objects*, published by the American Book Co., New York City. At a later date this list may be enlarged if our friends among Catholic teachers will kindly send titles of books that have been tested, together with the names of authors and publishers, to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. We have still some copies of the list of "Books for Teachers" printed last year, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage. So far as we can discern the signs of the times, busy teachers are seeking to find a few books that deserve approval for practical value in school work. It is in accordance with common sense that the verdict of the most competent teachers should be rendered against the self-constituted judges in educational matters who write with reform pens on deodorized paper and evolve theories of child study that indicate a lamentable ignorance of facts.

* * *

The latest edition of a well-known text-book on school management represents the sum and substance of the experience of the largest body of religious teachers in the Catholic Church, devoted solely and entirely to the cause of education. In the first part of the book the technical work of the teacher is explained and developed. Each subject is taken up in its logical order, and so explained that the branch is discussed not only in its individual characteristics but also in its bearings upon the other subjects that enter into an elementary course. Thus, reading, penmanship, geography, history, etc., are carefully studied in their underlying principles, separately considered; then each is studied and examined in its bearings upon other topics. Drawing, for instance, is discussed in its bearings upon penmanship, geography, and manual training. And thus with other topics. *The Management of Christian Schools* has been very favorably noticed by leading educational publications regardless of denominational bias. The jury in normal methods and text-books awarded a special medal to this "Columbian Edition"; those who wonder at the success that crowns the Brothers' efforts in their schools, and who were so favorably impressed with the exhibit made by the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at the World's Fair, Chicago, will find in this *Management of Christian Schools* the key to the situation. *The Twelve Virtues of a Good Master*, comprising Part Second of the volume under consideration, must be carefully read and meditated upon to be thoroughly appreciated. Here we have a saint's view of the religious teacher's vocation and mission. But apart from this ideal so admirably depicted in *The Twelve Virtues*, De La Salle here furnishes a pen-and-ink sketch of the Christian instruction, so full in detail, so ample in scope, and so attractive in outline that no one engaged in "the art of arts"—the formation of character—can fail to be vastly improved by its perusal and greatly encouraged by its study.

De La Salle and his Methods, translated from the latest French edition of the well-known Normal-School director, F. Lucard, deserves attentive study. Generally speaking, Catholics consider De La Salle merely as the founder of the Society of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; but there is a much wider field of observation to which attention should be paid. De La Salle is really the pioneer in the cause of elementary and higher scientific teaching. His *Methods* shows us the broad basis upon which the Founder of the Christian Schools established his educational programme: manual training; the application of mathematics and natural science to practical purposes; the correction of the wayward through the luxury of work; the study of natural history, by visits to public gardens, trips to vantage grounds of observation; the introduction of simple industries before and after regular class-hours—all these ideas, supposed to be quite recent, were known to De La Salle, *and introduced by* him. The First Part of this little work summarizes the life of De La Salle, and may be dismissed with this mere reference. The Second Part embraces "The Pedagogical Works of De La Salle," "Sources of Education," ". . . Means of Education," "Disciplinary System," "Repressive Discipline," "Obstacles Encountered . . .," ". . . Testimonials in favor of De La Salle's Methods, etc."

The translation needs correction and bears evidence of haste to supply the demand for the book at the World's Fair. But, despite some imperfect renderings of certain texts, *De La Salle and His Methods* deserves, and should receive, a warm welcome among Christian teachers. De La Salle, though a priest, founded a secular normal school for young men, *not* destined to become Brothers of the Christian Schools. To-day, in Ireland, the Brothers have a normal school for secular teachers, in which *De La Salle and His Methods* is one of the authorized text-books in teaching. Orders for the books mentioned above may be sent to the Book Depository of the Christian Brothers, 48 Second Street, New York City.

* * *

The endorsement of Miss Starr's methods of instruction in art by the several committees in the art departments connected with the World's Columbian Exposition have taken so definite a form that she feels at liberty to announce that she received an award and diploma, not only from the special department of educational art in which her exhibit appeared, but one from the general committee of awards at Washington, as it was expressly stated, "For excellent methods and happy results."

Miss Starr was still more pleased at the awards given, by the Art Educational Department, to her pupils with the declaration that, such was the general excellence of the exhibit, more awards would have been given had the committee been at liberty to bestow so many; and a short time ago Miss Starr received a letter from Mrs. Meredith, the chairman of the committee of lady managers on awards, asking for the names of pupils deserving honorable mention, stating that every such pupil would receive the Honorable Mention Diploma.

Miss Starr's lessons in art began in Chicago in 1857. For years she was not only the first but the only teacher who attempted to give lessons from objects, casts, to make studies from still life, from landscapes, heads, or figures. Many of her pupils have filled, still fill, distinguished positions in art educational institutions, and her methods have been repeatedly proved to be the same as those practised in the most renowned European schools and studios, her pupils on entering them never having been relegated to lower classes. The lessons still go on every morning in her studio, 299 Huron Street, with undiminished enthusiasm. Her terms are the same as in 1857 for pencil, charcoal, or water-colors, viz.: $12.00 for twenty-four three-hours lessons. The courses of illustrated art lectures, given every year by Miss Starr, are free to all her pupils. During the season that has just closed her lectures on Art Literature were as follows: The Study of Beauty as a part of the Universal Education. Friedrich Overbeck: His Early Life and Works; life at Vienna. Friedrich Overbeck: His Roman Life; companions, compositions. Friedrich Overbeck: The Triumph of Religion in Art; Marriage in Cana of Galilee. Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels: Apostles and Evangelists. Several Modern Masters and their Works. Monte Cassino: Its Story. Monte Cassino: To-day. A Modern School of Ideal Art. Jean-François Millet: His Life and Works.

* * *

Mr. Edward D. Farrell, Manager National Educational Association, 163 East 124th Street, New York City, has published a leaflet giving the programme of the subjects to be discussed at Denver, Col., July 9–12, 1895. Each morning session will be restricted to one of these important topics:

1. The Co-ordination of Studies in Elementary Education.

2. The Duty and Opportunity of the Schools in promoting Patriotism and Good Citizenship.

3. The Instruction and Improvement of Teachers now at Work in the Schools.

Papers on the first topic are to be presented by President DeGarmo, of Swarthmore College; Professor Jackman, of the Cook County Normal School; and Professor Charles McMurry, of Illinois Normal University.

Discussion by Professor B. A. Hinsdale, University of Michigan; Edward D.

Farrell, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, New York City; James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools, Toronto, Canada.

The papers on the second topic are to be by Supervisor Martin, of Boston; Principal Johnson, of the Winthrop Training-School, Columbia, S. C.; and by Superintendent Marble, of Omaha.

Discussion by W. C. Warfield, Superintendent of Schools, Covington; C. B. Gilbert, Superintendent of Schools, St. Paul; William Richardson, Superintendent of Schools, Wichita, Kansas.

On the third subject the leading speakers are to be Professor A. D. Olin, of Kansas State University; Professor Earl Barnes, of Stanford University; and Superintendent Jones, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Discussion by Mrs. A. J. Peavey, State Superintendent of Colorado; Principal James M. Green, State Normal School, New Jersey; N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Pennsylvania; W. R. Kirke, State Superintendent of Missouri.

Evening addresses on general topics are to be made by the President of the Association; Chancellor W. H. Payne, of Nashville; Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; President Baker, of the University of Colorado, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mable, editor of *The Outlook.*

In addition to these sessions of the General Association there will be two sessions of each of ten departments. In each Department there will be a variety of papers and discussions on topics of special interest to teachers, by eminent men and women in each educational field.

Denver is so situated that attendance at this session of the National Educational Association will enable teachers to view the grandest scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and visit some of the health and pleasure resorts of Colorado. Among these may be mentioned Colorado Springs, Manitou, Glenwood Springs, Pike's Peak, The Loop, the Garden of the Gods, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass, and the Black Cañon. Excursions at half rates have been arranged to every notable point in Colorado. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad mentions six one-day trips, one being an excursion to the top of Pike's Peak, and a choice of six routes "Around the Circle." This journey affords a view of more noted and magnificent scenery than any other 1,000 miles of travel in the known world. A round-trip ticket over this road from Denver to Salt Lake City will be sold for twenty dollars, which is less than half price.

The Chicago and North-western Railroad offers an excursion to Salt Lake City and return by the Rio Grande Railroad for twenty dollars. It also offers the following:

From Denver to Salt Lake City, Butte City, Helena, and return over the Northern Pacific Railroad via St. Paul to Chicago, for thirty dollars in addition to the price paid for its ticket from New York to Denver and return. This trip will enable the teachers to visit the Yellowstone Park.

From Denver to San Francisco and return, seventy dollars. From Denver to Los Angeles via San Francisco and return, eighty dollars. From Denver to Portland via San Francisco and return to Denver via Boise City and Granger, ninety dollars. From Denver to Portland via Salt Lake City, Boise City and return, seventy dollars.

The regular fare from Ogden to San Francisco and return is fifty dollars, and, up to this time, the railroad has made no change. The adoption of half rates would make a reduction of twenty dollars on the California trips.

These are large figures; but it must be borne in mind that one-third of the territory of the United States lies west of Denver, that the railroads of Colorado wind around eighty peaks over 13,000 feet high, traverse seventeen passes averaging 11,000 feet in elevation, and that there are still seventy-two additional peaks over 13,000 feet in height awaiting names.

The cost of the five days' trip through the Yellowstone Park, all expenses paid from Livingston and return, will be $49.50. A one-day trip into this wonderland, from Livingston to Monmoth Hot Springs Hotel and return, may be made for five dollars.

The cost of transportation from this city to Denver and return via the New York Central or Pennsylvania Railroad is $48.50, plus two dollars membership fee. The fare on the West Shore, the Erie, or the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is $46.50, plus the membership fee. These rates are one-half the regular fare. The membership fee entitles each teacher to a bound volume of the proceedings of the meeting.

A double berth from New York to Denver costs eleven dollars each way. Two persons may occupy it without additional cost. Meals en route will average fifty cents. The trip will extend over three days and two nights, or three nights and two days, according to the time of starting. Board can be obtained in the majority of Denver Hotels at two dollars per day.

Teachers must leave New York on the second, third, fourth, or fifth of July in order to secure the benefit of the half-rate fares, and return before September first.

* * *

Reading Circles and organizations of women active in self-improvement should direct their attention to the first number of a series of booklets treating of woman's social and ethical influence in the Christian world, published by the author at Amherst, Mass., which has elicited this emphatic endorsement from Helen Raymond Grey:

" *The Christian Woman in Philanthropy*, a most enjoyable, interesting, and refreshing—what?—I believe it should technically be called a pamphlet, but as that name does not seem to mean enough in this case, let us say a small *book*, which is put forward in paper and deserves much better guise. Miss Goessmann is the author of it. Her style is particularly pleasing and quite individual. She shows the results of a wide range of thoughtful reading and must undoubtedly possess a wonderful memory—the kind of memory which *men* sometimes imagine no *woman* possesses. Her book has one unique charm among many others: it instructs in the line of what woman has done in the charities of the world, and it does so without boring. Are there not few who instruct without being dull? I regret to say that my childish idea of an instructor was 'one who is very tedious and tiresome,' and alas! I am not quite over the belief yet. So here comes Miss Goessmann, entertaining, interesting, and withal earnest and positively enlightening. For once I have nothing to say but the warmest praise and heartiest recommendation of her book. It will make Christian women think of their obligation of something beyond the universal 'demnition grind,' of some responsibility, secondary though it of course must be, outside of the circumscribed limits of their homes. Oh! why will women, and very, very good women, say righteously 'Charity begins at home,' and let it end as well as begin there? Some people have no homes. God help them! where does *their* charity come in?

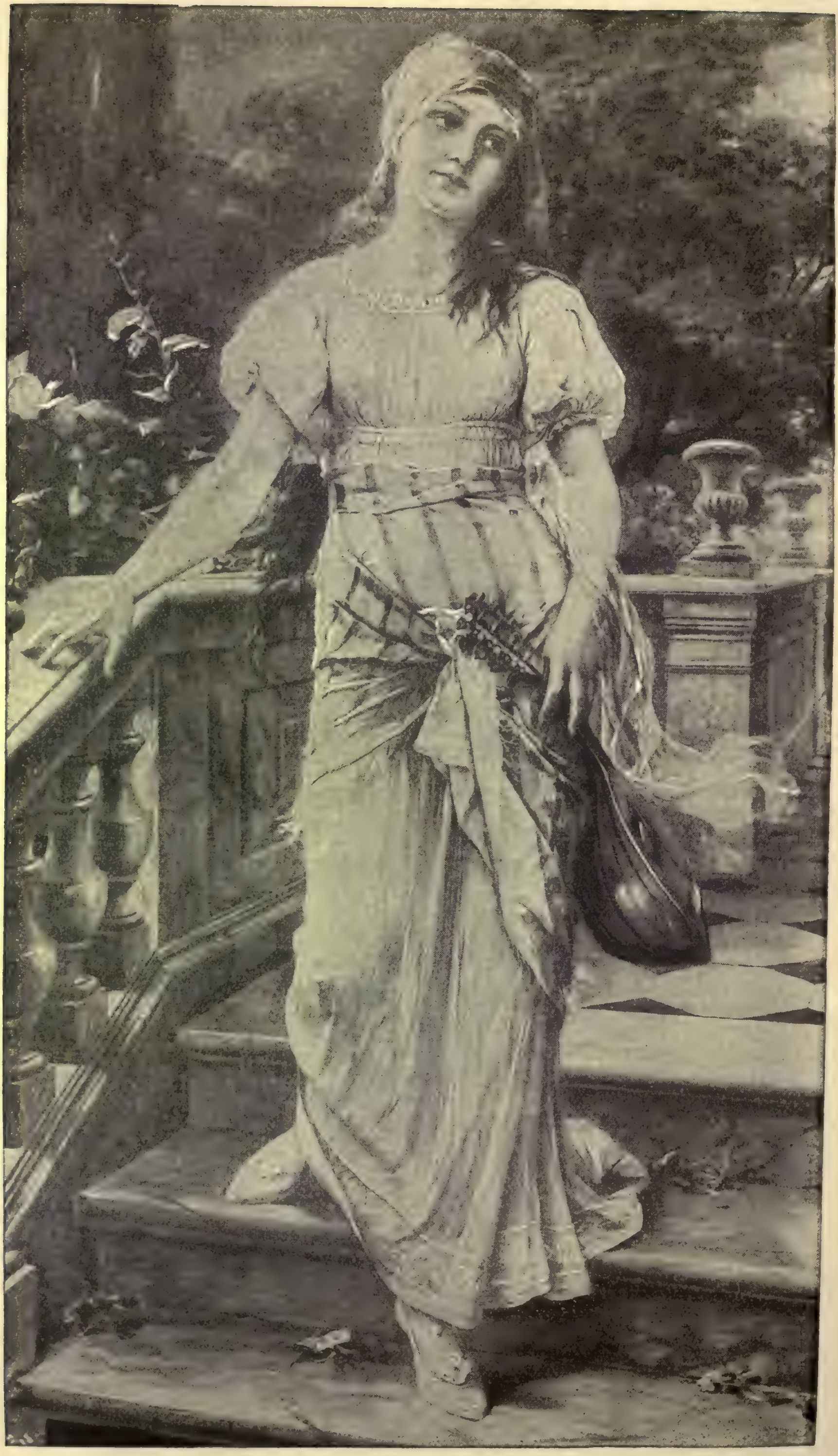
" We owe Miss Goessmann our thanks for her book. Let admiration for the women she writes of not be the extent of the influence of her work; rather let it excite us, as Christian women, to emulation of their acts and philanthropies, and let's all deserve—although of course we sha'n't get it—to have ourselves put into so charming a book."

The report of the National Bureau of Education on the public libraries in the United States and Canada for the year 1891 has just been published. For nearly sixty years the power of public libraries has been recognized in this country as a potent factor in public education. Beginning, as the previous report of 1876 says, as an adjunct of the district schools in New York and Massachusetts, the movement has spread until every State in the Union can boast of institutions which, for carefulness in selection and cataloguing, can compare favorably with the best of their kind in Europe. The importance of these institutions, with their carefully selected works on every branch of history and science, cannot be too highly estimated, and it is a fact of which we may be proud that our own State, and especially our own city, is not far behind in number, as well as quality, of public libraries. Since the first report of the bureau much has been done toward a systematic classification and cataloguing, and, although each librarian may have a leaning toward some individual system, yet these systems are gradually tending, under the influence of the American Library Association, by combining the good qualities of each, toward a classification both simple and useful, and still on a scientific basis.

From its establishment, in 1867, the United States Department of Education has recognized the influence which libraries can have on the education of the masses, and from time to time special reports have been carefully prepared and issued. The report of 1876, which took five years for its compilation, gave a list of 3,649 libraries of over 300 volumes, with an aggregate of 12,276,964. That of 1884–85, on the same basis, showed an increase of 1,869 libraries, or nearly 54 per cent; while the number of volumes had increased to 20,622,076, or about 66 per cent. The report now to hand only includes such institutions as possess 1,000 volumes and over. These are in number 3,803, with a total of 31,167,354 books and pamphlets, an increase of 27.35 per cent. over 1884–85, or 50 books to every 100, and one library to 16,462 of the population. The average size of the libraries is set down at 8,194. Three are given as having a total of over 500,000—the Library of Congress at Washington, 869,843, which does not include those of the House of Representatives and other government institutions, which are separately tabulated; Boston Public Library, 556,283—exclusive of pamphlets—and Harvard University, 570,097. The next in size is that of the University of Chicago, with 380,000 bound volumes, while there are twenty-six others having between 100,000 and 300,000.

M. C. M.

IT is hoped that, whenever it be possible, our readers will patronize those who patronize us through our advertising columns. THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE carries the announcements of only such firms as we have every reason to believe are first class and honorable in their business dealings. Most of our readers will have occasion to purchase such goods as are here advertised. They can be assured of doing the Magazine a favor and of getting what they bargain for by purchasing from these firms, and particularly so if they will mention THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. Because we try to be choice in selecting advertisements we are always ready to investigate any complaint; while, on the other hand, advertisements that appear should command a liberal patronage.



"When burning rays beset the days,
And Nature lies with languorous eyes
In golden apathy."

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CHURCH UNITY AND THE PAPACY.

BY REV. LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

THAT the Catholic Church is desirous of making all possible concessions to obtain church unity is apparent enough, but honest endeavors ought not in justice to be fooled by the false hope that Rome will or can sacrifice one of her *fundamental* principles; above all that the Roman Pontiff can step down from his throne to sit "primus inter pares," for the Papacy must be our basis for any negotiations looking towards unity. It therefore follows that a careful study of Papal history ought to occupy much of the attention of all peacemakers, and it is with this object in view that they are requested to follow us into a period of history where a cursory reading will perhaps clear up many misconceptions of its true character and claims, since it is a period full of lessons for church-union advocates at least as regards that great stumbling-block in their way—the Pope. We presume that these good people desire unity because they believe it to have been the intention of Christ; in other words, because it is the natural state of the church, a mark of its Christ-origin. Now, the period we are to discuss most clearly shows, at least to our mind, that the Papacy is the bulwark of church unity, since all the fierce attacks then directed against it arose principally from princes whose sole object was to dismember the Universal Church into so many national churches by destroying the international influence of Rome. The great

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Western Schism was the effect of the Avignon residence of the popes, that at bottom was an attempt to make the pope French, and the results of it all were the various Concordats or Pragmatic Sanctions which in their essence and intention were nothing less than the same attempt in a different form to nationalize the church. Nationalism was at the bottom of the Avignon "Captivity," nationalism was at the bottom of those sanctions, and in every case were they attempts to shorten Papal power, because the Papacy of its very nature is the guardian of church unity or universality—which is the same—irreconcilably opposed to nationalism, *i. e.*, to separateness, to church dismemberment.

We assert that nationalism—in a word, politics—was at the bottom of those fierce attacks upon Papal power in the period from the beginning of the fourteenth up to well-nigh the middle of the fifteenth century.

EARLY ATTEMPTS TO DEGRADE THE PAPACY.

Before coming to facts it is interesting to note the tone of the contemporary writers who treated the question of church and state. John Huss has been called "the Precursor" of the Revolution, but he is simply a copyist of theories long before boldly and more ably broached by Occam, Marsiglio of Padua, and Jean de Jandun, in all of whom we find taught plainly the absolute dependence of church upon state. The state with them is supreme. Occam gave the emperor a right to depose the pope should he fall into heresy, and, since he admits that the pope can err as well as a general council, it needs no great power of discernment to understand how such doctrines in the hands of an unscrupulous emperor would reduce the pope and church in general to a condition of abject servitude. The "Defensor (1326) Pacis," the joint work of Marsiglio and Jean de Jandun, went even further. The pope in their hands is simply a representative of the general council; in fact church government is only a question of expediency, not necessary for salvation. The council itself requires confirmation from the state. All the pope has to do is to signify to the state the advisability of summoning a council. The emperor convokes and directs it as he would a diet of the empire; punishes ecclesiastics who are disobedient—*i. e.*, to his orders. In a word, "Marsiglio regards all the judicial and legislative power of the church as inherent in the people and delegated by them to the clergy. The community and the state are everything; the church is put completely in the background; she has no legislative or judicial power, and no property." * Luther and Calvin even hesitated before such subversive propositions, yet this book appeared about the year 1326—a significant fact which I beg the reader to keep in mind. A second preliminary consideration is also worthy of note.

Up to the period under discussion the states of Europe were united in one great Christian family, whose international relations were substantially moulded on the principle of obedience to the common father at Rome. That this principle was not always observed in practice we deny not; no principle of international law is invariably obeyed. But it was nevertheless admitted and pretty generally put in practice. Now, however, it was approaching its end, and in its place was slowly but surely making way another principle which later on found its full expression in Macchiavelli's *Principe.* I mean the principle of self-aggrandisement—in a word, of "Balance of Power"; a principle of its very nature opposed to such a concept of states as brothers, holding them rather as "tame vipers in a glass vase, each seeking to get its head above the others"; in a word, the spirit of concentrated *Nationalism* was in the womb of time—its birth is not far off. Soon will state separate from state, national characteristics become intensely pronounced, literature itself will discard the universal Latin tongue for the sake of national idioms, and—a necessary consequence—we will see, as a first symptom, princes grow jealous of one another's hold upon the pope and jealous of the pope's hold upon their subjects. The Emperor Louis of Bavaria was no fool when he accepted the dedication to himself of the "Defensor Pacis"—it was a new code of international law and a guarantee that religion, at least in Germany, would be German, let it be Catholic anywhere it might like.

After these preliminaries we can now come to facts, and see how these principles are put in practice. In a memorial laid before the Council of Constance is the following: "Occasio et fomentum schismatis erat discordia inter regna; inter se prius divisa de papatu contendentibus se pariformiter conjunxerunt. Quæ quidem discordia si inter regna non processisset schisma non tam leviter inchoatum fuisset." With this in their hands will any one accuse us of ignorance when we assert that politics, national jealousy, was at the bottom of the schism? A contemporary document here asserts that the schism was occasioned and fomented by national antipathies. True it does not tell us what they were. Perhaps the writers of the memorial looked upon their assertion as too true to need proof. That we can see for ourselves.

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* *History of the Popes*, Pastor, vol. i. p. 79.

"Pendant la lutte entre Boniface VIII. et le roi de France, on avait vu pour la première fois, en France, le roi appeler des décisions du pape à un concile général, dont il semblait ainsi admettre la supériorité par rapport au Saint-Siège: cette idée ne sera perdue: on la retrouvera lors du grand schisme d'Occident, et aussi, avec l'affirmation de la *pleine indépendance du pouvoir royal*, dans la déclaration Gallicane de 1682. À travers les siècles, Louis XIV. donné la main à Philippe le Bel." * We quote this passage because it gives us a good insight into the secret motives of a prince from whom came the fatal invitation to the pope that he transfer his residence from Rome to Avignon. Rome, it is true, was unluckily just then not a particularly desirable place of residence in consequence of the fratricidal struggles desolating the whole peninsula, but that the overbearing oppressor of Boniface VIII. could have had any but sinister motives in inviting his successor to France is hardly tenable. And looking at it in the light of subsequent events, we think we see pretty clearly that his motive was nothing less than a deep-laid plot to acquire by fraud that preponderating influence over the Papacy which he could not obtain by force from proud Boniface. Perhaps Philip himself saw not the ultimate aim of his uncertain attempt, but his successors comprehended it exactly. They saw that at the bottom it was a blow at the universal character of the church, a foundation of nationalism, of that rank, putrid Gallicanism which the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" and their "Most Catholic Majesties'" have fostered with so much care in the mud of the Seine.

It were unfair to withhold the meed of praise for learning and zeal from many of the Avignon popes so justly deserving of it, but their virtues must not blind us to the fact that they were "without exception more or less dependents of France. Frenchmen themselves and surrounded by a college of cardinals in which the French element predominated, they gave a French character to the government of the church. This character was at variance with the principle of universality inherent in it and in the Papacy. The church had always been the representative of this principle in contradistinction to that of isolated nationalities" (Pastor, p. 58). "It was a deep-laid plan of policy on Philip's part," says Schlegel, "to fix the residence of the popes for ever within his territories, in order more easily to extort their consent to all his selfish projects, . . . a policy by which the popes, during seventy years, were kept in a state of absolute dependence on the court of France." A national church in place of a universal was the aim of that Avignon invitation; and what better way to nationalize religion than by nationalizing its head, by stripping the Papacy of its universal prerogatives? Of course this state of affairs could not last; the wonder is that it lasted so long. After a long interval Gregory XI. crosses the Alps to return for good to his desolated patrimony—to proud Rome, whose churches, that once were filled with gorgeous ceremonials and music, now resounded with the neighing of horses stabled therein. The remedy, however, came too late. France had too long been accustomed to regard the Papacy as a fief of the king, and was ready to snatch the first opportunity to reduce it to its former *national character*.

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* *Histoire Générale*, Lavisse-Rambaud, vol. iii. p. 313.

Urban VI., with his hot-headed virtue, gave it quickly enough. And the French cardinals, sacrificing the church to their hatred of him, began that woeful schism by electing the "executioner of Cesena," the anti-pope, Clement VII. Charles V. here again was at the same old game as his predecessor, Philip, with his hands, too, full of trumps. "The free and independent position which the new pope (Urban VI.) had from the first assumed was a thorn in the side of the king, who wished to bring back the Avignon days. . . . Charles V., therefore, secretly encouraged the cardinals to take the final step of electing a rival pope" (Pastor, p. 127). And when the evil was consummated with no less truth than glee did he exclaim, "I am now Pope!" In truth was he. "Clement VII. was himself the servant of the French court; he had to put up with every indignity offered him by the arrogance of the courtiers, and to purchase their favor at the cost of the church in France, thus subjected to the extortions of both Paris and Avignon" (Pastor, p. 132). Perhaps this is unwelcome to many whose patriotism naturally leads them to think better of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" than others more indifferent. To this day in their minds the legitimacy of Clement is at least discussed. Not to enter into this lengthy discussion, we merely quote the celebrated Chancellor Salutatio, who thus apostrophizes the recreant cardinals; "Quis non videt vos non verum Papam quærere sed solum Pontificem natione Gallicum" (Pastor, p. 131). "Quis non videt." Therefore a notorious fact that Clement's election was inspired by no very honorable motives. That many thinking and holy souls were then tossed in anxious doubt passes without contradiction, but those who held the reins of power saw clearly just where the real issue lay. "All the Latin nations, with the exception of Northern and Central Italy and Portugal, took the part of Clement VII., and Scotland, the ally of France, naturally also adhered to the French pope. The attitude of England was determined by the enmity existing between that country and France; . . . the split in the church and the conflict between the two nations became blended together." England clearly enough saw that her old enemy was seeking to *Gallicize* the Papacy, to make the church a national, French affair. At bottom it was a political job, and therefore England resisted it as such. Why? Gallicanism had become so rampant that even prophecy caught the infection. The hermit Telesphoros predicts most wonderful things, all of which somehow or other amount to nothing but a "programme of French hopes and political aspirations" (p. 153), as if the Divinity itself had become French. Of course the German emperor could play at that game just as well; so another prophet, Gamaleon by name, boomed up German politics. How well had the doctrines of the "Defensor Pacis" taken root! We have seen how it was an apotheosis of the secular power to which the church is subjected like any other institution, and now we see how Charles V. puts into practice those very same principles by indirectly nationalizing religion. And note this, which is so much to our purpose. To succeed his only means was to belittle the Papacy, to strip it practically at least of its international character, of its wealth, of its prerogatives. It was the first great blow at the unity of the church, and, by more than a coincidence, the really first blow of any moment against the Papacy. Here the two were united. The unity of the church was inseparably bound up with the Papacy. The latter was struck first; Luther gave the *coup de grace* to unity. So, then, Avignon was an attempt to nationalize the church; so also the anti-popes, and now, thirdly and lastly, we will see how these two successive attempts culminated in really giving the church a more national, separate, dismembered appearance than ever before possessed by the forced grant of the Pragmatic Sanctions to France and Germany.

"Au mois de Mai, 1438, le roi Charles VII. réunit les évêques dans la Saint-Chapelle de Bourges. Vingt-trois (des décrets du concile de Bâle) notamment ceux qui limitaient les pouvoirs du pape sur les dioceses étrangers et *augmentaient* *d'autant par la les pouvoirs du roi* furent déclares applicables en France pas une ordinance royale, connue sous le nom de 'Pragmatique' Sanction de Bourges" (Lavisse-Rambaud, vol. iii. p. 336). Here we note two things of importance. First, this sanction was the work of the king from beginning to end. He convokes the assembly like a lot of school-children and gives its decrees authority by his sanction. Secondly, the decrees of the Council of Basle approved are chiefly those which curtail the authority of the pope. We do not think that great powers of perception are required to discern in all this the third act in the drama we are studying. For a third time crops out the old attempt to nationalize the church, and, as before, the means adopted are a curtailing of papal authority. How instinctively these *separatists* rise in arms against the pope!

The German concordat was less bold, though more boldly presented to Eugenius for his signature. In its essence it is a national document, looking to the well-being of the German interest; in fact, it is a conditional surrender of the pope for the sake of peace; or rather, a treaty between the pope and an entirely independent German spiritual power. Like the Pragmatic Sanction, it curtails the papal power by subjecting it to the disposition of a general council. Both are national documents aimed at the Papacy and the Catholicity of the church. "Les pragmatiques et les concordats, qui édictaient pour certaines pays des règles particulières, tendaient a l'établissement *d'Églises nationales, dominées par les rois*, ce qui d'un côte favorisait l'avénement des *pouvoirs temporels absolus*, et de l'autre *menacait l'unite constitutionelle de l'Église*."*

For the benefit of any one who has found it difficult to hold the thread of our argument through all these historical references we will sum up. From Philip le Bel up to Charles VII. there went on increasing with time a spirit of nationalization of the church, taught by Occam and the authors of the "Defensor Pacis," put into practice by the undue preponderance acquired by France during the Avignon period, by the breaking out of the Schism, and by the framing of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges and the German concordat. Now, side by side with this spirit of separateness, waxed stronger and stronger a kindred spirit of opposition to the Papacy, manifested in precisely the same manner. We therefore call the attention of all sincere church-union advocates to this striking parallel in the hope that a study of it will help in conciliating their minds towards the Papacy, upon which they may be led to look not any longer as a human machine built upon mere traditions and resting in ignorance, but as the very corner-stone of church unity. Why? Because the spirit of nationalism in spiritual matters is a spirit of separateness, disunion, dismemberment, schism, and the mere fact of its being irreconcilably opposed to the Papacy clearly proves the latter to be of its nature a spirit of union.

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* Lavisse-Rambaud, vol. iii. p. 345.

CHURCH AND STATE IN AMERICA.

Our fellow-citizens will not, we trust, take offence if we insinuate that this particular study is one particularly needed by them, upon whose imaginations the idea of nationalism has seized with such force.

The Monroe doctrine has been pushed so far beyond the intention of its author that it is being extended even into the domain of religion. Why, for instance, is the reproach of *foreigners* so constantly flung at us but because we recognize the spiritual supremacy of an Italian.

To show how really intense the spirit of nationalism is in this country let us digress for a few moments upon that question of union of church and state. We hear asserted on all sides that America is the blessed land of separation of church and state, as if the mere absence of religiously biased legislation was a proof. That being the case, we can just as logically argue that this is not even a Christian country, for outside of a casual reference to God in the Constitution where is there in the breadth and length of our written laws any expression which can be possibly construed into an establishment or legal recognition of Christianity? And yet this is in very truth a Christian state because the spirit, if not the name, of Christianity is everywhere. It permeates our legislation almost unconsciously, our social relations are determined by it, it is in the very air which we breathe; and though the name of Christ be never mentioned, even prohibited, nevertheless would this nation still be Christian to its heart of hearts.

Now return to where we started. It is asserted that here rules the grand principle of separation of church and state because their union is prohibited, at least not expressly admitted by law. From what we have just seen this conclusion does not logically, as such, follow from the premises. So then, to determine the question we must inquire if the spirit of separation of church and state permeates the American people. This we beg leave to doubt so far as to feel a suspicion that the American people implicitly accept a union of church and state, however unaware they may be of thus practically contradicting their principles; nay, that possibly they go farther and place the church in a position of inferiority or dependence. How often do our well-meaning Protestant brethren object to the Catholic Church because (as they honestly believe) it is opposed to the spirit of American institutions by owing allegiance to a foreign head. In other words, they will not accept a faith if its principles be opposed to those of the state. Let that faith be of Divine origin, let it teach lucid dogma and a high moral law, that is not the question; it is not in accord with their political principles, and therefore cannot be accepted. Have we not seen in these latter days a Protestant convention (we forget the name and date) so far forget its dignity as an independent Christian church as to assert that their church was of its nature peculiarly adapted to a republican form of government, thereby implicitly recognizing its inferiority to the state?

IS THERE REALLY SEPARATION IN THE UNITED STATES?

Now then, what becomes of our vaunted separation of church and state? Implicitly is here admitted its very opposite, namely, the doctrine that precedence must be given to the state. Then the state can, if it thinks it conducive to the well-being of the community, modify the church, legislate for the church, even establish or disestablish the church. Ah, but the state expressly declares its unwillingness to interfere! Assumedly. But it is not impossible that in the far future a different condition of affairs may induce the state to think fit to contradict its past traditions even so far as to establish a church, in which event those who now look upon the state as so supreme would logically be forced to accept said church. If they will not accept a church whose principles are at variance with those of the state because the latter is supreme, then logically they must accept a church established by the state. It were a contradiction to give up a church on account of the state, and to give up the state on account of the church. A disbelief in union of church and state because such union is opposed to the principles of this country implies a belief in said union in case it should turn out to be in harmony with them. Not to accept the Catholic Church *because* it is un-American is a clear recognition of union of church and state, or rather, what is the same thing in an intensified degree, of subjection of church to state. Now, this is nothing but pure unadulterated nationalism in spiritual affairs, in comparison with which Gallicanism, Josephism, and Bismarckism are shadows. It is the characteristic of this country from the most cultivated Episcopal bishop down to the most ignorant experience-narrator in a negro camp-meeting.

UNITY INCOMPATIBLE WITH NATIONALISM IN SPIRITUALS.

To come back to our argument: we have seen how in the past this spirit of nationalism, though a good thing within proper limits, is thoroughly incompatible with the organic unity of the church, how it led to a schism, the consequences of which are still felt. So, then, to those good souls sincerely seeking to heal the wounds inflicted upon the spiritual body of Christ we deem it not an unwise advice to say, with all due respect for national pride, that, so long as they allow this spirit of intense nationalism to interfere in spiritual concerns with which it properly has nothing to do, they may as well abandon all attempts at reuniting the dispersed fold of Christ.

Lastly, we have seen how this spirit of nationalism, which took its being at the dawn of the fourteenth century, was from infancy an irreconcilable foe of the Papacy. Between the two peace could not exist, because the latter is the expression of internationalism or universality, whilst the former was that of separateness and individuality in the extreme. This question then appears to us worth asking, viz., if unity is incompatible with nationalism and nationalism is the antithesis of the Papacy, does it not logically follow that the Papacy is the best guarantee of unity, of Catholicity? The only basis in fact for any attempt at organic unity?

A word more to do away with a natural misunderstanding. We would be sorry indeed to have our criticism of nationalism interpreted in a hostile sense, for nothing is further from our intentions. We beg leave to believe that American institutions are no dearer to any than ourselves, and we most firmly believe that the Papacy oversteps its legitimate bounds when it unnecessarily interferes with the politics of any nation. But our object has simply been to show that nationalism, though good in its proper sphere, has no place in spiritual matters; that when it does attempt to enter it is a cause of schism; and we have contrasted the Papacy with nationalism merely to show that when nationalism, by overstepping its proper limits, became a foe to the unity of the church, it naturally became a foe of the Papacy, which is the concrete expression of that unity.

IRWINSCROFT.

BY F. C. FARINHOLT.

ANY stranger straggling by chance into Nashboro neighborhood was to be treated courteously, but in the memory of the oldest cousin of the clan there had never been but one stranger who had become really one of themselves.

When David Marschner, the rich lumberman who had come South to get richer, brought his daughter to Irwinscroft to board with the Misses Irwin while he lived in his camps, and he and she duly appeared that first Sunday at St. Mark's as "church people" and communicants, the first families decided at once to call upon them. So much respect was due Cousin Maria and Cousin Marthy Irwin, and so much recognition was demanded by the new-comers' membership in the Episcopal Church.

But the girl found herself insufferably bored by the gentle complacency of her visitors, and refused to see some of the older ladies, an unpardonable sin in Nashboro—nothing but sudden death can excuse one to company there—and had once, in a mad moment, insisted that some of the younger people should take cigarettes and beer!

With a certain justness which formed part of her character she accepted the isolation which followed as the result of her own conduct; but she was none the less beginning to find the loneliness unbearable. When, therefore, the Misses Irwin's nephew and idol came to dine with them one day Vida was radiantly cordial to him; not because of his relationship to her hostesses, nor yet for his distinction as the congressman from his district and his reputation for brilliant talent, but because in the first flashing glance of his dark eyes and the first graceful step he made toward her, she recognized in him that fulness of life that she felt effervescing through every fibre of her own being.

He followed her out on the veranda after dinner.

"I have heard," he said, "that you scandalized some of my discreet young cousins by offering them a cigarette. I shall be edified if you will take one from me."

There was a laughing challenge in his tone as he held out his case to her, which she accepted by taking a cigarette and lighting it from the match he struck for her.

The scene around him was unchanged in all its familiar details: the peacock sunned himself on the horse-block under the willow-tree; the guineas made noisy gabble as they scratched the ground beneath the prim box hedges; and the negroes, returning to the fields after the noon rest, led the mules along the lane and chanted lazy monotones just as it had all been in the June middays ever since he could remember.

But the young woman who sat perched on the veranda railing, framed in the wreath of the blossoming rose-vine, and puffing little rings of smoke which seemed to linger around her shapely head, was a distinct innovation.

He laughed as he looked at her, a low musical laugh; there was nothing about the man which did not partake of the charm of his personality.

"It was the incongruousness of your being here in this sleepy old place which amused me," he explained in reply to her glance of inquiry—while he did not seek to veil the fact which his eyes told, that the incongruity was a highly delightful one to him.

"I do not find it amusing," she replied bitterly. "I sometimes fancy," she added more lightly, "that the soul of some musician who was once false to his art has been imprisoned in me and sent here for a purgatory."

"Come in and give him utterance, won't you?" he asked with a cadence of entreaty, and starting towards the parlor.

"Oh! I never play a piano," she declared as he was about to raise the lid. "The musician sometimes tries to breathe out his soul through the violin, but his efforts have of late all ended in wails."

"They will not do so now," he declared with that reassuring caress of manner which few women could resist in him, and handing her her violin he took up his own old guitar, which always stood ready for him here.

They tuned the instruments out on the veranda and played until the June sunshine and fragrance seemed to be woven into their harmonies, but presently a discord seemed to enter and Vida threw down her violin. Irwin, however, took it up at once and began to improvise, as he had a fashion of doing. Perhaps it was the power of his playing, or it may have been but the culmination of the girl's long loneliness, but as she felt the music thrill through and through her she suddenly slid down on the floor, and bowing her head upon the bench, she sobbed aloud.

He was totally unprepared for such a scene; but knowing women better than most men, he made no clumsy attempts at comfort; he plucked instead two white rose-buds, and laying them on the violin near her, he quietly slipped away.

It was an action to be remembered gratefully whenever humiliation at the outbreak threatened to overwhelm Vida, and the gratitude was deepened when a few days later, chancing to overtake her on the road, he sprang from his horse and walked by her side, without by glance or word showing the faintest recollection of the position in which he had last seen her.

It was she who referred to it when they lingered at the fork of the road where he would turn to go home.

"Teach me to play as you do," she said abruptly but beseechingly.

"I teach!" he exclaimed, flattered by her earnestness. "Why I don't know a note. 'I pipe but as the linnets sing.'"

"Then your talent is indeed wonderful," she replied, lowering her voice as the memory of his music came back like a spell upon her. "You made me weep, and I am seldom moved to tears. I am a hard woman, generally."

"I have heard," he said as he looked down into her face, "that the crusts of volcanoes are hard."

The quick flash that answered him showed how well he had guessed of inward fires, and the sudden warming of her face and manner made it as unpleasant as he wished her to believe it was for him to say, as he presently did:

"I cannot reconcile myself to not seeing you soon again. It is very hard for me to have to say good-by."

Like the sinking of the sun which was now setting was the shadow that fell over the girl in spite of herself.

"Are you going away?" she asked, a trifle tremulously.

Wilfred Irwin was not the man to make sacrifices. Ideals of duty to be done troubled him as little as regret for duties left undone, but the innate chivalry of the Southern man made him feel that he must be honest with this unprotected girl.

"It isn't that I am going away," he said with a sort of caress in his tone, "but you see I am a married man" (at the words the vision of his delicate wife rose before them both and looked colorless), "and in this backwoods world a married man is not permitted to visit a young lady."

"Then you make it good-by," she declared, walking away from him with an uplifting of the head but a certain hesitancy of step which brought him to her side in an instant.

"It shall not be good-by unless you wish it so," he answered. "It isn't for myself that I feared their petty talk. You must know," he continued, as she still looked away from him, "that I would not willingly give up the rare pleasure of companionship with a woman like you."

She glanced up at him now—a strange mixture of many emotions in the depths of her brown eyes—and then without a word turned into a woodland by-path and was lost to his sight before he realized that she had left him.

After that the old ladies saw their nephew oftener than they had done since his boyhood. And young Doctor Haughton passing the Irwinscroft gate one July twilight witnessed a lingering parting which, little as he was given to romancing, made him feel a chill as if he had beheld a young girl's soul in peril.

He was full of altruistic enthusiasms, this backwoods physician; full of the wish and the will to do whatsoever his hand found to do for the good of his fellow-creatures; and as he rode home that evening he wondered that he had not before realized the loneliness of the girl at Irwinscroft, and he resolved to do all that he could to lighten it.

He would win Miss Marschner's confidence and make himself necessary to her; then perhaps she would not feel the need of Wilfred Irwin's dangerous society. He wished that he could call Ellis Brehan to his aid—as he generally did in all his plans—but Ellis was Irwin's sister-in-law, and therefore unavailable. Besides, in the strength of his purely unselfish resolution he felt himself equal to the task, and he undertook it after his fashion with the most single-minded directness. He, being a student of human nature and a philosopher, never once remembered the forceful adages concerning the danger of edged tools or fire which would immediately have occurred to a commonplace man.

Miss Maria Irwin, however, became painfully conscious of the imminence of a calamity such as she believed a love affair between her favorite and "that wild Yankee girl," as she characterized Vida in her own mind, would be. And the woman who saw only kindness in Wilfred's frequent visits took alarm at those of Haughton.

She waited impatiently for the return of Irwin, his wife, and her sister from their month's stay in the mountains, and she scarcely waited for Ellis Brehan to get into the room on her first visit to Irwinscroft before she said vigorously:

"Ellis, why in the name o' peace don't you an' Nash Haughton get married? You all would suit."

"That means," interrupted her hearer, "that you think we are two of a kind—both cranks."

"You're right good at guessin'" Miss Maria replied; she was nothing if not candid. "Both of you stuff your heads with books that you an' nobody else can understand; an' then you get together an' talk one another into believin' that you believe all sort o' hifalutin things about the brotherhood of man an' the deceitfulness of riches, an' the Lord knows what else. An' you think you an' your tribe are a-goin' to lead this old world away from the flesh-pots of Egypt like a whole set o' Moseses. You clean forget the desert between Egypt an' the Promised Land—an' you do like you never heard the preachers on total depravity. Then Nash he sits up an' thinks it's smart, I reckin, to talk of Jesus of Nazareth in the same tone he would use about Socrates. An' right there is why you ought to have him," declared the speaker, brought back to her point, "because you are a Christian, though you are a Romanist, an' you can make a Christian out o' Nash. Why don't you set your cap for him?"

There was a certain irritation in the question which warned Ellis not to tell her hostess of the platonic friendship upon which she and Haughton prided themselves; so she asked instead, with a touch of natural coquetry:

"Do you think I could catch him, Cousin Maria?"

"I reckin you could," said the old lady as she critically surveyed the young woman, who was leaning now in easy grace against the dark glossiness of the old mahogany chest of drawers. "You ain't to say a beauty, like"—she checked herself and left out the name—"but you've got a fine figure; take you to your back, you're as handsome a woman as I want to see; an' take you to your face, you've got a pair of eyes that come nearer sayin' what other folks have to say with their lips than any I ever saw. An' then Ellis, honey," she added, while in a burst of tenderness she put her arm around the figure she had praised, "you've got your father's true heart. God never made a truer one, Irishman an' Romanist though he was; we all lost our best friend when he was taken from us."

The eyes of both women filled at this mention of the friend and father so beloved; but as they went out to join the others Ellis said, curiously:

"'I'm not to say a beauty like' *who,* Cousin Maria?"

A question her cousin thought aggressively answered as Vida Marschner, in the brightness of her rich coloring, came forward to greet the questioner.

"She'll never beat her," thought the old maid sadly; "there's not a man living who would look twice at Ellis Brehan if he had looked first at Vida Marschner."

And yet that afternoon when Irwin and Haughton, meeting by chance at Irwinscroft gate, were directed by a small negro to the vineyard where the ladies all were, the two men thought both girls, as they stood together gathering grapes, well worth pausing awhile to look at.

"What was the meaning of the weariness that showed through your letters from the Springs?" Haughton asked of Ellis as they stood somewhat apart. "I am afraid you allowed the seriousness of life to follow you even in your summer vacation."

She looked at him with a confident appeal for sympathy.

"Is it not always so with you and me?" she said. "Are we not always working for bread and receiving but stones? always, whether we will or not, being confronted by the misery and wrongness around us, until the gayety and laughter of our world seem like mockeries? For me—I know that a Redeemer liveth, and so I can work believing that all will be right in his own time; but for you, and for men like you, how can you find courage to strive as you do?"

A shade unto darkness fell on his face.

"Suppose I tell you that I have given it all up, that I shall strive no more—that I know, at last, that nothing is worth while?"

She had never seen or heard this look and tone of defeat in him before, and being ignorant of his life for the past weeks, she believed that his discouragement was but the reflection of her own pessimistic speech; whereupon, being a woman, she rose in revolt against her weakness and his own.

"We must both be turning cowards," she declared; "everything is worth while. Shall we give up struggling because we see no results? Results are the slow ripening fruit which the ages bear in return for the efforts of individuals. We need not concern ourselves about them. What we have to make sure of is that we labor with all our might on that plot of ground it is given us to till."

"I knew your transcendentalism would reassert itself," he answered, smiling a little; "and meantime we are gathering no grapes—is that a symbol?"

"Is your sister-in-law in love with Dr. Haughton?" Miss Marschner asked of Irwin, who had been by her ever since his arrival, and who now looked at the earnest face on the other side of the arbor.

"No!" he replied, laughing at the question; "they are probably discussing the strike at Pullman, or something as absorbing. She is as cold as he is, or as he used to be. I have heard that he has been coming here of late, and he may have learned that he has a heart."

"Would that be a hard lesson for him?" she asked, a conquering flash in her eye.

"Not with you as teacher," he replied with the audacious directness which he liked to use with women—having tested its power.

It was just as a blush at the speech and the tone mounted to her temples that Ellis in her turn chanced to glance toward her. Haughton had seldom glanced any other way.

"I wish you would make a friend of Miss Marschner, Ellis," he said entreatingly; "she is so lonely here. I have been doing my best to cheer and divert her myself this summer."

"Pure altruism?" asked his friend, while her gray eyes, though they sparkled, had a shadow in their depths.

"It began in that," he answered.

She came a little nearer.

"And how has it ended?" she asked, this time with no sparkle shimmering over the depths.

He was glad that the coming of Mrs. Irwin and the old ladies put a stop to the talk and that he had only time to reply:

"It hasn't ended yet."

Whereupon, for the first time in her life, Miss Brehan realized the possibility of even Nash Haughton's loving unwisely.

The gentleman himself might have taken exception at the adverb, but any doubts he might have had as to his loving were settled that afternoon as he watched Irwin and Vida under the grape arbors. As he tried to listen to Ellis's talk, he was seeing only them as they stood—the man's handsome head bowed a little that he might better catch the varying gleams of the girl's warm beauty, and it seemed to the onlooker as if these two in the vine-checkered brightness of the sunshine were a personification of all the joy and warmth of life. They were troubled by no problems, weighed down by no strivings, and it seemed to the young doctor as he watched them that he himself had let slip all his chances of happiness by his over-strenuous seeking after right and truth.

He lingered after the Irwins left and presently invited himself to tea.

At last, after Miss Maria and Miss Marthy had reluctantly left him alone with Vida, he asked with an unmistakable significance in his tone:

"How often has Irwin been here since his return from the Springs?"

"Why should you ask?" she queried, piqued at the note of demand in his voice.

He nervously plucked the leaves from the rose-vine, but said calmly:

"Because I should be sorry for him to come here often. He is not the sort of man for a young lady to be thrown much with unless she be closely related to him."

"I had not thought that you were the sort of man to speak ill of a friend," she replied with a cool irony which made him wince and which gave a defensive tone to his next speech.

"There are times when it is one's duty to speak the truth. I should have spoken long ago if Irwin had not left—but now you ought to be told that Wilfred Irwin's reputation as a fast man is known to every one in the county except his aunts and his wife."

"Why ought I to be told this?" she asked calmly. "Of what possible interest can his reputation be to me?"

He did not suspect but that her indifference was real and he was comforted by it; yet the very innocence which her words showed made it the more necessary to speak plainly.

"Little woman," he said very tenderly as he leaned toward her, "you are beautiful and a stranger. This small Nashboro neighborhood has not much to talk about, and so it is easily scandalized. When it knows that Wilfred Irwin is frequently here, it will begin to couple your name with his, and he is a married man, you see."

"Has it done so already?" she queried defiantly.

"No," he replied reassuringly, "perhaps I am the only one who knows of his coming, but the same chance by which I discovered it may happen in some other case."

She stood erect, squaring her fine shoulders, and looked angrily down on him :

"And you, no doubt, already believe the evil which you warn me your hide-bound Puritan village will proclaim once it discovers that Mr. Irwin has been visiting his aunts oftener than usual. I that do not care a pin what any of you think must shut my violin-case and tell Mr. Irwin we can play no more—for fear you and his other constituents will hear scandal in a nocturne played by him and me!"

She knew the injustice of her speech, but she did not repent of it. She felt a cruel pleasure in seeing his face change into a death-like pallor, as of a man who has been mortally wounded. Irwin's music was so much to her, and now she must be deprived of it—she hated the man who had so loyally warned her.

Haughton himself had not known until the anguish her words brought revealed it to him how overmastering had become his love for her; if he could at that moment have recalled the fact that six weeks ago he called himself unselfish in visiting her, he would have scorned himself for a conceited fool.

"I believe ill of you?" he said at last, when he had followed her to the end of the veranda. "Take back your words, for God's sake! I think evil of you when there is not an hour of my life that I do not wonder how I lived before I met you? Does a man like me love a woman he thinks ill of?—and you know, you know that I love you with my whole soul. Take back your words, Vida, and tell me you know that there is nothing else on this earth for me but just you, just you."

There were the tears of a strong man in the entreaty of his voice, and the feeling that mastered him shook and swayed him even as some pine of his native forests is shaken in the tempest.

Vida Marschner was awed by his vehemence. She had wondered how he would tell her his love, as she knew he must some day, and had amused herself by fancying him declaring himself with all the deliberation he would use in a surgical operation; but this was a new man before her, transformed as it were, and she was herself so much the creature of emotions that she was conquered by the intensity of his. She leaned her pretty head against the pillar of the veranda and said, with a little childish quiver of the lip:

"I did not mean it—but I am so lonely and I do love music."

"My poor little sweetheart!" he exclaimed, taking up tenderly the hand which hung white on her moon-silvered gown; and such was the woman's power over men that Haughton fell at once into her change of mood, and was courting her in accents as caressing and soft as if but a few minutes before he had not been wounded and shaken to the very core of his heart.

The novel experience of how this quiet, self-contained man yielded and was played upon by her every changing mood gave life at Irwinscroft a new interest to Vida, and but for the longing which would now and again possess her for a sight of Irwin—who now did not come quite so often—or for the sound of his music she might have fancied herself content.

But the unrest would not down; and one day, with the feeling of it strong upon her, she went out alone into the October sunshine.

She felt no surprise when she heard the noise of wheels, and turning saw Irwin spring lightly from his buggy.

"I saw you go out of the gate and followed you," he exclaimed. "Let us drive down the old road together."

"Don't refuse," he pleaded as she hesitated a little. "I shall be leaving soon—and let us be ourselves just this once."

She knew by the quickened beating of her heart that she had been yearning for him—and it would be a thing to remember always, this drive with him alone through the bright stillness.

He pulled his horses down to a walk once they had turned into the mill road, and he and she gave themselves up to the pleasure of being here together, away from carpings or criticisms.

The road narrowed after awhile between cliffs made by cutting through a steep hill in old staging days. Farther on the tall Mill Rock would frown gray and forbidding, seeming to block the highway, which, indeed, had scant room between it and the rushing stream which once turned the now abandoned mill.

Somehow, as the shadow of the cliffs fell upon them, Irwin thought of Haughton.

"What are you going to do with Nash?" he asked abruptly.

She turned and lifted her eyes to his eyes, luminous as he saw with the thought of another than Haughton, and she said, like one who refuses to wake from a dream :

" Let us forget him now."

" Let us forget everything, my darling," he whispered, responding to her glance, " but that you and I are here together."

A sudden crash of a falling limb and the mettlesome horses, feeling no hand on the rein, were off in a mad run.

Irwin was instantly the cool driver again, and as he grasped the lines he knew that their only safety lay in his gaining control of the horses before they reached the sharp turn around the Mill Rock.

The swift thought had but time to pass through his mind when there was a great shock and he knew no more. The Mill Rock had been too near at hand, and for once in his life Wilfred Irwin had not been the master.

The horses, terrified anew by the crash, kicked themselves free from the shattered vehicle and continued their frantic race up the road until stopped by a man who sprang from his ox-cart in time to head them.

" Somebody's hurt," he soliloquized as he soothed the quivering animals, " an' hurt bad I reckin. I better go back to Lias Crowell's an' git Dr. Haughton. I see his team at th'r gate."

Driving his cart into the woods bordering the road, he led the horses back to the cabin and told hastily the little he knew ; but before he had ended Haughton had told him to get in the buggy beside him and go back with him.

The doctor remembered afterwards that from the moment he recognized the team fears for Irwin, for Emily, and for Ellis made him drive constantly faster, and how no thought of Vida had come to him until he saw her as he reined in his horses near the wreck.

There are scenes of which we take no conscious note and yet whose minutest detail seem for ever stamped upon our memory.

Through all his life there will arise before Nash Haughton the grim rock frowning on the wreck at its base ; the eddying of yellow hickory leaves on the foam-flecked bosom of the noisy stream ; the shadow that fell where Wilfred Irwin lay, the blood trickling from a wound in his temple ; Vida Marschner, her long hair streaming around her white face, kneeling by the unconscious man and striving to staunch the blood which flowed in crimson drops through her fingers.

And Nashboro enjoyed its sensation. The negroes at Irwinscroft had spread abroad rumors of the congressman's frequent comings and late goings, and this tragic ending of the ride, which Nashboro said was but one of many less unfortunate rides, was accepted with a certain awed approval of Divine justice in thus punishing evil.

But when Wilfred Irwin was nursed out of danger, and Vida Marschner had recovered partially from the nervous shock, and Emily Irwin, who had not left her husband's bedside while he needed nursing, fell seriously ill from the strain upon her weak frame—when finally, like a woman for whom life holds no hope, she had died, broken-hearted from her husband's estrangement the people declared, a hush fell over the talk and scandal.

Emily and Ellis had been the children of the clan ever since their mother was taken from them, and especially after their father's death just as Emily was grown; and now these stern moralists, touched in their sympathies too, felt that since Divine justice had somehow miscarried, human justice should be meted out to the man and the woman who had caused so much sorrow.

Wilfred Irwin, coming into the village for his mail, was made keenly conscious of this feeling; and the constraint in his old comrade's greetings, mingling with the chill of the dark November day, seemed to freeze his heart within him.

The door of Dr. Haughton's office stood open, and following an impulse, Irwin went in uninvited. He was startled to see how the physician too had aged and paled since he had last noticed him.

"Great God, Nash!" he exclaimed, "is a man to be accursed of God and man just because he has made a little love to a pretty woman? I'll swear to you," he continued, moved to be honest for the sake of his friend, whose suffering he now realized; "I'll swear to you, upon my honor, that there was nothing wrong between Vida Marschner and me. I never even kissed her—not once until that ride—"

Haughton shrank—remembering how he had longed for the kisses which this man held so lightly, and his face was stern when he said uncompromisingly:

"But you made her love you, and now she must suffer that as well as the scandal which is openly talked about her."

"Why doesn't she go away, then?" asked Irwin impatiently; "she was always fretting about having to stay here."

"Ellis has persuaded her father to send her to Paris to study music," Haughton replied. "When she returns—if, indeed, she will consent to go," he added with significant bitterness—"it will be quite proper for you to make her your wife."

Irwin sprang to his feet and started toward the door; then returning he faced Haughton indignantly: "Let her take Emily's place!" he exclaimed—and then, in the sudden softening which came to him at the mention of one so gracious and innocent, he said tremulously: "When a man has seen the light of Heaven shine out of his pure wife's eyes, Haughton, he cannot put in her place a woman who is all of this earth. That light shone for me," he added, "and I refused to see it until too late."

He bowed his head on the mantel and a deep silence filled the room. Presently he went to the desk and wrote a note which he handed the doctor.

"Read that," he said as he was leaving the office, "and if it will do any good mail it."

It was but a line with no signature.

"They tell me you go soon to Paris; if I could be glad at anything now, I should be glad to hear this. If both of us have been swept off our feet by a wave of feeling this summer—it was but a wave—let it pass into oblivion."

And Haughton, knowing the girl, mailed the letter. He guessed rightly that after she received it her stay at Irwinscroft would be short.

He had seen her but once and briefly since the fatal afternoon. He was not the sort of man to sue for the patched-up remnants of any woman's love—and even such affection as this Vida Marschner knew she could not give. But with her odd inconsistency she had begged him to be at the station to bid her good-by, and the Nashboro folk were shocked into amazement to see Ellis Brehan and Nash Haughton by Vida Marschner to the last. Forgiveness of injuries was a gospel which, according to Nashboro interpretation, must be taken with a scrupulous and large reservation due to self-respect.

"Love Ellis," Vida had said at parting with Haughton; "she is the right one, and she will love you if you ask her."

He wondered why the words kept always recurring to him, why ever and again he would find himself dwelling on the fact that the neighborhood had persistently married them to each other, and he began to have a sense that it was after all in the fitness of things.

Ellis herself unconsciously settled the question for him when one evening he and she sat alone by the fire at Irwinscroft.

"The old days are fled for ever," she said, breaking a long silence.

"Vida has come and gone, Wilfred will soon leave for Washington, and I am going away too, so that only you and our poor old cousins will be left."

He had intended to tell her to-night that he would leave Nashboro, having found it unbearable; but the idea of her going was not pleasant to him.

"How long will you stay?" he asked anxiously.

"For ever," she said quite simply, like a person who has long made a decision. "As long as Emily lived she needed me and I stayed, but now my work calls me. I am going to be a Sister of Charity."

Haughton had believed that he had exhausted the gamut of pain, but now he knew that he had been comforted always by Ellis's nearness and sympathy, and in the thought of his life without her he saw how he had leant upon her from the time they were children together.

Vida's words and the neighborhood predestinations recurred to him.

"Ellis," he said, as he drew his chair close to hers so that he might watch her face, "you and I have been the best of friends."

"You and I are the best of friends," she corrected; "there can be no 'has been' in our friendship."

He laid his hand on hers for answer.

"And you will tell me the truth now, without any womanish reservations?"

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," she replied, looking frankly at him.

"Well then, dear Ellis," he asked with a hesitancy at which he himself wondered, "is it because of any love that you may imagine unreturned that you take this step?"

He had not known her for all their lives not to see that she fully understood him and was furiously angry, but the swift passion as swiftly fled, and he knew that she was going to keep her promise and tell him the truth.

"What a Protestant you are!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "in spite of all my preaching! If I did not, as I now do, declare to you that I never loved any man, not even you" (there was an approach to merriment in her voice which he somehow did not share), "'sweetheart fashion,' as we children used to say, you would go through your life believing that Ellis Brehan's was another heart sacrificed upon the altar of unrequited affection."

He had now very distinctly the conviction that she was laughing at him, and he was too uncomfortable to find anything to say to her. But she did not wait for him to speak.

"You know how the sorrow and pain in the world have weighed upon me," she said, "but you do not know that I should long ago have fainted under it but for the thought that He whom I call my God, and you call the holiest of men, would have found some other way if the sorrow and pain had not been the best. Even then I think I could not have borne it if He had not so loved us that He came upon the earth to bear with us the suffering He knew we should not be spared.

"I am not giving up the world when I go to be a Sister of Charity (isn't it a beautiful name?) I am taking the whole world to my heart, and I am meeting Jesus, my love, wherever a human soul in palace or hovel needs sympathy or a human frame needs help."

Her face was illumined with the spirit of her words, and as he looked upon her, glorified and transformed by a faith of which until now he had never conceived the possibility, he began dimly to understand that she was beckoning him on to heights which up to this moment his own pride had hidden from him.

"I understand now," he said humbly, "how a man can entertain an angel unawares."

A shadow obscured the brightness which had awed him, and she was purely human again.

"Don't exalt me into anything like that," she remonstrated. "My dear old comrade," she continued, putting her hand on his arm, the caress she always gave him when she was deeply moved, "you surely are not going to let anything, absence nor separation nor death itself, break our friendship, which is so precious to me? Don't let me lose my brother, Nash.'"

He took the hand which trembled on his sleeve and held it in both his own, knowing in his heart's reverent thankfulness that the blessing of such a woman's love as this was infinitely rarer than that other love of which we make so much.

And so Nashboro had another sensation, which had no element of enjoyment in it. That Ellis Brehan should become a Sister of Charity was bad enough, but that Nash Haughton should leave the county, and become besides the most devout of Romanists, was wholly inexplicable except upon the plea of mental aberration.

Miss Maria Irwin led the indignation meetings, but when, after a year of persuasion, she and Miss Marthy consented to visit Ellis at the hospital, she essayed to console herself and the neighborhood upon her return.

"I know you all can hardly believe it," she said, "but Ellis Brehan is as happy as a bird. She looks downright beautiful in that flapjack of a white bonnet, an' she answers to Sister Vincent as quick as if it was her name. And Nash he is a doctor for the hospital, an' he an' Ellis are as good friends as ever, though they 'most quarrelled about which should do most for Sister Marthy an' me."

"Don't he say anything about gettin' married?" asked one of her auditors, who shared the neighborhood convictions as to the misery of single blessedness. "Maybe he and Vida Marschner will make it up when she gets back from Paris."

"Nash ain't got marryin' in the back side o' his head," declared Miss Maria with emphasis, "an' tibbe sure he wouldn' turn fool twice—tibbe sure he knows by this time that a man ought not to reach downwards for a wife. But then," she added with the wisdom of an oracle who knows the uncertainties of life, "there's no tellin' what fools the smartest men can be; so I ain't a prophesyin'."

SIR HUGH AFTER THE BOYNE, 1690.

FAREWELL! I seek a foreign land;
The cause is lost, the king has fled.
I dare not touch my lady's hand;
Her lightning eyes would strike me dead.
And yet the scarf she gave I wore
Where William's squadrons reeled;
It gleamed my cavaliers before
Through all that fatal field.

Ten times we swept them down to the river,
But fresh horse poured on endless and ever;
What could we do, outnumbered so,
But fall back, striking blow for blow?

My heart that battle-eve beat high
From all the sights and sounds it gave:
The stars like camp-fires lit the sky,
The camp-fires trembled in the wave;
The champing steed, the soldier's song,
With passion filled my breast;
And all the memories of wrong
That on our fathers pressed.

Ten times we swept them down to the river,
The scroll on our banner "Now or Never";*
Ten times like thunderbolts we sped
Through ranks of dying and of dead.

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* The legend on the flag over Dublin Castle, 1689-90, was "Now or Never; Now and For Ever."

White scarf, thou'rt powder-stained since morn,
Yet gleam on foreign fields from now!
Brave roan, red as the ripening corn,
Bear me far from my lady's brow!
O'er sunny France, o'er Europe wide
Be mine the exile's pain;
From foreign camp to camp to ride,
Nor see my land again.

Ten times we swept them down to the river,
Where the drooping willows bend and quiver;
Would I might lie beside Boyne's wave,
His willows weeping o'er my grave!

My lady, one more last good night!
My steed is stamping at the hours:
The late moon flecks the dark with light
The wooded hills around thy towers.
Farewell the mill-wheel in the race,
The ivy on the eaves,
The still kine musing in the chase,
The dun deer 'mid the leaves.

Ten times we swept them down to the river;
Hope's gone, my lady; all hope for ever.
Of life with thee I leave the wine,
And steed and sword henceforth be mine!

NOTE.—Despite his prejudices, Macaulay acknowledges in some degree the conspicuous gallantry of the Irish horse at the Boyne. The army on William's side was that of the Protestant League of Europe against Louis XIV. It consisted of Dutch—William's own subjects—Germans from the various states, Danes including the Danish Guards, the English army which had deserted the king, a couple of regiments of Ulster Protestants, and three thousand French Huguenots under Calliemotte. The cavalry alone on that side was reckoned at twelve thousand, mostly Danes, Dutch, and Germans. But among them was the Ulster Protestant regiment, afterwards so favorably known as "the Enniskillen Dragoons."

On this occasion the Enniskilleners did not behave very well. Macaulay speaks of them as "the unsteady Ulstermen" because they showed a disposition to fly after the first encounter whenever they saw the Irish horse approaching.

Ten times during that long summer's day the Irish horse charged the enemy's cavalry, breaking through them at every charge and then quietly riding back to their position. One—I think the second-last charge—was one of those extraordinary achievements that sets the heart on fire. William had determined to crush them under the weight of his twelve thousand cavalry, supported by a mass of infantry which had formed near the Irish centre. Another body of infantry, ten thousand strong, under Count Schomberg, the duke's son, was lapping round the Irish right. The Irish infantry was of no account. It consisted for the most part of peasants hastily levied by their old landlords and chiefs, and armed with pitch-forks, scythes, knives, and a few guns more dangerous to the bearers than to the enemy. Consequently the whole of the fighting on the Irish side had been done by the four thousand horse, who were made up from the Catholic nobility and gentry, their relatives and large tenants. In fact, they corresponded with the English cavaliers of the preceding generation.

As this great weight of cavalry was moving up the road and the adjoining field the king took it as the proper time to fly. He drew off with him for escort the Irish guards under their colonel, Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, the best officer in his service. The dastardly conduct of the king was known; but there were greater interests involved than the base royalty of James. The fight should be fought out. The Irish horse moved at a gentle trot. "The unsteady Ulstermen" began to waver and look behind them, causing some confusion among the veterans who had won renown on the battle-fields of Europe. William placed himself at the head of the Ulstermen, who took heart, and the great mass went on, shaking the earth. Richard Hamilton shouted "gallop" at the head of the Irish horse, and they rode at racing speed boot to boot. The shock was terrific; the front ranks on both sides went down, but the narrow front of the Irish horse went through like a wedge. They then galloped over the mass of infantry spoken of as having formed near the Irish centre; they next rode through the Huguenots, who were crossing the river, and killed their leader, Calliemotte; they next scattered some infantry regiments on the farther bank, and then rode back through the re-formed cavalry and infantry, killing old Duke Schomberg on their way, who seemed anxious to avenge the death of his brother-in-arms, Calliemotte.

It was in the next charge that Richard Hamilton was taken prisoner. On being brought before William, the prince asked: "Did these gentlemen intend to continue fighting much longer?" "On my honor, sir, I don't know," replied Hamilton. "Your honor!" retorted the Dutchman; and Macaulay seems to think the contempt of William was justified. But why? Was not Hamilton bound when he discovered that all the grave charges against his unhappy master were Whig lies to return to his allegiance? However, my purpose in introducing this incident from Macaulay is to show that the Irish gentlemen who took up arms for their religion, country, and king required a great deal of beating. As a matter of fact Story, one of William's chaplains who has given a history of the war, says that at the end the Irish cavalry retreated slowly, "often pausing and facing our men, who halted whenever the enemy did." The well-known tradition that an Irish officer after the battle said, "Change kings and we'll fight the battle over again!" was at one time as well known in England as in Ireland. I think Swift was in the habit of quoting it as an instance of the wild humor of the Celtic Irishman; just as a little later Dr. Johnson was fond of telling anecdotes illustrative of his pride in the midst of the most depressing circumstances.

THE TESTIMONY OF CHARACTER.

BY P. J. MacCORRY.

WHEN a noted infidel writer once remarked that he "was forced to believe in the immortality of the soul whenever he thought of his mother," he touched the depths of a great and subtle truth not often dwelt upon in our philosophy.

We can scarcely doubt that the writer referred to was blessed in the possession of a saintly Christian mother—than which there are few gifts more precious in this troubled world—and when he found that the simple charm of her person so utterly frustrated the marshalled forces of his giant intellect he merely caught in her, however dimly, a glimpse of that eternal Prototype to whose image she was made. Just, indeed, as the very rushing of the mountain torrent when the snow is melting will tell us of the dizzy heights from which it has descended, or the sparkling clearness of its limpid waters will speak to us of the purity of its source, so there are natures bearing with them the grace of such sanctity and truth that they seem to breathe the very fragrance of immortality, fresh-fashioned from the hand of God.

The truth is, we are often entertaining angels unawares. There are embodiments of the good and true and beautiful always with us, living incarnations of every virtue, blending with the very warp and woof of our social fabric, to tell us that this life is not the know-all and the end-all of our existence, that humanity is not a lie, nor is the flesh degrading to the meek and clean of heart.

Nor is this testimony confined to the higher order of created nature; we find it manifested in even the least of God's handiwork. Who does not remember what the plying of the spider's shuttle meant to the poor doubting captive of Versailles? or yet more striking, M. Santine's most curious and beautiful tale of *Picciola?* Its hero is a man of unusual mind and erudition, who "with the Germans had studied metaphysics; with the Italians and English, politics and legislation; with all, history, which he could examine in its earliest sources, thanks to his knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Roman tongues." Accordingly, we are told, he entirely devoted his life to these grave speculations; but soon, dismayed at the horizon which was enlarging before him, finding himself stumble at every step, fatigued with always pursuing a doubtful truth, he began to regard history as a vast traditional lie, and endeavored to reconstruct it on a new and improved basis. He forthwith formed another romance, at which the learned laughed in their academic sleeves—from envy he believed—while the world giggled quite immoderately—from ignorance. He therefore abandoned history and betook himself to political and legislative sciences. Here too he was confronted with many difficulties. They seemed to require so many reforms in Europe. He endeavored to fix on something definite to begin with, but he found abuses so rooted in the social edifice, so many existing things based on false principles, that he was quite discouraged. He considered, too, how many good men, possessed perhaps of equal learning and good intentions, entertained theories directly opposed to his. This perplexed him exceedingly. Should he throw all quarters of the earth into woeful confusion by a doubt? He was too philanthropic for that, and so in the extremity of his need he fled to the embrace of his one remaining refuge—the science of metaphysics. "This is the realm of ideas," he mused. "If disorders must come, there at least they seem less fearful, for ideas clash without noise in imaginary spaces." There indeed he no longer risked the repose of others; but alas! he lost his own.

It was in this study beyond all others that obscurity and confusion came, and the further he advanced the more palpable they appeared to grow. Truth seemed ever evasive; fleeing at his approach, vanishing beneath his steps, melting through his very fingers when he was sure he had grasped her; or else she seemed to dance mockingly before him, like a wandering fire that attracts only to mislead. Fifty partial truths shone at once around the horizon of his understanding—deceiving beacons agleam on a rockbound coast.

He tossed for a time between Bossuet and Spinoza, and again between deism and atheism. Now he was a spiritualist, now a sensualist. Animalism claimed his attention, as did also ontologism, eclecticism, and materialism, till at length he was seized with an immense doubt, which resolved itself into a universal negation. "Chance is blind," he concluded, "and it alone is the father of creation."

His life wore on, and we remember how the years brought much adversity to our philosopher. How he became involved in political conspiracy, was tried and imprisoned. Correspondence with the outer world was forbidden him. He was allowed neither books, nor pen, nor paper, and so, deprived of everything and sequestered from the world, he felt it necessary to reconçile himself to himself—to live with his friend, the enemy—his thoughts. How dreadful, how overwhelming was the idea; how cold and bitter for him on whom nature had at first poured her gifts; for him, now a captive and miserable—him who had so much need of protection and help, but who believed there was no God and put no faith in the bond of universal brotherhood! And here, as the years sped, in the desolation of his narrow chamber, his mental pride broke under him and in a gracious moment, contemplating through his prison-bars a tiny gillyflower which crushed its growth through the flagging of the yard without, his doubts and speculations fell from him like a mantle and he stood, as a little child, face to face with his Creator, his Lord and his God.

And that is a timely thought with us. Men to-day, as in that other age, are very confident in their own intellectual conceits as long as their pathways are well carpeted with temporal prosperity. Refined theorizing on the possible existence of a Supreme Being is quite compatible with a well-filled storehouse and a life of ease and earthly felicity. But when adversity knocks at the palace gate of the unbeliever and drags him to his knees, or when death steals in and looks him squarely in the eyes, he is not quite so positive that "Chance is the father of creation," and will at least consent to talk the matter over.

For these constitute the great common level of mortality. Adversity is surely the "touchstone of the heart," and Death its twin brother, the great adjuster of all the inequalities of life.

"We speak of human existence as a journey," says the moralist, "but how variously is that journey performed! There are some who come forth girt and shod and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine path of life against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled." But yet there is a common meeting-place where all the paths of men converge. The passage-way through the gate on the borderland of life is very, very narrow, knowing no distinction between man and man; it equalizes, harmonizes, tranquillizes everything.

There was a very famous infidel living in the third quarter of the present century. He was the iconoclast of the graveyard, chiselling the story of the resurrection from the tombstones of our dead. His wife, on the contrary, led a holy Christian life. The mother instructed the daughter in the consolations of the love of Christ, while the gloomy impressions of her father's influence were not quite lost on her pliant mind.

But the daughter sickened, and when death was inevitably approaching she called her father. "Father," she inquired, "shall I take your instruction or mother's? I am about to die now, and must have the question settled." And the man whose blatant blasphemy had striven to plant the steel of infidelity in the youthful hearts of our country stooped very low and whispered to his dying child: "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion—it is best."

And to some what a dreadful weight of responsibility that suggests. Every parent is writing the history of his children, tossing their supple characters hither and yon, like a bit of down eddied in the breeze. A smile of approbation, and the good cheer of your life will live again in the laughter of your children; a harsh word uttered in an unguarded moment, and you gather fuel that may burst into vicious flame long after the grasses have tangled on your grave. If the home is the political safeguard and the corner-stone of the republic, it is no less the seed of character to the mind of youth. "Abraham," says the Scriptures, "begat Isaac"; but it must also be remembered that Herod begat Archelaus.

In all this one cannot but observe the very trifling part the process of abstraction truly plays in our existence, and how invariably the concrete forms epitomize the great realities of our lives.

It needed not the inanimate figure of his beautiful and beloved queen to argue to the mind of Francis Borgia, the nobleman of Spain, that it was "appointed unto men once to die." He was sufficiently acquainted with the uncertainty of life for that, and he well knew the chill of the narrow grave towards which it inevitably tended. But, oh! how terribly the truth came home to him and burned through his brain when he drew the shroud aside from the casket of his dead queen and gazed upon that face whose fascinating beauty had ravished Europe, but whose every line was now grown hideous in the ugliness of dissolution. It cast him prostrate on his palace floor, and through all the sleepless night the vision haunted him and would not out.

"Where is the lustre of those matchless eyes?" he repeated. "Where the charm and grace we so lately revered? Is this piece of noisome clay her sacred majesty—my empress, my lady, my queen? Fool! I have pursued and grasped at shadows. This death which was thus rude to the imperial diadem has already levelled its dart at me. I will cheat its stroke by dying to the world, that at my death I may live to my King." And flinging down the trappings of his state, he trod henceforth the narrow gauge that leads onwards and upwards to the interminable heights of God.

On precisely the same principle one might preach abstract patriotism to a boy through all his youth, and yet there will be more noble sentiments enkindled in his breast by the mere glimpse of a smoke-stained, tattered battle-flag than could be even suggested by the sum of all our exhortation. And in this there is emphasized the absolute helplessness of human speech in the presence of thoughts of a certain type. There are some conceptions so sublime and vast that language may never reach them, others there are "too pure for the touch of a word."

We know there are many who will hasten to differ with us here. "If you have a real idea," says the school, "you can always find fit words to convey it." St. Paul and St. John were certainly of other minds, as assuredly are many others of much less exalted genius. For, as Father Ryan would have it:

> " . . . far on the deep there are billows
> That never shall break on the beach;
> And I have heard songs in the silence
> That never shall float into speech;
> And I have had dreams in the Valley
> Too lofty for language to reach."

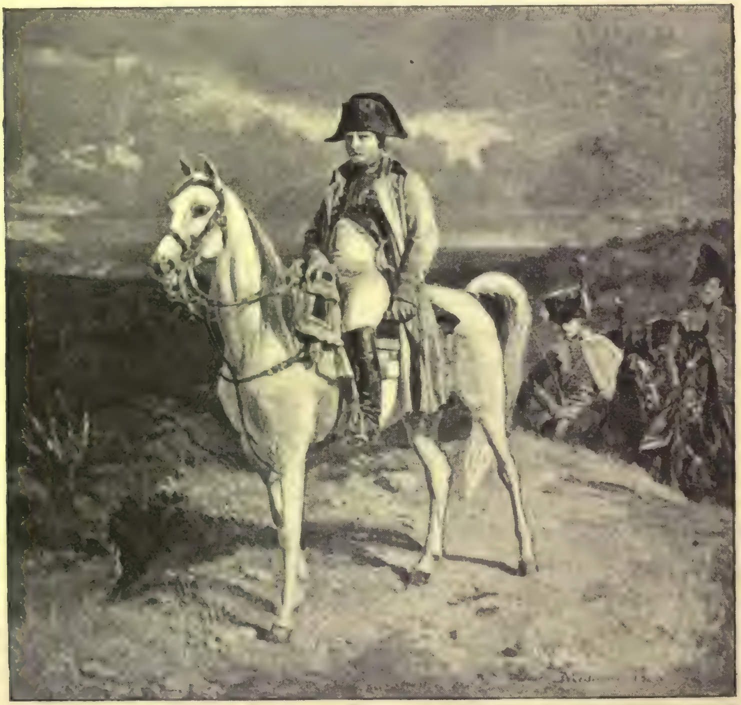
And even prescinding entirely from the supernatural, are we not confronted daily with tangible realities which we feel we comprehend, and yet which should we try to express, however inadequately, we are immediately reduced to silence? Their character bears witness, but their story must ever be unspeakable. Who, in point, will reproduce even a fragment of our War in the habiliments of language? Our writers sing us its battle-poetry, it is true; but a history of those days never can, perhaps never should, be written. Our historians look upon the action from the distant hill-tops, at sufficient distance from the scene to give the picture the appearance of canvas and paint, and then they tell us of the magnificent effects of its lines and colors. "Those far-extended ranks of army corps winding on through the great stretch of country; that unbounded procession of infantry regiments, batteries of artillery, divisions of cavalry, then the ammunition train, the pack-horses and wagons bringing up the rear. The armies meet, the swords flash in the sun, flags are waving, horses prancing and rearing up like foaming waves. Clouds of smoke arise and form themselves into thick veils. Then they lift and show groups of fighting figures here and there." But what historian could ever reproduce the wild determined strain of armies, steeped from rear to van in desperate mortal purport? Who will ever frame in words, who can even vaguely suggest, the awful reality of a single conflict of the many sustained by the ghastly moonbeams far in through the night? What of those seething passions hissing like devils in the breasts of men? Who will reach by language those livid countenances, the vital sword-thrusts, the stabs in the dark, the hand-to-hand struggles, the murderous steel and bullet in the heart, the half-shout, half-groan of the wounded, the convulsive fingers tearing through the stones and earth, the softer moaning of the unconscious, the endless life-times crowded terribly into a few brief moments, the serpentine winding of the last lethargy about the prostrate form, the fearful pace of it all, and then the chilling of the limbs, and the human frames growing rigid in the freezing grip of death! There is a volume in every flame-flash, a book in the glint of every sword, a life-tragedy concentrated in the crack of every rifle, but they never shall be, never can be written.

And that leads us up with some appropriateness to take a passing glance at another type of human personality: that which in the beginning of the present century cast over Europe the fiery Shadow of the Sword!

"Not Peace; a Sword.
And men adored
Not Christ, nor Antichrist, but Cain;
And where the bright blood ran like rain
He stood; and looking, men went wild;—
For lo! on whomsoe'er he smiled
Came an idolatry accurst;

But chief, Cain's hunger and Cain's thirst
For gold and blood and tears; and when
He beckoned, countless swarms of men
Flew thick as locusts to destroy
Hope's happy harvests, and to die;
Yea, verily, at each finger-wave
They swarmed—and shared the grave they gave
Beneath his throne."

For Napoleon possessed to a consummate degree that demoniac and magnetic power which Goethe avowed to be, whether for good or evil, the especial characteristic of all earth-mighty men. His mysterious strength of fascination, in whatever it may have consisted, we know to have been marvellously irresistible.



A BLIND, IRRESISTIBLE FORCE.

It is sometimes argued that Bonaparte was what strange speakers and writers at all times have called a Great Man; and such being the case he must have been supremely human, as indeed some few of his words and actions would seem to imply. The explanation, however, is very simple. Some men are called great because of the total negation in their being of that which is really Human. Nero was great because he was a fiend. Voltaire was great because his head could never bow in reverence. Henry VIII. was great because he was incapable of shame. Napoleon was great because of his perfect incapacity to realize the consequences of his own actions. He was a blind, irresponsible Force without heart or understanding, moved by a monstrous ambition to fatal ends. And yet madmen in their frenzy fell praying in his presence as to very God. His picture adorned the walls of every household in France. He was represented for the most part as a mounted Form in soldier's costume, poised on an eminence and pointing down with still forefinger at a red light below him which seemed to rise from a burning town; his face hard and white as marble; and at his feet there crouched, like dogs waiting to be unleashed, their heads close against the ground, several grenadiers, each with his bayonet set. And to this lurid representation of the execrable men paid their homage.

He sweeps across the earth from Moscow to Paris, dragging in his wake the spent remnant of a mighty host, leaving five hundred thousand of the Grand Army buried in the Russian snow, and in every home there is an empty place, and in every house a breaking heart. "Red blood in the battle-field and black crape on all the lands around." But how was he received? With curses and groans and passionate appeals? On the contrary, with hosannas and loud acclamations. The cities of the Empire—Rome, Florence, Milan, Hamburg, Mayence, Amsterdam—donned their gayest robes, and at his coming flocked to offer their felicitations. In France alone two hundred thousand of her sturdy children were already mingled with her soil. The harvests grew and ripened and rotted in the fields—for none were left to reap them save little children and tottering men; and yet the wailing of widows and of orphans was silenced by the stronger cheers—"Vive l'Empereur!"

"What is life in comparison to the immense interests which rest on the sacred head of the heir of the empire?" cried the prefect of Paris. "Reason," exclaimed M. de Fontanges, "pauses before the mystery of power and obedience, and abandons all inquiry to that religion which made the person of kings sacred after the image of God himself!"

And so Napoleon became men's ruling passion; Avatar and lord of Europe, master and dictator of the earth. Meanwhile the human wine-press bled, and from a million ruined homes cries went out to him who had usurped the Divine seat and whispered his awful *fiat* across a desolated world.

If he heard, he smiled. Understanding, he smiled also.

Napoleon said he fought for peace. He lied! His *trade* was war. He was the Frankenstein of the red monster which he himself had created, and whose thirst for human lives was never satiated.

France was as another Rachel weeping for her children, and she had prayed him on her naked knees in the streets of Paris for peace at any cost; but he passed on like a thing of stone, unhearing and unheeding, for his eyes were fixed far out upon the plains and his ears were deaf to everything save the long roll rallying for the fight.

We turn here with a sense of grateful relief, and by way of contrast, to another character in another age, around which there clusters a beautiful and most striking instance of the impress given by an individual to his time, and the status of civilization in which he lived.

For the three hundred years following the advent of Christianity the stones of Rome were drenched by the blood of gladiator and martyr.

"If I had a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths, and my voice were of iron," exclaims Lactantius, "I could not relate the horrors of these times!" Men fought and died by thousands to glut the ire of perverted passions. "Butchered," says Byron, "to make a Roman holiday." Fierce duels and combats by groups, the carnage of maddened beasts pitted against human beings, the *mêlées* of terrible slaughter, swept like whirlwinds beneath the fascinated gaze of a frenzied people. For days and even weeks at a time the arena and Coliseum reeked with its sickening vapors. "So intense was the excitement," we are told, "that during these fights the people seemed to lose all self-control. From morning till evening, careless of cold or heat, they gazed with mad excitement on the tragedies before them, and their minds were agitated with the fluctuating passions of hope and fear, like the ocean tossed by contrary winds. Nor was the demon of discord idle while the furies flapped their funereal wings over these bloody scenes. The spectators were divided into several parties. Sharp and bitter discussions concerning the rival merits of the combatants formed an inexhaustible source of broils and disputes; and sometimes they became so excited as to pass from criticism to argument and blows, and even to deadly weapons, until the benches of the amphitheatre from end to end became the scene of sanguinary tumult and massacre."

Far removed in the depths of the Libyan deserts, the story of this shame came to Telemachus, the man of God. He was one of those grand solitaries with whom we come in contact from time to time in the history of the East, whose very silence and recollection have moved the world. His flesh was wasted in unbroken nights of prayer and watch; his face was blanched with the flood of tears that had swept across it in his holy life of penitence and love. But there burned within his breast the zeal of an apostle, and a strength of faith childlike indeed but yet the greatness of which should conquer Rome.

Hearing of the deeds of the godless city, Telemachus was seized with an immense resolve—the Coliseum must fall and the God of the Christians be vindicated! We have reason to believe that the holy man must have been fully conscious of the magnitude of his undertaking. He was poor; mayhap he was ignorant. Perchance, too, he was awkward and slow of speech; and who was there in all that pampered city who would give heed to his pleadings?—a man coarse-habited and with naked feet. Popes and kings and unnumbered martyrs had lived and died that the great blur on humanity's name might be obliterated, and they failing utterly, could he succeed? But he prayed, and watched, and listened long to "the still small voice" that whispered to his soul, and then starting up, he set his face towards Rome, conscious in his heart that he could do "all things in Him that strengtheneth."

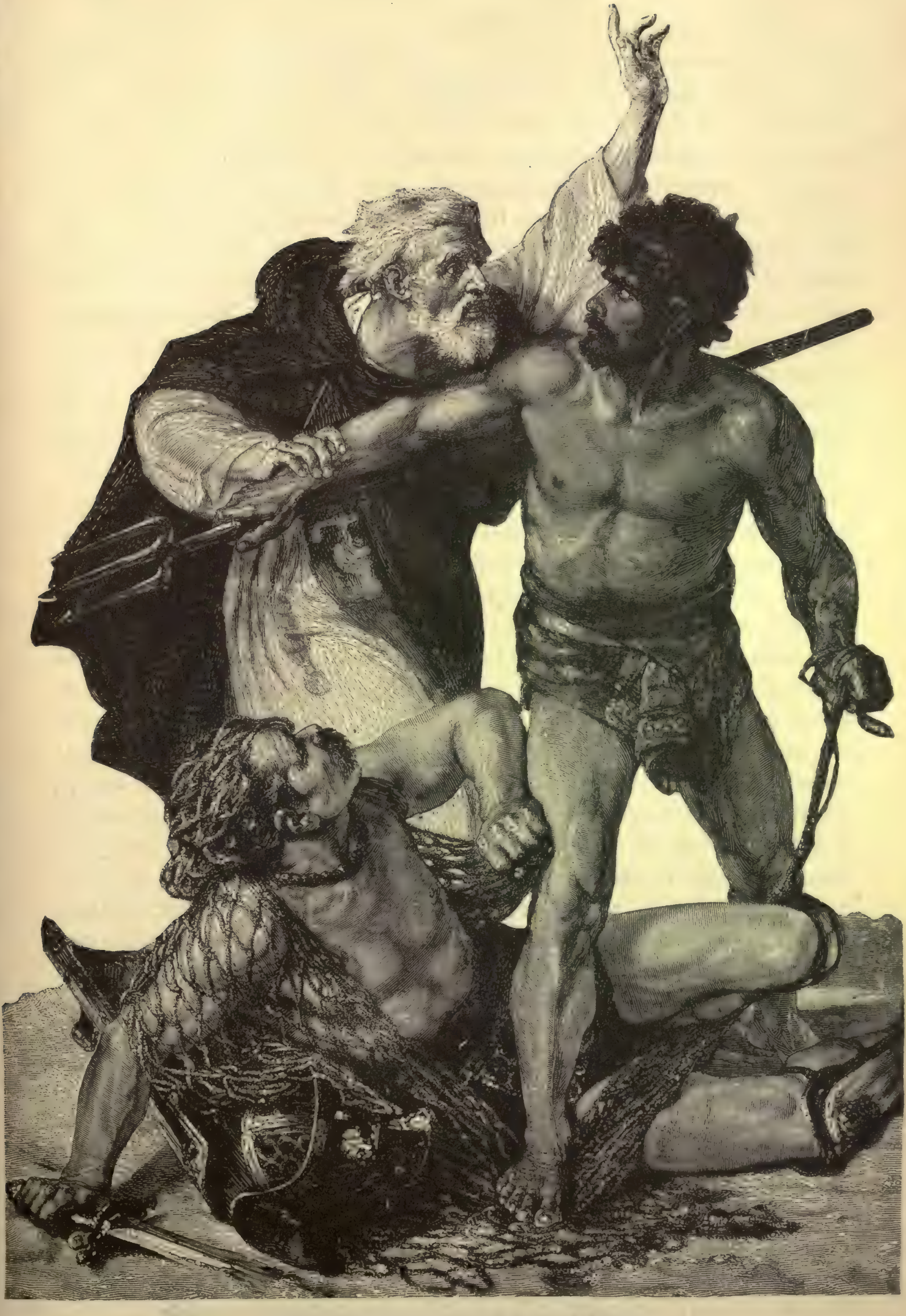
We can well imagine with what keen forebodings he passed away from the consolations and holy associations of his desert home, and moved across the great seas of burning sand. He evades for the most part the towns and cities by the way, keeping well to the open plains, and there his nights are spent in prayer and rest, prostrate upon the earth, with a rugged stone for a pillow and the great canopy of heaven for his roof. He journeyed thus for weeks, perhaps for months—who can say?—until at length there rose before him, glittering in the morning sunlight, the palaces and gilded domes of eternal Rome. And as he drew still nearer we may fancy how his eyes were dazzled with the pomp and splendor of that unrivalled city: her great marble vistas stretching endlessly before him—statues, fountains, colonnades and porticoes. The sheen of her temples, topped with hammered silver, glancing back in myriad shafts the morning light. The great theatres and public buildings and basilicas scattered everywhere, and surmounting all, the majestic Capitol with its fifty temples, their smoke still curling to heaven from their sacrifices of abomination; and there, yonder in the valley, lifting its proudly massive form against the hill, rears the Coliseum itself, typifying in its every stone and column all that is cruel and pitiless and deathful in the human heart. Seeing these things, well might he have exclaimed, with the Master: "Ye are like to whitened sepulchres, which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones."

It was on the morning of the 1st of January, 404 A.D., that Telemachus entered Rome; consequently the games fixed for the Kalends of January were then being enacted. Vast throngs were moving from all directions towards the Coliseum. The hermit became immerged in the motley multitude and was carried forward with the stream. Now and then a ribald jest was levelled at his strange appearance, so discordant with the general atmosphere of mirth and festivity. But unheeding all, he climbs the hill of the Capitol and descends the Way of Triumph beneath the arches of the conquerors, till at length he enters the amphitheatre whose horrors had been the demons of his sleep and whose blood-drips had sent the Tiber crimson to the sea.

The great concourse pour unceasingly into the benches and take their position; while back in an obscure corner kneels the figure of the hermit, unconscious of the distracting tumult about him, wrapt in silent prayer. And now the games begin.

A great roar which hails the entrance of the first combatants wakes him from his lethargy. A sudden flame leaps through all his veins; his mind casts off its sluggishness and he leans forward with intense interest, his hands clinched on the bench before him. A troupe of fierce and almost naked gladiators have entered the arena, and are saluting the assembly with desperate effort to be brave. Then they fall together in the centre and the game of life and death is begun, their steel blades cleaving the air with murderous gleam.

But suddenly there is a commotion up among the benches. The monk has leaped to the iron rail enclosing the arena. Quick as thought he has bounded over it and stands in the centre of the fighting knot, as a tamer in a den of lions. Not a word has been uttered. The combatants cower before him



The Combatants cower before Him.

and slink away. There is another instant of intense silence, and then the screams and shouts of the maddened multitude shake the mighty edifice to its foundations. They were as wild beasts thwarted of their prey, and roared in the fury of their impotent rage. The gladiators, fearing the violence of the mob, had now retreated from the scene, and Telemachus faced alone the furious horde. Their hoots and jeers thundered through the amphitheatre, but the man of God in that supreme moment seemed but to smile as he raised aloft the cross of Christ in silent proclamation that on this day and in him, his servant, the God of the Christians was triumphant. Instantly the air was filled with flying missiles. A piece of jagged marble crushed in upon the martyr's breast, but the life-blood of Telemachus bursting from his mighty heart clogged for ever the terrible machinery of the Roman Coliseum.

Surely here, according to St. John, was the sublimest reach of virtue that man is given to exercise in behalf of his fellow-creature. His love was an all-consuming fire. It was self-sacrifice and heroism almost beyond our nature. And yet proportioned to the stupendous end which it achieved, how very insignificant was it all. In his noble self-immolation he proved himself a man; but that in him Christianity should have expiated three long centuries of crime, and lifted the moral and rational character of a licentious world over the beast passions that swayed and controlled it, bore witness that he was a saint. And what we have here said of the last of the martyrs may in a general way be applied to those countless thousands which preceded him in the same ungodly place.

"Noble lives," says Mr. Lecky, "crowned by heroic deaths, were the best arguments of the Christian Church." "There can be little question," adds Wilfrid Ward, "that it was chiefly the witness borne by intense conviction—tested often by torture and death—to the power of Christianity which from the first fanned the flame and changed the spark of individual certainty to the blaze of corporate faith." It was the testimony of character in the hosts of holy martyrs, whose vision of faith pierced through the immediate certainty of suffering and death, that made their pagan torturers from time to time fling down the firebrand and sword, exclaiming to their leaders: "Crucify us also, for now we too are Christians!"

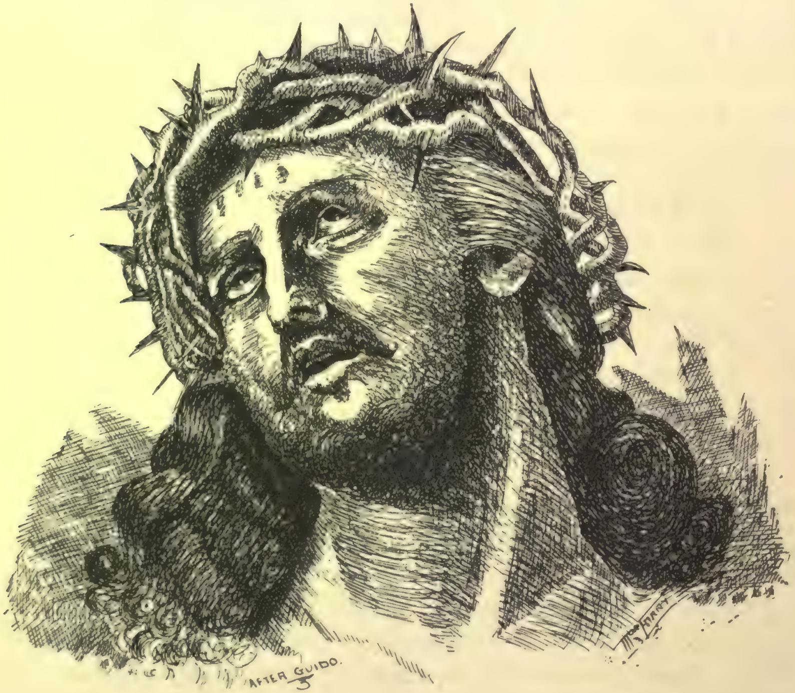
Many centuries have widened the expanse between those days of cruel bloodshed and our own generation, but even to-day in the very ruins of her pagan monuments the Rome of the Cæsars is a mute witness to the living truth for which the martyrs died. In this connection we give way to the beautiful words penned by a recent traveller beneath the shadows of its crumbling walls.

"The Pantheon," he tells us, "once the centre of all the aberrations of idolatry, is now the temple of all Christian virtues. The shrine of Jupiter on the Capitol, the culminating point of Rome's dominion over the world, is now replaced by the Church of Ara Cœli—the church of the crib—the abasement of the Man-God—the contempt of all the grandeurs of the world. The palace of the Cæsars, which was once the emporium of all the riches of the world, is reduced to a few ivy-clad walls which protect a convent of voluntary poverty, raised amid the *débris* of the Golden House; and the Coliseum, the theatre of the furies and the passions, becomes a monument sheltered under the walls of religion, and dedicated to the cross—the self-denial and humiliation taught us in the Dolorous Way of Calvary.

"The French have called the moon the 'sun of ruins.' Her rich, mellow rays give all old walls a fantastic existence; but there is no monument of antiquity in which the effects of reflected light are so beautiful as in this ruin. The Romans prefer the time in which the moon is rising between Frascati and Monte Porzio, so that they may see the whole splendor of its silvery light poured down on the most perfect part of the immense fabric. The broken arches and isolated fragments, under the magic influence of moonlight, assume the appearance of castles, of temples and triumphal arches, rising on each other in surpassing splendor. Mighty walls seem riven in twain and appear to bend over their centre of gravity like the leaning towers of Pisa or Bologna, suspended in the air, and threatening every moment to fall with a tremendous crash. Here a broken and fallen column assumes the appearance of a dying gladiator or a martyred Christian; there a cornice, half-buried in the ruins, reminds you of a lioness gathering herself up for a spring on a tiger or bear; and here again a heap of earth, magnified by some scattered rays that steal through the fissures in the great wall, seems the gigantic elephant about to perform his strange manœuvres at the command of his keepers; the plants and flowers that deck every portion of the ruin, and move to and fro in the gentle breeze, remind you of the moving masses that once filed into those desolate benches."

There is, however, towering in the story of the world as the pyramids above the sands of Egypt, the sublime character of One to which this line of thought irresistibly attracts us—He who displayed among us the transcendent miracle of the Word made Flesh.

Christ with us was not as the gleaming of a light-house to belated birds, the brightness of which is indeed enchanting, but whose intensity serves only to bewilder and hopelessly confuse. He was not as the distant shining of a snow-capped mountain, filling us at once with unutterable longing and despair. He came among us not so much as the Preceptor of the truth, but as the very truth itself—a teacher who *lived* his doctrine in his every word and act.


AFTER GUIDO.

ECCE HOMO.

And perhaps upon this great fact was pendent much of the scheme of the redemption. For who was there in all the day of His coming that could dream it possible to realize his sublime teaching in the flesh, had he set himself above our nature and merely pointed us the way? His one divine precept of charity alone must have driven men down to absolute despair did not its exemplar, wrapped in human frailties, stand before them—its living, palpitating witness. For was not the law unto them "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life"? And was not their history blurred throughout by the story of its cruel interpretation? But to this Christ opposed the highest reach of transcendent love. "If one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him also the other"; and again, "You have heard it said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies; do good to those that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you."

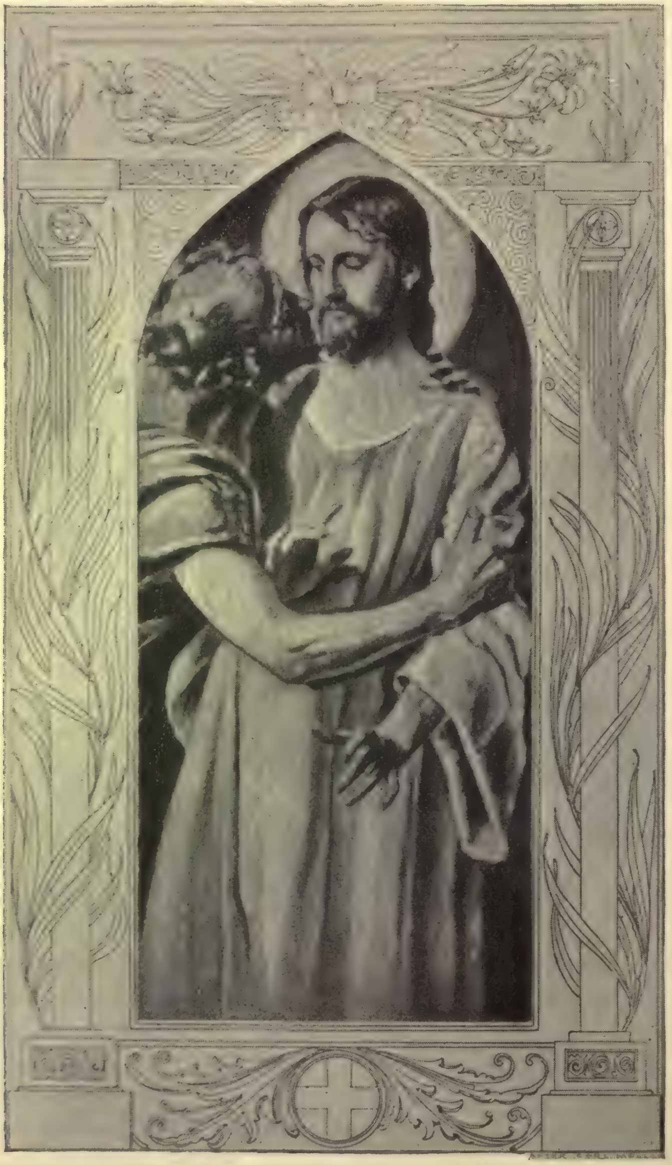
Perhaps in all the Christian creed there was nothing more incongruous to the mind of both Jew and Gentile than this. To have an enemy and yet to love him, seemed to annihilate the principle of contradiction. Their whole tradition rose up against it as a thing unnatural and absurd. "Woe to me," exclaims a certain rabbi, "if I have given bread to one of the rabble!"

Even the paraded wisdom of the classic schools denied that men could be made to feel compassion with another's pain. A "feeling heart" found no place in the structure of their philosophy; to them the idea was at best a pretty conceit of fancy. Their systems of thought were artfully elaborated, and were even scattered here and there with fragments of the truth; but there was nothing in them that could ever appeal to the finer sentiments of humanity in the breasts of men. They crystallized most exquisitely the stream of human thought, but their refinements froze the springs of man's natural sympathies into a glittering row of frigid syllogisms. Their ethical reasoning bore in upon their hearers like a "wintry wind sweeping over a bed of half-blown flowers," until even the generous, spontaneous emotions welling up from the soul of youth were withered by its blight.

There was, indeed, a certain atmosphere of philanthropy to be found at times, but it was so flimsy, so unsubstantial and unreal, that it floated lightly around its object and dissolved into thinnest air. They could toss and worry a manly soul into a delightfully delicate frost-work of chilling sentimentalism. "O Plato! thou didst work out, unknown to thee, an exquisitely sad mockery of the feelings of the human heart."

And so it would seem that only by the incarnation of his divine doctrine could Christ hope to instil it into the perverse minds of men.

Even so they were stubbornly perplexed, and called his life hypocrisy and his doctrine a lie. "For he is a king," they said, "and yet a mendicant. The Messias, and a carpenter's son. Sinless, and he suffers pain. God, and we have thought him as it were a leper." But when all had been said there was yet remaining in his character, stricken though it was with



THE BETRAYAL.

humiliation and grief, a something that made the morning of the resurrection credible and the day of the ascension within the ken of human understanding.

The wise were confounded in his presence even before he had spoken in answer to their insidious questionings. His great sanctity overawed the souls of all who approached him. They surely felt that his eyes penetrated the inner chambers of their sinful hearts, reading the blotted pages of their lives; and still even the most vicious among them was drawn to him with an ever-yearning love. He was in truth the Carpenter of Nazareth, but he spake as never man had spoken, breathing forth the sinless, unapproachable purity of a divine life.

A single word falls from his holy lips, and the contemplative John, as also the rugged, impetuous Peter, leave all to follow him. A glance of mingled reproof and pity, and the heart of the denying apostle breaks into an agony of repentance reaching through all his life. Even in the supreme moment of his weakness and betrayal the ribald mob fall prostrate at his feet; while Judas slinks away from him into the darkness, haunted to self-destruction by the very tenderness of his words, "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?"

In short, all who came into contact with his holy person attest, often unwillingly, of the witness given by his personality in confirmation of his mission; as must all to-day who know him in his works. For life flows only from life, and when the cry comes up to us through the centuries, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" we too may meet the question as did Philip in the beginning, "Come and see!" Not, indeed, pointing to the form of him whose holy feet trod our earth eighteen centuries ago, for the blue of heaven has long since shut him out from mortal eyes, but "Come and see" that which is no less cogent for conviction: a decaying world reclaimed from the throes of dissolution; the minds of men purified from the darksome clog of paganism and sin; loving what once they hated, abhorring what once they loved, doing that which they scorned and detested, and shunning with ineffable disgust the things in which they were wont to glory.

A convent to virginity lifts upon the ashes of unspeakable immorality; a monastery to voluntary poverty upon the wreckage of luxury and greed; the golden strands of fraternal love weaving together the fibres of men's hearts where once there burned an all-consuming selfishness and hate. Hospitals and asylums rearing above the crumbling bones of infancy and dotage, whose cries and groaning wailed out unheeded to a pagan world in the desolation of heartless exposure and impending death. The shackles stricken from a trembling serfdom. The neck of woman, once ground beneath the heel of a tyrannous master, now bearing the sweet yoke of motherhood, at the mention of whose very name the iron in men's hearts is softened.

Yes, come and see the child clinging to the father with a love that is stronger than death, where once it crouched beneath the paternal hand, gripping the deadly steel with which he might at will slake his thirsty vengeance for some fancied slight upon any or all of his offspring. The strife and contentions of social discord crowded under by the loving grouping of Christendom; and lifting above all the surpassing music of the sounds of "Home." "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

The wolf of the prophecy is dwelling with the lamb; the leopard lies down with the kid; the calf and the lion and the sheep abiding together; and leading them—a little child.

THE MARTYRS OF AFRICA, 208 A.D.

BY HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

ALL who have visited Rome will remember, among the group of buildings at the head of the Forum, the arch of Septimius Severus, conspicuous by its majestic proportions, its symmetrical design, and its artistic finish. It was erected in 203 A.D., in memory of the imperial successes gained over the Parthians and Arabs by that prince and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, all their three names appearing on it. Caracalla, one of those monsters of passion inflated by absolute power who show us the awful depths to which humanity may sink, murdered his brother Geta before the eyes of their common mother and, as tradition has it, caused his name to be erased from the triumphal marble, "because he could never behold it without tears."

Some year or two before this crowning atrocity, and probably in 208 A.D., Geta was in power and in popular favor, enjoying the title of "Cæsar," and his birthday was solemnized on March 8 in probably all the provinces of the empire.

The usual orgies of bloodshed attended it in the amphitheatres with which the provincial centres were adorned in imitation of the capital. The Coliseum was the grand imperial type which they all followed. Its sports became their sports, its tastes their tastes. In the horrors of its amusements no expense was spared by the prince or begrudged by the populace. But human blood was becoming a costly luxury. Amidst the short supply of barbarian captives and condemned felons of base degree, the arena recruited its victims by repeated persecutions of the Christians; and the cry, *Christianos ad leones,* heralded virtually a new resource of imperial revenue, in cheapening those amusements which had come to be regarded as an indispensable branch of public economy. The scene of our martyrs' struggle was, however, not Rome, but Carthage. The Carthaginian amphitheatre has disappeared with all local traces of their memory; but in its prototype, the Coliseum, we have in effect a monument to the memories of all the martyrs from St. Ignatius downwards, who, whether in the imperial or in provincial arenas, were doomed to this "bestiarian" spectacle. To all, then, who turn pilgrims' steps towards the Eternal City the arch of Severus and the Flavian amphitheatre suggest reminders of a beautiful group of sainted sufferers, true sons and daughters of that *Magna Mater* of martyrs, the Catholic Church, although the faith for which they suffered has been trampled out for many a century from the region which witnessed their glorious constancy.

The Latin text of the Acts of St. Perpetua and her companions has been familiar to scholars for more than two centuries. But the recent discovery, in the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, of a Greek text of the same—evidently a translation, although its discoverer, Professor Rendel Harris, struggles to secure for it the honor of being the original—has placed superior advantages for a critical edition at the disposal of Mr. Armitage Robinson, the present editor. He establishes with great probability the ascription of the embodying narrative to Tertullian, the literary lion of the ancient African Church. Embodied in it are a longer and a shorter narrative, apparently genuine and original documents, from the hands of Perpetua herself and of her fellow-prisoner, Saturus. The latter merely describes a vision which he had had of the blissful state hereafter. A vast garden, where the trees all sang around them; angelic guardians, and fellow-sufferers who had gone before; a palace of light, a throne, and an immortal Presence sitting thereon, are its principal features. But in Perpetua's own narrative we have in effect a prison diary from the day of their arrest to the eve of her martyrdom, when she drops the pen with the words: "This I wrote up to the day before the Spectacle; what took place in the Spectacle itself let him write who wills."

The entire group of which Perpetua is the leading spirit is one of young catechumens. When arrested they had not even been baptized; but through the friendly offices of two deacons, whose names are given, they are so a few days after their arrest and before their imprisonment. Saturus, already mentioned, perhaps a priest, their catechist, gave himself up later voluntarily, to share their prison and their doom. Some are of servile condition, among them a young female slave, Felicitas, to whom a child was born in the prison the very day before the Spectacle—an event represented as hastened by the martyrs' prayers. Perpetua also has a babe at her breast, being the wife of a citizen of Carthage. The curious feature of Roman law which prohibited the expectant mother from exposure to the wild beasts, legalized that exposure at once on the birth of her child. Its temporary protection may, therefore, be ascribed not to any tenderness for sex or condition of the *enceinte*, but merely to guard the state from the loss of a future citizen. Accordingly, with unfaltering atrocity, on the morrow of her motherhood the law gave her up to the horrors of the arena.

It is worth while here to pause and contemplate this hideous abomination of the ancient world. After all that oriental mysticism, Greek philosophy, Roman jurisprudence and civilization, culminating in the *Pax Romana*, under the much-lauded period of the Antonine emperors, had done for humanity; after the efforts of Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Plato and Aristotle, Cicero and Seneca, to humanize mankind, in the very age of the great lawyers Ulpian, Papinian, and Gaius, here was this foul and cruel plague-spot, ingrained in law and custom, propagating from Rome, the imperial centre, and popularizing through all provinces of her empire, these bestiarian orgies of innocent blood. The average sentiment of the public ever speaks out most unmistakably in public amusements. In that no hypocrisy is possible. Amusement, entertainment, diversion *must* be popular, or they cease of necessity to amuse, entertain, and divert. And we have the amplest evidence that to this horrid revel of carnage all other tastes and appetites for public spectacle gradually determined. "Buskin" and "Sock" alike lost their hold on public sentiment. Tragedy could offer nothing so sensational as the actual blood-feast of the arena; Comedy nothing so diverting as the *retiarius*, hunting and hunted for his life. The dramatic instinct was dead, or only survived in the foulest forms of satyric licentiousness. How unutterably shameless these last had become we know from the cold-blooded *persiflage* of Lucian. In short, the public mind found relaxation only in what was atrociously cruel or unspeakably foul. To the arena on such occasions as Cæsar's birthday flocked all orders and degrees. The magistrate in his robes of office, the senator in purple-edged tunic and buskins, the Vestal Virgins in snowy raiment, all had reserved seats; while the keen and close competition of the populace for the general accommodation showed them seriously in earnest in this alone of all public functions. Here you saw exhibited, with absolute frankness and with all reserve laid aside, what the world had come to in its quest of the wise, the godlike, the beautiful, the true. Here was the bright peculiar flower of ancient civilization. If ever moral pessimism was justifiable, it was justified in such a scene and such spectators as the amphitheatre displayed.

Before such a scene and such a spectacle were these two young mothers—Perpetua's age was but two-and-twenty—with their infants newly torn from their bosoms, led forth to make sport—mistress and slave competing for the martyr's crown.

Such was their difference of civil status, but there is nothing to show that Felicitas was the slave of Perpetua; rather, the way in which the slaves are mentioned first, with others of undetermined status following, "among these also Vibia Perpetua, of good birth and education and honorably married, having a father and mother and two brothers, one like herself a catechumen, and a male infant at the breast," shows a presumption against her being Felicitas' mistress. To enhance the intensity of their loving comradeship comes in the incident of the puerperal condition of the former, made, as above stated, the object of prayer by all the company—not, however, that she might be spared, but that she might be included in the list of doom. Had the maternal crisis not been hastened, the law would have interposed, as stated, to exempt her. They prayed, and she gave birth to a girl—prematurely as the course of nature ran, but overruled, as they believed, in answer to their prayers, "that they might not lose so worthy a comrade."

At the moment after baptism, Perpetua records that the spirit told her to expect "suffering in the flesh"—*i. e.*, martyrdom. Her entire record is all but made up of her dreams and visions, and her agonizing interviews with her father; who made four times the most appalling efforts, tragic in their intensity of pathos, to upset her resolution, and win her back to the world and its life. Before her imprisonment, twice during the same, and again before the proconsul's tribunal, he beset her with tears and entreaties, and her infant child in his arms, "using words," she says, "which might move all creation," the hot African blood rising to a fever-point of horror and indignation within him at her Christian firmness, which he in his heathenism could not understand nor appreciate. "I was sorry," she simply says, "that he alone of all my family would not rejoice at my suffering." How could he? The loving nobleness of pure and lofty matronhood, that elevation of the sex in all its powers which sprang directly from the holy maternity of the Blessed Virgin and the divine grace radiated on Mary Magdalen from the Cross, was brought out, first of all recorded subsequent examples, in St. Perpetua. We see from her artless narrative how she shone as a domestic jewel even in the eyes of her pagan father. To the graces of her character he seems to have been fully awake; to the truth within her which was their source he was hopelessly blind. From this springs a tragic anticlimax of feeling, veined with a deeper pathos than any traceable between the scenic Œdipus and Antigone, or between the scenic Lear and Cordelia. His last frantic effort to shake her constancy culminates in detaining her child at a time when the child and she were necessary to each other. "I sent the deacon Pomponius at once" (after the scene at the tribunal), she records, "to my father, asking for the infant; but my father would not give it. And somehow, as God willed, neither did it any more desire the breast, nor did I feel feverish irritation; so that I was not distracted at once by anxiety for my child and by bosom pains." It was his last effort, and of course it failed; and she closes the painful series of interviews with the touching comment, "and I felt pity for his hapless old age."

On her visions space will not permit us long to dwell. One, which appears in answer to a special supplication urged upon her by her brother, foreshadows martyrdom. She sees, as Jacob saw, a ladder reaching to heaven, but its sides are thickly studded with every murderous weapon, and at its foot lies crouched and coiled a monster serpent. She sets her foot on his head and mounts. Again, she sees two visions regarding her young brother, deceased some years before; in the first he is, like Tantalus in the heathen Shades, longing for inaccessible water and showing marks of the facial cancer from which he died; in the next he is happy and healthy, and drinking copiously of the water of life.

Again, the deacon Pomponius seems in vision to visit her and call her forth to the arena, where a combat with an evil-looking Egyptian awaits her, and in the midst stands an umpire of more than human stature, who awards her, after her victorious struggle, a bough with golden fruit thereon, adding the words, "Peace be with thee, daughter"; and she adds, "I understood that my conflict would be not with the wild beasts, but with the devil."

Her consternation at exchanging the light of outward nature for the dense gloom of the prison is artlessly expressed: "I shuddered, for I had never experienced such darkness. O day of affliction! heat overpowering by reason of the crowds, rude behavior of the soldiers!"* are her remarks. One may notice here the simple style of Perpetua's Latin. Her vernacular was, of course, Punic; and we know from some expressions of St. Augustine that a knowledge of Latin, unless among the official class, in the Carthaginian province was rare. It was, of course, a sign of her good education, and we also learn incidentally that she could converse in Greek. That vernacular, Phœnician in its source, was close akin to the ancient Hebrew, of which one notable feature is the paucity of conjunctions. The latter feature marks her Latin style; for she hardly uses any except "and," or occasionally "then."* And this gives her short and touching narrative an artless air of genuineness, which contrasts markedly with the more rhetorical style of the larger narrative set in which it comes to us. If the latter is, as we believe with the editor, Tertullian's own, the special and supreme interest which it had for him is manifest. This lay in the prominence which it gives to visions and spiritual visitations—perfectly natural under the circumstances, and doubtless a real series of facts in our heroine's consciousness—but which fell in exactly with the author's special proclivity, down which he was already sloping, towards Montanism and its specially illuminated ladies. In short, Perpetua was to him a confirmation of the claims of Priscilla and Maximilla.† It is remarkable that the Greek text tones down the rendering of these visionary phrases—a sure mark of a later age, when Montanism had been stamped as a heresy, and therefore confirming the originality of the Latin.

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* Here occurs an interesting parallel in Perpetua's Latin to a phrase in the Vulgate text of St. Luke, iii. 14. *Concussaræ militum* is her expression. *Neminem concutiatis* (words o St. John Baptist to the soldiers, "do violence to no man") is the phrase there.

The personal gifts of ready and persuasive speech, saying the right word at the right moment, and appealing successfully to whatever was best and least degraded in her persecutors, as well as a certain fearless dignity of presence and a womanly charm of manner, are all conspicuous in Perpetua. Of her resolute constancy to her faith amidst the most terrible strains which could be applied, through the tenderest feelings of womanhood, to a daughter and a mother, proof has already been given. The transparent sincerity to which dissimulation or compromise of principles is impossible, and the absolute consciousness of that truth declared before Pilate, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above," shine out in equal lustre in the unaffected self-delineation of thought and feeling in her diary. After her vision of the ladder and the serpent she calmly closes her account with the things of time, comforts her relatives—all, save her father, more or less influenced by her own spirit of faith—commits her infant to their care, and adds: "We felt sure that martyrdom was before us, and began to have now no hope in this world." A Christian sister took charge of the babe of Felicitas.

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* The African Church in 208 A.D. must have used the *Vetus Latina*, for St. Jerome was not yet born. It was probably, to judge from its surviving fragments, much closer to the Hebrew idiom than the Vulgate, and doubtless imitated the latter in this particular. The tendency, if any, of the only Holy Scripture which she could know would thus concur with that of her native tongue in determining this interesting feature of her purely simple, refined, and lady-like style.

† See Eusebius' *Hist. Eccles.*, v. 14.

Such was the inexorable cruelty which governed the traditions of the arena that mere condemnation to face the wild beasts in its precinct did not suffice. If, through the caprice or sulkiness of the animal, the victim escaped the fangs or horns of one, he was reserved for another; and if by some rare chance he still survived, he was reserved to the end of the show, when on some low platform or stage, probably in the centre of the arena, he was deliberately stabbed to death by a public executioner. Such was ultimately the fate of both Perpetua and Saturus, as we shall farther see. Meanwhile one may, by help of this fact, throw light on a remarkable expression of St. Paul in I. Cor. iv. 9:* "For I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world," etc. The "last" victims were those who, having escaped being torn to death, were yet not allowed to escape with their lives, but were, as described above, publicly butchered by demand, it is expressly stated, of the populace. "The people," we read, "called for them to be produced in the middle (of the arena), that, as the sword passed into their bodies, the eyes of all might be accessories to the deed of blood." No nobly courageous bearing on the part of the weaponless and defenceless victims sufficed to rescue them from this inhuman doom, or certainly Perpetua, and perhaps Saturus, would have been spared. The people had come there to glut themselves with the sight of human blood, and of that dearly loved spectacle they were not to be defrauded.

To return to our martyrs: it was due to the ready-witted courage and presence of mind in Perpetua that they escaped a measure of harsh treatment. The officer in charge in his heathen superstition was disposed to regard them as possessed of magic power, and, dreading its exercise for their escape, began to treat them with unusual rigor. "We are first-class victims," was Perpetua's spirited remonstrance, "we are to adorn Cæsar's festival; will it be to your credit if we are brought out in anything but first-rate condition?" Again, as the moment came for them to enter the arena, an attempt was made to force an idolatrous fancy dress upon both men and women, and produce them in a masquerade of heathen priests. Says Perpetua to the officer: "We are here because we have refused to have our consciences forced. We are paying for the privilege with our lives; and as we pay the price, we claim the bargain." The justice of the plea carried its own weight, and the attempt so to disguise them was dropped.

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* Puto enim, quod Deus nos apostolos novissimos ostendit, tamquam morti destinatos, quia spectaculum facti sumus, etc., is the Vulgate. No commentator seems to have exactly hit the true explanation derivable from this passage.

In this part of the narrative we lose our first-rate authority, Perpetua herself, and cannot tell how far the statements rest on report and hearsay. One of the incidents reported certainly carries suspicion on the face of it. After rescinding the order for their disguise, as before said, is it credible that the same authorities would have ordered the women, and the women only, to be stripped and exposed in nets?* Yet this is the statement; and that the exposure, revealing the condition of Felicitas, raised a cry of horror even from the hardened and brazen populace; on which they were again remanded and resumed their attire. I think we must credit the narrator, or his informant, with a touch of sensational extravagance here. The story goes on that both the women were tossed, but not severely hurt, by a wild cow; that Perpetua seemed at once to recover herself, sat up, rearranged her dress and hair, and helped Felicitas also to rise. Various rhetorical touches are here added by the narrator. The most conspicuous of these is, "that it would be unseemly to have met martyrdom with hair dishevelled, that being the conventional token of mourning and dejection."† In admiration of her courage, the public voice allowed both to withdraw to the gate of the arena. There they meet a friend to whom Perpetua, as if unconscious what had befallen her, says: "I wonder when we are to encounter that cow?" The narrator ascribes this to her having experienced a spiritual ecstasy. The probability seems to be that she was stunned and dazed. Her heroic self-possession and perfect intrepidity only respited her from a second exposure, but gave no reprieve from the sword of final despatch. Among noteworthy incidents is her last word to her brother during that respite at the gate: "Stand fast in the faith, love one another, and be not scandalized at what we suffer." In this she evidently glances at her father's feelings on her behalf, who alone—as above quoted—of all the family "would have no joy" thereat. The conversion of one of the prison guard, a soldier named Pudens, who had been in closest attendance, and an affectionate farewell, with the parting gift of a ring, bestowed on him by Saturus, forms another moving example; showing how quick to spring was that harvest of the faith which had the blood of martyrdom for its seed.

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* The original is: "itaque dispoliatæ et reticulis indutæ producebantur, horruit populus, alteram respiciens puellam delicatam, alteram a partu recentem . . . ita revocatæ et discinctis indutæ" (ch. xx. p. 90).

† "Dehinc requisita acu dispersos capillos infibulavit. Non enim decebat martyram sparsis capillis pati, ne in sua gloria plangere videretur." I restore *acu* from the Greek; the Latin text has *et*.

Then comes the last scene, the human shambles and the closing butchery. The martyrs who survived thus far, and there were others besides Perpetua and Saturus surviving, stood up with one accord and gave each other the solemn kiss of peace, as the last preparation for the death-stroke in the silent centre of the blood-stained arena. Saturus, after escaping a bear, had been sorely mangled by a leopard, and seems to have swooned, but temporarily recovered, helped Perpetua to mount the scaffold, and probably exhausted by the effort—but the Latin here is a little obscure—to have swooned again and received the stab insensible. The tyro swordsman (for to such the office was entrusted) bungled his blow at Perpetua, who thereupon, after a single cry of pain, guided his sword herself to a mortal part, and so expired. "Perhaps," adds the narrator, "so grand a woman could not have been slain, feared as she was by the unclean spirit, unless she had herself so willed it."

The site of Carthage is desolate. Its Byrsa on the crown of the height, with its group of official buildings and adjacent prison, where our martyrs were first confined; the descending streets and town at its foot, with the military barracks and their prison which had later received them, the arena and amphitheatre, lie all effaced in ruin—an extinct volcano of human passions. In all their history there are but two scenes ineffaceable from memory; the grand but desperate patriotic struggle in the last war of resistance to Rome, and this which we have been now recording of inhuman atrocity and victorious constancy, "faithful unto death," some four centuries later. In less than another similar interval the empire, of which Carthage had become a tributary province, had decayed by its own corruption. Its nominal conversion to the faith came too late to save it, but happily in time to rescue the young nations already crowding over each frontier from perishing in the same moral contagion. Let the philosopher who sneers at Christianity point, if he can, to a single moral element outside it which that empire contained, which could have prevented its victors from perishing by the contamination of the vanquished. By staying the spread of that miasma to those younger races, in which lay the hope of the social regeneration of humanity, Christianity has proved itself "the salt of the earth." Had they met and conquered a heathen Rome in its decay, they would have found in every provincial city the bane which Hannibal found at Capua—and worse. The deadly taint of imperial dissolution was counteracted for those races, and its virus neutralized, by the Christianity which it had absorbed; and to which the imperial system gave a compactness of organization which made its influence omnipresent. Thus was insured the contact of those young races, of free and open minds, with the highest ideal the world had seen. Out of that contact modern history was generated, and the germs of faith, quickened by the blood of martyrs, found in them a responsive soil. Around their parting kiss of peace in the arena of carnage there seems to rise, in a vision of prophecy, the conversion of the West.

THE HOLIEST PICTURE.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

SHE sits within a latticed arbor, drest
With vines dispensing the rich grape-bloom scent,
With shade and sun in halves around her blent,
A fair babe's head against her arm and breast,
His blue eyes heavy with content and rest:
His red lips parted, and a drop like pearl
On his flushed cheek, and many a sunny curl
Veiling the snowy fount from whence 'twas drawn;
The holiest picture earth hath ever seen,
Whereon men always look with reverent mien,
Thinking of their own mothers dead and gone,
And of one other, the Immaculate:
Whom all the generations hail as blest:
So Mary sat, with Him upon her breast
And made all motherhood a sacred state.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

BY ANNA M. CLARKE.

OXFORD is a delightful city. Its venerable churches, stately colleges, lofty halls, and fine public buildings cannot fail to impress and interest the beholder, to exercise a certain fascination to which few persons who visit it find themselves insensible. The architectural elegance of these imposing edifices is not their principal charm. They are for the most part memorials of by-gone times; relics of the ages of faith; rich in hallowed associations, in traditions of the days when monks and friars peopled those time-honored cloisters, studied in the silent libraries, paced the beautiful and secluded gardens, and worshipped in the dimly-lighted chapels; when men of intellectual power were wont to consecrate the first-fruits of their talents and erudition to the glory of God, to the service of the church.

ORIGIN OF THE CITY.

The University itself forms a link between the past and the present. For a period of nearly a thousand years it has been the chief centre of learning, the home of thought in the island, and of all English institutions none has entered so deeply into the national life. "When Oxford draws knife, England is soon at strife," the old saying ran; and it may be said that in more pacific and law-abiding times than those to which it refers every movement of importance, social or moral, that has passed over the face of the country has proceeded from Oxford.

If search is made for the earliest annals of the city, it will not be found mentioned by name, nor is the spot whereon it stands associated with any recorded event until 727, when Didanus, a Saxon king, founded a nunnery there for his daughter, St. Frideswide, who to this day is regarded as the patron saint of the city. Being sought in marriage by a Mercian lord, to escape his importunity she fled to Oxford, for she had resolved to dedicate her virginity to God. On her lover pursuing her thither, he was suddenly struck blind by lightning, and only upon the intercession of the saint was his sight restored to him. Frideswide, with twelve other maidens, embraced the conventual life; in the immediate vicinity of the monastery her father built a church in honor of St. Mary and all saints, on the site of which the Cathedral of Christ Church now stands. The foundation of such an establishment implies the existence of some town or settlement, and from that time onwards Oxford has a place in the history of the country. Nothing that can be relied upon is recorded concerning it, however, until 912, when the first authentic mention of the city by name occurs in the Saxon Chronicle. It was then taken possession of by King Edward the Elder, "with all the lands that belonged thereto," and by his commands strongly fortified, to afford protection against the ravages of the Danes. The central position which it occupied, at the confluence of the Cherwell and the Isis, rendered Oxford an important stronghold at a period when the great rivers were the principal highways of the land.

CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE

About a century later the great council of the nation, or Gemot, was held at Oxford. At the time of the Norman Conquest the building of a castle, the residence of the Norman House of the d'Oyleys; the frequent visits of the kings to a palace outside the walls; the presence from time to time of important councils within its precincts, marked its political weight in the realm. A mitred abbey of Augustinian monks, rising from the swampy meadows of the Cherwell, together with the priory of St. Frideswide, gave it ecclesiastical dignity ; we read of the erection of churches and establishment of parishes, and the gift of lands for noble abbeys in the immediate neighborhood. From that time forward the population of Oxford seems to have rapidly increased.

LEGENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION.

The beginnings of the university are buried in profound obscurity. It is alleged that it was originally founded by King Alfred, who instituted schools there for the encouragement of education about the year 873, but this tradition is not now considered to be worthy of much credence. The Domesday Book, compiled in the time of William the Conqueror, contains a careful and detailed account of Oxford, but not a word therein indicates the existence of a university. We know nothing of the causes that first drew teachers and students within its walls. Around the convent of St. Frideswide a settlement of wooden houses, the origin of the historic town, had gathered, and amongst these were probably several monastic houses where the sons of the nobles and thanes were educated. Possibly the arrival of some wandering teachers from abroad quickened the educational impulse in the cloisters, and the schools gradually increased in number and in repute.

The Dominicans on their coming to England in 1221 settled at Oxford, and three years after the Franciscans, the Mendicant Friars, did the same. Their mission was to preach to the poor, and by the injunctions of their founder the possession of books was forbidden to them ; yet they also became great promoters of learning, and their presence at Oxford was signalized by the enlargement of the sphere of education and a systematic study of theology. Roger Bacon, the foremost leader of thought in Oxford in the thirteenth century, himself a Franciscan, speaks of the low standard of scholarship and the disregard of mathematics, a state of things which he greatly contributed to ameliorate in the university of which he was the chief ornament of his time. Before the close of the century Oxford was not only without a rival in England, but in European celebrity it took rank with the best schools of the Western world.

WARS OF TOWN AND GOWN.

In the outward aspect of the university there was at that early period nothing resembling its appearance in modern times. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history shows us the filthy lanes of a mediæval city, swarming with a mixed multitude of citizens and vagrants, encircled by a loop-holed wall. The schools of those days consisted not of stately buildings diversified by picturesque cloisters and quadrangles, embowered in beautiful gardens, but of a number of humble tenements where thousands of students of all ages and classes clustered round teachers as poor as themselves. The scholars were lodged in dingy hostelries, of which three hundred are said to have existed in the reign of Edward I.; in little halls, which originated in the desire of a poorer class of students to live for economy's sake in a common house and take their meals in common. We read that in the reign of William II. the Jews obtained permission to establish themselves at Oxford; their intention being to possess themselves of the halls or lodging houses recently opened for the accommodation of students. These they did not fail to work to their own advantage; the extortions also practised upon strangers who lodged in the houses of the towns-folk often gave rise to scenes of violence and outrage. In fact the numerous instances of disturbances in the city disclose a state of society hardly calculated for study and the advancement of learning. At nightfall, we are told, revellers and roysterers swarmed through the ill-lighted streets and labyrinthine lanes, defying authorities and striking down burghers at their own doors. At the corners of the streets were groups of young men, quarrelling among themselves or begging of the passers-by. Now and again a tavern row between scholars and townsmen widened into a general broil, and the academical hall of St. Mary's vied with the town-bell of St. Martin's in clanging to arms. Much ill-will between the two classes was engendered by the claim of the students to be exempted as clerks from trial before the ordinary tribunals. This was intolerable to the townsmen, who thought that the gownsmen would find more lenient judgment in the court of the chancellor than in that of the mayor. This question of jurisdiction was the origin of the fights of the 5th of November which annually take place in Oxford. Known as "Gown and Town," they are a relic of the contests for predominance in by-gone days.

Sometimes the disturbances became very serious. It is recorded that in the commencement of King John's reign, about the year 1208, one of the students, while practising archery, accidentally shot a burgher's wife and caused her death. Some of the towns-folk thereupon went to the hall where the offender lodged, demanding vengeance; and finding he had made good his escape, they took three of his companions, one of whom was a priest, and put them to death, although they were not only innocent but ignorant of the occurrence. The king was at that time in the neighborhood of Oxford; he was an enemy of clerks, and far from punishing the burghers, he countenanced their proceeding. Indignant at the outrage done to them, the whole body of scholars, three thousand in number, quitted the city; not one member of the university, teacher or disciple, remained within its walls. They betook themselves, some to Abingdon, others to Reading, while a large proportion migrated to Cambridge, where a school of learning was being formed. The towns-people of Oxford, finding their houses empty, their gains gone, earnestly solicited the return of the students, and offered to make satisfaction for their offence. Several years passed before a settlement of terms was made, the conditions being finally dictated by the Papal legate. Half the rent of the halls was to be remitted for a fixed num-

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ber of years, and several other privileges to be accorded to the scholars were agreed upon before the halls were again repeopled with students and the academical life of the city was revived.

This experience did not prevent another outbreak of very grave character about one hundred and fifty years later. On St. Scholastica's Day, 1354, a sharp conflict took place between the citizens and the students. The latter were overpowered, sixty-three of them being killed. This event was considered of sufficient importance for the pope to lay the city under an interdict for some months, whilst the citizens were heavily fined by the civil authorities. It is perpetuated in an annual ceremony. On the recurrence of St. Scholastica's day the mayor of Oxford and sixty-two official personages attend the church of St. Mary, where a litany is read at the altar, and every one present is under the obligation of making the offering of a penny. Let it not be supposed that the students in those unruly times were always at peace amongst themselves. From all parts of the country young men flocked together, bringing with them traditional animosities, local prejudices, and political rivalries. Quarrels were rife amongst them, the strife of factions ran high, and mutual antipathies were too often quenched in bloodshed.

FORMATION OF GUILDS.

In the middle of the thirteenth century the university, which began as a more or less fortuitous gathering of teachers and pupils, had attained a corporate existence, the masters and doctors exercising control over admission to their body by a degree (which formerly meant a permission to teach). As the number of scholars increased, the tendency to form associations or guilds amongst themselves manifested itself. Colleges, under the charge of a principal who would manage household affairs as well as superintend the studies of his scholars, gradually superseded halls and monasteries as the home of the university students and the stronghold of university discipline. Merton was the first to take its rise. It was founded, in 1264, by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester and also Lord High-Chancellor of England, for at that period all the high offices of state were filled by ecclesiastics. He intended it as a place of study for those who would live as religious without being bound by the vows of religion (*qui non religiosi, religiosi viverent*). This college, with its constitution and privileges, and the statutes drawn up in 1274, may be described as the model of the collegiate system in early times. It may, therefore, be interesting to the reader to hear some details of the rules and regulations.

All the members of the college were required to attend regularly the Masses, which were solemnized by chaplains specially appointed for the ministry of the altar and bound to be constantly resident. Although the day began at 5 or 6 A.M., we find no mention of breakfast until the sixteenth century, when the men went to the buttery for a hunk of bread and a pot of beer, which they either consumed there or carried to their rooms. The scholars were all to dine and sup at a common table, and, as far as possible, to wear a uniform dress. In their chambers they were to abstain from noise, and speak in Latin only. During meals they were to listen in silence to a reader; sometimes a portion of Holy Scripture was recited by a chaplain while they sat at table. A relic of this usage existed up to the beginning of the present century. It was customary in Queen's College for the porter at the commencement of dinner to take a Greek Testament to the fellow who was presiding at the high table. He opened it and returned it to him, indicating a verse with the words: *legat* so and so. The porter carried the book to the person named, saying *legat*. He read the verse pointed out, and the Testament was then taken out of hall.

MERTON COLLEGE.

The foundation of Merton College at first consisted of a warden, chaplain, and scholars, the number of these latter being regulated by the revenues of the college. They were distributed in twos and threes as joint occupants of a single room, which served both as dormitory and study. The stringency of the regulations never permitted the younger students to go beyond the gates unless accompanied by a master of arts. A chapter or scrutiny was to be held three times a year, a week before Christmas, a week before Easter, and in July, when inquiry was made into the life, the conduct, the morals, and the progress in learning of every scholar; when abuses were corrected, and penalties, if necessary, were inflicted. Any crime, if proved before the warden and six seniors, was punished with expulsion. With the period of bachelorship they entered upon a stage more nearly corresponding to that of the modern undergraduate. But how would the modern undergraduate, reclining in an easy-chair in his elegantly-decorated and brilliantly-lighted room, surrounded with every luxury and every refinement, like to exchange places with the Oxonian of five centuries ago?

The apartment which the Bachelor, or "Portmaster,"* shared with a senior fellow was scantily furnished and wholly uncarpeted, always comfortless and in winter scarcely tenantable. It contained no fire-place, the luxury of a fire being reserved for the hall alone; the wind whistled through the crevices of the narrow, ill-fitting, often unglazed casement, while by the dim, fitfully flickering flame of an oil-lamp the student kept his vigils, intent upon the pages of a greasy parchment over which an amanuensis had spent months of painful toil.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

The regulations made by the founder of Corpus Christi College also enjoin that fellows and scholars are to sleep two in a room, the fellow in a high bed, the scholar in a truckle-bed. The fellow is to have the supervision of his companion, with authority to admonish him, punish him, or report him to his superiors. The beds were made and the rooms kept in order by the junior occupant; this office implied no degradation in the days when the sons of gentlemen served as pages in the households of the great. The sedentary labors of the student were in those days relieved neither by the athletic games nor the æsthetic pastimes of our own age. Archery and outdoor sports were then mostly martial exercises, while music and the fine arts were comparatively unknown. To take part in football, cudgelry, and the rough play of the townsmen was against rules. A ramble over the hillsides or by the river was the principal active relaxation in which the scholar indulged; nor could this be protracted to a late hour, for the college gates were closed at nine in summer and at eight in winter, and the keys deposited with the warden or master until the morning. Whoever spent the night out of college, or entered except by the gate, was punished—if a fellow, by the fine of twelve pence; if a scholar, by flogging. That faults of conduct were formerly corrected by the administration of corporal chastisement is no idle tradition. A scourge of four lashes made of plaited cord after the old fashion, a genuine example of the *flagellum* of mediæval discipline, is still extant and in perfect condition in Lincoln College. It is the emblem of office of the sub-rector—or, as he was also called, the corrector—and is still solemnly laid down by him on the expiration of his term of office, to be restored to him if he is re-elected, or if not, handed on to his successor.

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* The "Portmaster" is an institution peculiar to Merton College. An endowment dating from the fourteenth century provides funds for certain poor scholars, or *portionistæ*.

SAINTLY ASSOCIATIONS OF OXFORD.

Let it not be imagined that in olden times the university was only a seat of learning, and not a home of piety. Its hallowed precincts re-echoed with the footsteps of many a saint, as well as of innumerable scholars and sages. It was in the church of the Black Friars that St. Edmund Rich, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the greatest saints of the Anglo-Norman Church, when a boy at Oxford studying grammar, one evening, when other worshippers had departed, and twilight was falling in the dimly-lighted aisles, knelt at the foot of a celebrated image of the Blessed Virgin and espoused himself to her by a vow of perpetual virginity. In pledge of his engagement he placed upon the finger of the statue a gold ring, on which the angelical salutation was engraved. The finger closed upon the ring so that it was impossible to withdraw it. St. Edmund had caused another ring exactly similar to be made, which he wore upon his own hand until the day of his death, and which was buried with him. From the time of this solemn consecration of himself, as he acknowledged at the close of his life, never did he fail to find in his august protectress a refuge in trouble and a deliverer in temptations. This act of the saint was perpetuated in the seal of the Dominicans of Oxford; it represents our Blessed Lady with the Divine Child in her arms, and a small kneeling figure at her feet, presumably intended for the young Edmund.

PORCH OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WITH HER STATUE.

The relics of St. Frideswide, deposited in the cathedral church, were treated with the greatest veneration, and her shrine was watched over by the monks of Christ Church. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth it was the resort of numerous pilgrims. On Ascension Day it was customary for the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the university, with the parochial clergy, to visit this shrine, with the cross borne before them. On one occasion, while this procession was wending its way through the streets, a Jew violently snatched the cross from its bearer and trampled it under his feet. In punishment for this audacious affront to the crucified Saviour the king, Henry III., when it was made known to him, commanded all the Jews in the city to be imprisoned, and obliged them to erect at their own cost a stately marble cross on the spot where the outrage was committed; on one side was to be the figure of Christ, on the other a representation of his Blessed Mother. They were also to present another cross of silver gilt to the proctors for use in future processions. Thus was the dignity of the Christian faith upheld by the head of the state as well as by the ministers of religion.

LITERARY PROGRESS.

When, on account of the renown Oxford acquired for the erudition and ability of its lecturers, the whole literary class of the country, besides many students from abroad, were attracted to its schools, and one college after another was founded by wealthy ecclesiastic or devout layman, each one was formally dedicated to the glory of God, to the honor of our Lady. They were opened with solemn processions, and litanies to the praise of Christ, of his holy mother, and of the saints, while its future inmates were commended to the protection of God, the source of all true science, and to her whom we love to invoke as *sedes sapientiæ.* Every one who passes under the gateway of New College, one of the finest edifices of the university, is reminded of the devotion of the pious founder for the Mother of God by the ancient sculptures over the principal entrance. In the centre niche is a statue of Mary; on either side are figures of the Angel Gabriel and the founder in a posture of adoration. In former times it was customary for members of the college passing under this portal to raise their caps in salutation.

CHORAL REGULATIONS.

If we examine the ancient statutes of Magdalen College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, we find they ordain that Our Lady's antiphon be sung on Saturdays and on the eves of her festivals, after Compline, by the fellows and scholars. The second

Mass daily celebrated in the chapel was the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and at it the lay-fellows of the college were required to be present. Some antiphon of Our Lady was ordered to be recited at grace before and after meals in all schools and colleges of the university. One custom dating from Catholic times is still observed at Magdalen College. On May-day morning, at sunrise, the clergy and choristers, vested in surplices, ascend to the summit of the lofty tower—a tower unequalled in architectural beauty and elegance by anything in the United Kingdom—to chant a Latin hymn in honor of the Holy Trinity. This hymn is doubtless a substitute for the carols in honor of Our Lady wherewith the opening of her month was welcomed. At the close of it a merry peal is rung out to usher in the day.

A PERIOD OF DECLINE.

We must not linger too long among memories such as these, but proceed to glance at the changes wrought in the university by the unhappy events of the sixteenth century. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the fountains of scholastic thought began to run dry in Europe, and this decay was specially marked at Oxford; the declining number of the students attesting the decrease of ability among the teachers. But on the revival of classical learning on the Continent, through the dispersion of the Greek scholars, who found a refuge in Italy, the intellectual life of Oxford awoke to fresh activity. Grocyn, Linacre, and others, having studied in Florence, brought the "new learning," as it was called, to their native shores, where, under royal and ecclesiastical patronage, it took root and flourished. Erasmus, visiting England in the time of Henry VIII., was able to declare that he found in Oxford so much polish and learning that he hardly cared about going to Italy. The study of Greek led to a critical examination of the New Testament, and set on foot a movement of religious thought which, in its dissatisfaction with the traditions of the past, prepared the way to some extent for the subversive doctrines of the German reformers. The dissolution of the monasteries, the spoliation of libraries and chapels, the ejection of nonconforming heads of houses and fellows under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, served to empty Oxford of scholars. Under these monarchs the old freedom of the university was taken away, lest if the immunities of the place continued it might become an asylum for disaffected persons. On the confiscation of monastic institutions by order of Henry VIII. some of the revenues were appropriated to the foundation and endowment of schools and colleges, in order to prevent the total alienation of the property from the intentions of the donors. Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, was the last and grandest effort of expiring mediævalism. Trinity and St. John's owed their erection to the Catholic reaction under Queen Mary. Jesus, intended distinctly for Welsh students, was established by Queen Elizabeth as the first Protestant college.

RAVAGES OF THE "REFORMATION."

In pre-Reformation times, as we have seen, a college in its external features closely resembled a monastic house. It differed principally from a convent in that its inmates were not bound by a rule, and were free to depart from the college into the wider service of the church. One of the indirect results of the Reformation was to change the original character of the college, and convert it into a place of residence for undergraduates with a body of fellows supposed to be engaged in tuition. The routine of chapel services, masses, anniversaries, obits, could no longer be pursued: *Sacerdotes missas celebrantes* became *capellani preces celebrantes*, provided they would acknowledge the supremacy of the sovereign and receive the heretical prayer-book. The royal injunctions, commanding the removal of "all monuments tending to idolatry and popish or devil's service, crosses, censers, and such like filthy stuff," caused the ruthless destruction in hall and library and chapel of treasures of religious art, the wanton defacing of carvings and sculpture, of statues and painted windows, of gorgeous vestments and reliquaries of inestimable value. One of the most striking instances of the havoc wrought by the commission appointed to execute the orders of the monarch is to be found in All Souls' College. This college, founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437 as a memorial of Agincourt, was intended to be a chantry as well as a place of education, *ad orandum* as well as *ad studendum*. The members were under an obligation to offer up prayers for the king (Henry VI.) and the founder, and for the souls of all the faithful departed, more especially of the Englishmen who fell in the war with France. Over the entrance is still to be seen a sculpture representing souls suffering amid the flames of purgatory. On the chapel the founder lavished peculiar care; a magnificent reredos, delicately carved and richly decorated, filled the east end, containing fifty statues and eighty-five statuettes in canopied niches. In 1549, by order of the Royal Commissioners, the interior of this beautiful chapel was looted; the windows were broken, altars were removed, statues were thrown down, sculptures destroyed. For three centuries the reredos was hidden behind a coat of plaster; when this was removed very few of the mutilated figures could be identified, but at the top a considerable fragment of the Last Judgment was found *in situ*, with the inscription: *Surgite mortuos, venite ad judicium.* This splendid reredos has been restored, and the empty niches are now filled with figures of the apostles and of the principal warriors who fell on the plains of Agincourt. Its original aspect, blazing with scarlet and gold and blue, must have been very different to that which the present century knows. Of the massive church-plate naught but two cruets now remain, beautiful specimens of the goldsmith's art, eighteen inches high, shaped like pilgrims' bottles and adorned with swans' heads. The disposal of the large revenues, intended for the benefit of the holy souls, was directed for the most part to the providing of luxurious living. The Gaudis and other annual dinners became huge banquets, the festivities being prolonged for three days. All Souls', like other colleges, suffered in the civil wars. On the removal of the court to Oxford in Charles the First's reign large contributions of money were raised for the king's use, and almost all the college plate that had escaped the greed of former monarchs, tankards, flagons, goblets innumerable, went into the melting-pot and to the mint, to come forth in the clumsy coinage of that time.

INNER QUADRANGLE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

AN EPICUREAN CULT.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under the blighting influence of dominant Protestantism, the intellectual life of the university was at a low ebb, while complete stagnation fell upon the religious life of the country. The tuition became of the meanest type, owing chiefly to the degeneracy of the fellows of colleges, whose duty, as contemplated by the statutes of the founder, was to consist in the study of theology and in prayer, taking their share in the college business, and occasionally assisting the chaplains of the town churches in their ministerial functions. In lieu of these good works, in the time of which we are now speaking, they devoted themselves principally to the pleasures of the table. When they entered the common-room, after dinner in hall, a bottle of port wine was standing on the sideboard for each of their number. These being finished, a fresh supply was forthcoming. One story of a Lincoln tutor within living memory is typical. The narrator, a dignitary of the Established Church, says: "I read with him through the greater part of the second extant decade of Livy, in which the name of Hannibal not unfrequently occurs. There was a bottle of port on the table, and whenever we came to the name of the Carthaginian general my tutor would replenish his glass, saying: 'Here's that old fellow again; we must drink his health'; never failing to suit the action to the word." A visitor to Oxford some thirty years ago relates that whilst being conducted over Magdalen College by a cicerone he observed some gentlemen in cap and gown lounging idly in the quadrangle, and asked what was their occupation. The man stared at him in amazement. "Why, sir, they are fellows!" he ejaculated, evidently thinking the notion of work in connection with such dignified personages to be highly derogatory to them. Unsatisfied with this answer, the visitor inquired of a college servant whether no duties were attached to the office of fellow. The reply he received was this: "Them that likes teaching, teaches; them that likes preaching, preaches; them that neither teaches nor preaches, walks about with their hands in their pockets."

One could hardly expect that tutors such as these would take much interest in their scholars. Except when they met at lectures, the dons—*i.e.*, fellows and tutors—held quite aloof from the undergraduates, never interfering with them, unless to punish or rebuke them for disorderly conduct or for want of respect to themselves personally. Of an eccentric president of Trinity in the seventeenth century it is related that when he observed the scholars' hair to be longer than usual he would bring a pair of scissors in his muff, which he commonly wore, and woe betide those who sat on the outside of the table! Once he cut a scholar's hair with the knife used for cutting bread: an indignity to which a man could hardly be expected to submit. In the present day, when all barriers are being broken down, the "donnishness" which formerly marked the relations between tutors and pupils has disappeared. University discipline is relaxed, the rules and penalties of olden days are abolished. Not very long ago the undergraduate was not seen in the streets without the academical habit, nor might he remain out later than nine o'clock. *Great Tom*,* the bell of Christ Church, still rings out at that hour its hundred strokes, the signal for the closing of the college gates, but the students no longer heed its summons to seek their quarters for the night.

THE MODERN SYSTEM.

The college system is not now powerful as of yore. Now all colleges combine for honors teaching, and the undergraduate of one college is admitted to the lectures of all, whereas twenty years ago he received all his tuition within the walls of his own college. By this alteration a needless multiplication of lectures is avoided, and a better staff of teachers insured. Moreover, besides the college tutors, the university is provided with public professors and public lecturers. The academical year is divided into four terms: For the B. A. degree sixteen terms must be kept; for the M. A. the regulations require four more. After the sixth term the student goes in for responsions (or "Little Go"). This is an examination in classics, rudimentary logic, and Euclid. It is followed by moderations ("Mods"), the first public examination, which takes place in the middle of the academical course and includes various subjects. Finally there is the second public examination (or "Great"). These examinations are of two kinds: for a pass, or for honors; the students may also be divided into pass-men and class-men. A considerable number are "ploughed"—fail, that is, to pass at all, their attainments not satisfying the examiners. The subjects are much the same both for a pass and for honors, but the amount and method of work required is very different. In the former a man must have studied to a certain extent subjects which form part of a liberal education; for the latter he must have worked hard and attained considerable proficiency in at least some one department. For the *testamur*, or pass-paper, much anxiety is displayed; outside the schools an impatient crowd waits to scan eagerly the official notification of successful candidates the moment it is affixed to the doors.

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* This bell weighs seventeen tons, twelve hundredweight. It was recast in 1680 and bears the inscription: *Magnus Thomas Clinius Oxoniensis.* The original inscription before the recasting ran as follows: *In Thomæ laude resons sine fraude.*

In other countries men, or rather boys, go to the university to learn. In England they go to develop, and the years spent at the university fulfil the important task of forming a young man's character. The ordinary "freshman's" ambitions lie in social and athletic rather than in the studious line. Some say for the majority of students there is no intellectual life. Their years at Oxford are an enjoyable period, broken only by the labor of cramming with sufficient facts to pass their examinations. This view of the university career was forcibly put by *Punch* some years back, when a private tutor was represented as saying to the pupil he was preparing for the university: "Work well with me for six months, and I promise you a long three years' holiday at Oxford." But now beneath the gay and idle aspect of Oxford much solid work goes on. It is true that some men aim at learning just enough of a subject to enable them to write on it, or hold their own without real knowledge; but for first-class honors, a coveted distinction in the *litteræ humaniores*, deep as well as wide reading is necessary. The number of students who enter every year is over eight hundred. About eighty per cent. of these proceed to their B. A. degree; the remainder either enter for special study or fail to pass the examinations. Three-quarters of the six hundred graduates whom on an average Oxford turns out annually are honor men; more than half of these take their degree in classics. Some remain as fellows of colleges or tutors; others have a position in English life which they inherit. The great bulk earn their living, finding work in the civil service, the Established Church, law, and teaching. A few pass into the army, the successful university candidates being exempted from one year's training at Sandhurst. The object of recent legislation has been to render it possible for more to share in the benefits of university education, but it is doubtful whether more men do not take their degree than is desirable, since the market for graduates is limited. The wealthy manufacturer rarely sends his son to Oxford, unless to make a parson of him, for in the present struggle for commercial supremacy the three best years for acquiring a knowledge of business cannot be spared from a young man's life.

The student's day falls into three divisions: the morning being by most men devoted to work, the afternoon to amusements, the evening to that form of social or convivial intercourse which may suit his individual tastes. We give a sketch of this day from the pen of one who was himself for many years an inmate of one of the Oxford colleges:

"The undergraduate is called at 6:30 or 7 by his bedmaker or scout. The former is the chief functionary in his domestic affairs, the latter a subordinate minister to his wants. The hour when he is awakened is determined by the hour of chapel or roll-call, half an hour being allowed for dressing. But it does not at all follow that the student rises at once. At many colleges two chapels a week, besides Sundays, are now deemed sufficient. From those who answer to roll-call (an alternative for chapel attendance) a larger number of attendances is required. At 8 or thereabouts the student breakfasts; generally a simple repast of coffee and bread-and-butter, with perhaps cold meat, chop, or eggs if he is athletically inclined, or needs good feeding. At 9 lectures commence and continue till 1. On an average every student will have about two lectures each morning. In the rooms of his tutor or in the college hall or lecture-room he will translate Virgil or Thucydides, write pieces of Latin and

RADCLIFFE LIBRARY AND EXAMINATION HALL.

Greek, or hand in those previously written in his rooms, and listen to the tutor expounding classics or criticising the compositions of his pupils. At 1 luncheon; then more study or conversation for an hour or so. At 2 or 2:30 the undergraduate world sallies forth to what is for many—we will hope not for most—the important business of the day: rowing, riding, cricket, foot-ball, tennis. Of all the pursuits to which Oxford men devote their energies there is none so engrossing as boating. In most colleges a majority of its members have been at one time or other connected with their college boat. The university races cause great excitement. The boats are eight-oared, and the object of each crew is to "bump," or strike, against the boat preceding them, and thus acquire the right to take its place on the river. The continuous development of the taste for athletics is one of the signs of the times. Superfluous to say it flourishes most vigorously at Oxford. Very happy are those afternoons of healthy sport; and, in point of fact, the average of study is higher among those who spend their afternoons on the river or in the cricket-field than among the more inert who are satisfied with lounging about the High Street, or in the close atmosphere of the billiard-room, or reading a novel in one of the rooms of the Union Society.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

"Dinner, which used to be at 5 or 6 a quarter of a century since, is now almost universally at 7. Attendance in the college hall at this necessary ceremony is in some colleges compulsory, though it is a matter in which compulsion is scarcely needed. At one end, on a raised dais, at the high table sit the dons—*i. e.*, the tutors, lecturers, and other senior members of the college—and enjoy a meal which is always good and sometimes luxurious. The undergraduate dinner is far simpler. He is not allowed to have wine in hall, except upon guest-nights, and has a meal of joints and pastry. But he compensates for this public frugality by private enjoyments; few are the evenings when there is not in every college some 'wine' or supper, where the generous host regales his friends at the expense of his parents or guardians with bad port and indifferent sherry, plenty of dessert, and cigars of the same quality as the wine. 'Wines' take place immediately after dinner—*i. e.*, 7:30 P.M. Suppers at 9 or 9:30; by which time the student has generally regained a healthy appetite, and after a square meal he prolongs the festivity into the far night, sometimes until dawn of day, winding it up occasionally with some form of harmless mirth, such as breaking all the windows in the quadrangle, painting all the doors with red paint, pulling a number of the quieter students out of their beds, or dancing a wild bacchanalian dance, accompanied with loud shouts and derisive songs, in front of the windows of any obnoxious tutor or dean."

SOCIAL LIFE AT OXFORD.

Besides the sports and pastimes that engross the attention and consume the leisure of most Oxford undergraduates, there are the purely social or semi-intellectual occupations and gatherings of the various clubs and societies, of which a marked increase is observable of late years. The "Union" has a history of sixty years, and numbers many celebrated names among its presidents. It is partly a literary club, partly a debating society. During the day the room is used as a reading-room; on Thursdays at 8 P. M. it is cleared for debates. These are often of exciting interest. Four speeches are arranged beforehand on a given subject. The mover of the question may speak for half an hour, the other members are limited to twenty minutes. The audience is an impatient and a critical one. No dull speaker is tolerated, however popular his statements and opinions. Many able orators have had their first training in this school.

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

The expenses of an undergraduate at Oxford may now be covered by a far smaller sum than in former days. The whole tradition of the place is, however, against economy, and the official, apart from personal expenses, are considerable. The entrance fee for the college is £5; the university fee for matriculation £2.10*s*. Besides this each undergraduate pays to his college the rent of rooms, college dues, the cost of tuition and food. Some, but not many, keep their *battels* (the price of the food supplied to them from the kitchen) under £90; £150 is exceptionally high. To these are added his personal expenses, payment for the furniture of his rooms, crockery, etc., besides subscriptions to the Union Society and athletic clubs. The system is now coming into vogue of the college owning the furniture and charging for its use only, instead of each freshman purchasing it from his predecessor. The scale of charges varies with the size and importance of the colleges; it is said that a careful man may live for £180, if he has a home where to spend the vacations. Every undergraduate pays £2 a year for four years only, and every graduate £1 as long as his name remains on the college books. From this source, and from other fees, an income of some £20,000 is annually procured for the maintenance of the libraries, museums, and the teaching staff of the university.

Before taking leave of Oxford we must not omit to mention one of its chief glories, the Bodleian library, which takes rank with the great national libraries of the world. Its collection of rare volumes, ancient and modern, English and foreign, renders it a favorite resort of the scholar and scientist. Besides many invaluable codices and illuminated missals, it has in its keeping the oldest MS. of Homer extant. All the old colleges, too, possess collections of choice paintings and MSS., of ancient plate and antique furniture, curiosities and antiquities of high value and fine workmanship, which may be seen by the visitor. Singular customs, too, linger within their gray and time-honored walls. The members of Queen's College are still summoned to dinner by a trumpet blown by a tabarder, a servant so called from his official dress, a tabard or short gown without sleeves, open at the sides. And on Christmas Day, at 5 P.M., the boar's head is carried up the hall, adorned with banners bearing coats of arms, while a carol is sung, of which the chorus is:

Caput apri defero—(The boar's head in hand bear I,
Reddens laudes Domino—(Giving praise to God on high).

Tradition says this custom is in commemoration of an act of valor on the part of a former student of the college in the fourteenth century, who while walking in a neighboring forest was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. Another survival of olden times in the same college appears to have had its origin in fanciful derivation of the founder's name, Eglesfeld, thought to be *Aiguille-et-fil*. On New Year's day the bursar presents each member of the college with a needle and thread, with the admonition: "Take this, and be thrifty." In New College the inmates used, down to the year 1830, to be summoned to dinner by two choir-boys, who at a stated minute started from the college gateway chanting in unison and prolonged syllables, *Tem-pus est vo-can-di à man-ger, O seigneurs!* It was their business to make this sentence last on till they reached the kitchen with the final note. At the beginning of the century the members of the college were awakened every morning by the porter striking the door at the bottom of each staircase several times with a wooden hammer, called the *wakening mallet.*

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

As "the old order changeth, giving place to new," these quaint ceremonies and usages of the past are quickly disappearing. While we regret the abrogation by the spirit of the age of much that is venerable and useful, we cannot but rejoice that the old prejudices and intolerant temper have likewise, to a great extent, vanished. The first breeze that stirred the mists that hung over the stagnant waters of all-pervading Protestantism was the so-called Oxford movement. Inaugurated more than fifty years ago by Cardinal Newman, its primary object was to reassert the Catholic character of the Anglican Church, while its ultimate result was to bring its originator, with many men of talent, education, and earnest piety, to the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Thus the ancient city of St. Frideswide became the cradle of the Catholic revival. Trinity College, with its superb lime-walk, is ever connected with the name of Cardinal Newman, who to the end of his long life never forgot to commemorate the "happy day" (May 18, 1818) when he was admitted as a member of the foundation. So also is the Church of St. Mary, of which he was the vicar, whose elegant spire is the chief ornament of the High Street, while in a niche of the sculptured porch stands a statue of Our Lady with the Divine Child in her arms, once an object of such offence to the Puritans that its existence formed an article in the impeachment of Archbishop Laud. This image, however, escaped the fury of the iconoclasts, as did the stone carving over the portal of Corpus Christi, which represents angels adoring the sacred Host. The plates and dishes used in hall at this college, it may be observed, bear the effigy of the pelican in her piety. Within the last quarter of a century it has been made permissible for Catholics to hold college fellowships; we believe that there are now two Catholic fellows resident at St. John's, a college once given up to anti-Catholic bigotry. In the days of persecution it was denominated the nursery of Jesuits and of martyrs, so many were its sons who entered the Society of Jesus and laid down their lives for the faith.

Much more that is of general interest might be said about this seat of culture and learning, but we have already lingered there too long. A mere glimpse at its external attractions and advantages, apart from its historical importance and venerable institutions, suffices to enable one to understand why a man looks back at the years spent at Oxford as amongst the happiest of his life.

THE TIDE AT ITS FLOOD.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

> "THERE is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"We won't wait for Upton, my dear. Time, tide, and the duck wait for no man. I am too jealous of my cook's reputation to wait for anybody while the delicate juices of a canvas-back are meandering unappreciated down its delicately-browned sides, wasting its sweetness on the desert air of a deserted dining-room. Shall we dine?"

As the party filed into the dining-room, and Kathleen, a little nervously, took her place at the head of her father's table for the first time to guests of her own choosing, she glanced apprehensively at Mrs. Vanroy's critical eyes, but was immediately reassured by an instant's silent telegraphic look that the arrangements were perfection. She was secretly and intensely grateful to Jim for having sent to Maine for the thick mass of trailing arbutus that fringed the mirror centre; wondered how long the lower left-hand candle would last before it set fire to its pink petticoat; gave a swift, brilliant smile to old Mr. Bohun; a sweet, soft little smile at Jim, and then the "biggest function of the season," as Jim had characterized it, proceeded on its noiseless, elegant way.

If there was anything the good doctor really loved beyond his daughter, his profession, and his table, it was conversation. "Conversation," he was wont to say, "is a lost art." Such as his was, for the only requisite necessary for one of the participants was the art of listening. During the first course he had claimed Mrs. Vanroy and held her, fascinated, it must be admitted, by his eloquent discourse on the beauties of tooling, and values of ancient bindings in general. Catching the word "intaglio" on his left, he descanted on the values of cameo and jade until the terrapin appeared.

Poor Mrs. Vanroy, when released, turned to young Novotny and said: "Do you know the definition of a bore?"

"A bore?" he said wonderingly.

"Yes," she said seriously. "A bore is a person who continually talks of himself when I want to talk of myself."

"Oh!" he laughed, "I see. Just take refuge on your right when you can."

"Thanks. Kathleen is really doing very well, don't you think?"

"Admirably," he said heartily, with a long look of approval at the pretty little hostess, who caught his eye and smiled in a friendly way, and was immediately frowned on by Jim.

When, upon her graduation from St. Philomena's, Jim too had returned for good and had proceeded to change his life-long, boyish, brotherly affection into downright, strong, sweet, jealous love, Kathleen thought it all a part of the general atmosphere of success and pleasure she found herself in ever since she had made her little bow to the public at Mrs. Vanroy's "tea" earlier in the season. She had been fêted and petted by all the "blood" at Orange, for her father was the leading physician of that select, exclusive little suburb, and as a man of wealth and culture had overcome the prejudice which existed early in his career against his Irish name and what some termed his "aggressive" Catholicity.

But she did hate to see Jim frowning at harmless Charlie Novotny. That young gentleman was pouring his grievances into Mrs. Vanroy's sympathetic ear. "I don't see what she sees in him," he growled with cheerful masculine want of perspicuity where the charms of a fellow-suitor were in question.

Mrs. Vanroy smiled down at her plate.

"He's a nice enough fellow," he went on; "and now that he's taken his degree, is very sensible to accept the position of ship's doctor with his uncle on his next trip to China."

"Ship's doctor? Why, I didn't even know he had an uncle."

"Captain Ascher, of the *Millicent*, is his uncle. He sails next week. Imagine being four months going. And in the meantime Kathleen—"

"Oh! that's hardly an engagement," said Mrs. Vanroy encouragingly, "they've grown up together and now fancy themselves in love. Kathleen's free for a year at any rate. But with her money and notions of independence, there's no knowing what she will do. What's that, doctor?"

The doctor's talk had long since drifted away from the allurements of bindings. He had exhausted the last exhibition at the Academy, the outrage of duty on art, the new tariff, and was now deep in the mysteries of the proper way to make a Welsh rarebit.

"You add an egg, of course?" said Mrs. Spencer, who was a novice, but had just received a new silver chafing-dish.

"Add nothing," said the doctor, "nothing to the grated cheese but a suspicion of cayenne pepper; and to keep it from burning, just a dash of good English ale—

"Who's talking of ailing? Not you, doctor, I hope," said a cheery voice from the doorway. "My *dear* Miss Kathleen, ten thousand pardons! I'm like the belated bridegroom, or the foolish virgins, or some other Biblical personage. No, no soup, thanks. A little of the roast, yes. Thanks. Now, what was I saying?" and the late Mr. Upton beamed on his friends like a cherub in evening clothes.

"You were saying you bore a remarkable resemblance to the prodigal son," broke in Mrs. Vanroy.

"Yes, ah, yes! Well, I came precious near not being here at all. Just as I was stepping out of the cab at Forty-second Street who should run against me but Verney. You know Verney, doctor?—junior member of the Shattock, Lloyd & Miller firm? Well, sir, he gave me a facer, I can tell you. Said they had just been wired that the Golden Horn had completely petered out, and the shares that yesterday were worth two hundred and forty, were then not worth the paper they were printed on. Some poor wretch has lost a pile, for he tells me their firm only last week bought up outlying shares for some one customer to the tune of eight hundred thousand. If he put all his eggs in that one basket he's a goner. Frappé? Yes, think I will. Know that mine, doctor?

The doctor had stooped to lift a wine-bottle from the cooler, but straightened up without it, grateful for the blood that had rushed into his poor set face, that had slowly whitened and stiffened during the recital of the failure of the Golden Horn. The gay talk went on about him; his pretty little daughter held her own in her sweet, girlish dignity, the pink-shaded candles quivered before his eyes, yet he had to put an iron hand on himself and sit and smile acquiescence to jest and question and nonsense while the crushing sense of loss pinioned his very soul in agony.

Catching a glimpse of his face, Kathleen flashed a look of concern into his aching eyes; but his stiffened lips made an effort to smile and reassure her, and almost immediately after she gave the signal to Mrs. Vanroy, and the ladies rustled into the reception-room. One or two left early, the rest quickly followed, and soon they were all gone, leaving Kathleen alone with Jim.

"Do come here and talk to a fellow," he said persuasively, trying to draw her into the cushioned niche beside the hall fire-place.

But she laughingly pushed aside the hand that would detain her, and, mindful of the strange look she had seen in her father's face, hurried to the library.

He was sitting at the table, paper and ink before him, his hands supporting his head.

Somehow the attitude, the unaccustomed lack of *verve*, struck her ominously and she went forward with a little chill at her heart.

"Headache, father dear?"

"No, Kathleen; going to bed?"

"No. I thought I'd just run in and talk it all over with you. Jim's in the hall. Shall I call him?"

"Not yet. Darling, you enjoy this life?"

"O don't I! Mrs. Vanroy says I was born to lead society. That's high praise from her. But what is it, father?"

"There was something I wanted to talk to— But it will do when I return."

"Are you going out?" she said, thinking he had received a sudden call.

"I may have to leave town before you are up in the morning. Better go to bed, dear. Good-night. God bless you!"

He raised his face to her standing over him and kissed her closely, lingeringly. He let her go, and when she was half-way across the room called her back. "Kathleen!" As she turned suddenly at the strange note in his voice he made a violent effort, smiled reassuringly, and took her in his arms. "Good-night again," he said, and kissed with tender passion the soft hair, and downcast lids, and pretty rounded chin. "There. Run away, child. You'll be a great society woman one of these days."

"I'll be more than that. I am a Catholic woman first," she said, moved unconsciously to deeper thoughts by the indefinable something she found in his manner.

"Never forget that, dear. I've done that for you if nothing else. There, go," he said almost roughly, and drew aside for her the heavy portière.

He still held it in fierce agony of clutch when she had slipped through, leaving behind her hidden pain and tortured heart, and facing Jim and youth and love.

Left behind, the stricken man sat down again at his desk, drew his paper towards him and wrote:

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN: You heard this evening at dinner that the Golden Horn has failed. Before you are up in the morning I will have started for Nevada. What can I say to my little girl? What can I do, but try at fifty-five to begin life over again? You are not to—"

His pen stopped. The big, slow, scalding tears of age gathered in his eyes. One heavy drop splashed on the sheet before him. He looked at it fixedly, and saw in it the utter annihilation of a long life's brilliant hopes and successes. "Kathleen, Kathleen!" he moaned; but it was Kathleen's mother's face that rose before him, and there too, floating in a nebulous mist of tears, was the baby face of Kathleen's little brother who died an infant. "Strange!" he muttered; "I have not thought of them for years." He rose stiffly, and slowly unlocked the cabinet standing between the windows, and took from it an old-fashioned case containing a quaint old daguerreotype that baffled him with its illusive pictured face as he turned it from side to side trying to focus the light on it. It slipped from his nerveless fingers, he stooped to regain it, lost his balance and fell forward with "Mary" on his lips—the last word he uttered on earth, the first he spoke in heaven.

Kathleen never knew how the weeks went immediately following her father's death. She could not do otherwise than accept Mrs. Vanroy's kind offer and go with her while she gathered her scattered forces together. The terrible touchstone of death had revealed many unimagined kindnesses of heart; but no friendliness could supply the fearful loss her father's going had been to her. Then, too, the struggle she had to fit herself into her new surroundings; the parting from Jim, whom she felt did not and would not accept the platonic *rôle* she assigned to him, all combined to daze and bewilder her, and she was doubly grateful for Mrs. Vanroy's invitation.

For many weeks she remained there, gathering strength, and listlessly accepting service and favors she could never repay. Her sorrow was no longer a thing of tears and sobs, but none the less was it incomprehensible. At last the day came when the tide of life rose high and beat a feeble revolt in her veins.

"You know," she said at last to Mrs. Vanroy, "this must end some time. You are not my aunt or my sister. You can't go on taking care of me as if I belonged to you."

"You *do* belong to me, Kathleen dear," cried the older woman in a great rush of tenderness. "Don't talk of anything ending, but stay on and on. Why shouldn't you?"

"What a question!" And Kathleen sat up, decision written all over her. "I would despise myself. I *must* do something."

"But why?"

"I suppose because I'm not a bird with a ready-made suit or a lily of the field, for one thing," she said; "*I* must toil and spin." And Mrs. Vanroy laughed, grateful for the gleam of gaiety from one whose sadness had lain very heavy on her own heart. "There is nothing left," she went on in a tone the more sad for the momentary brightness. "When the bills are settled, the servants paid, and everything done, I will have just about nine hundred dollars to my name, so the colonel told me last night. Don't you see I cannot live very long on that?"

"I am not mathematical," said Mrs. Vanroy, "but I can reckon that much. But of course you'll get something nice to do. You paint, you draw, you sing, you play, you—"

"Oh!" said Kathleen exasperatedly; "I'll tell you," she said vehemently, rising and standing before her friend tall and firm, and showing more energy than she had in a long time. "I'm cursed by doing too many things well. Yes," she went on in answer to the horrified gasp of Mrs. Vanroy. "If I knew how to paint, and paint only, I'd be an artist, with a very small *a* perhaps, but I would feel as if I were really fulfilling my destiny. I sing just well enough to have people remark that I really ought to have my voice cultivated. That, after the nuns had filled my small successful soul with aspirations toward soloism or nothing. Oh! I"—and she broke off to bury her hot face in the cushion, quivering like an aspen in the storm of emotion she had raised, shaken in the throes of self-analysis and finding it torture.

"You write—"

Instantly her head shot up. "O Mrs. Vanroy!" she breathed, and threw herself before her friend, embracing her knees and looking up at her, her soul in her eyes; "O—"

"My dear, would you really like to do that?" she said, wondering a little at the exhibit of strong emotion.

"O Mrs. Vanroy! even before—in my own beautiful home I—"

"Why did you not speak of it then?"

Kathleen dropped her tear-dimmed eyes. She felt cold and strange, half-sick with nervous dread of what she did not know, unless it was to hear discussed in open the secret hope that had lain in her heart so long. Early in her convent-life she had come under the influence of one of the nuns, a wise, good woman, cultivated, cultured, and wide in thought, who had seen the little bud of promise and had given her the inestimably valuable advice: "Write—write if you must, but bury everything you do in the deepest, darkest corner of your desk. Leave it alone for months, for years if you can, then re-read it; if to your maturer thought it is good, then it is good, and your time will come: remember, do everything for the greater honor and glory of God."

How closely she had treasured those words, how faithfully she had followed the wise admonition, and now? Was her opportunity come?

On her palpitating senses Mrs. Vanroy's words fell like cooling rain.

"Why, Kathleen, there's no trouble about that. The colonel knows Winter, of *The Horoscope*, very well. He'll give you a letter to him at once." And he did.

That night immediately after dinner she stole quietly out alone and entered the lovely little chapel near by. A few motionless figures were here and there praying silently in the shadowy corners. She made her way directly to the altar-rail. Overhead swung the golden lamp, the quenchless star, throwing transient gleams of light now and then on the golden door of the tabernacle. The quiet, the faint, sweet odor of hidden flowers, the silent darkness, fell on her soul like cooling dew. Only then did she realize that she was on the verge of a great change in her life. Her father, her lover, home and wealth, all gone in one brief week. But the pressure of grief was removed. The buoyancy of youth reasserted itself. She felt in her heart faint stirrings of newly-awakened ambition. But true to her training, true to the instinctive loyalty that was in her, she raised her eyes to that closed door and breathed fervently the aspiration she had been taught at school. "O Prisoner of Love! come and remain captive in my heart. Oh!" she went on with a woman's passionate desire for sacrifice, "take all my work, my aims, my life itself. I dedicate my pen to you and yours for ever." And somewhere, somehow, the amen was breathed in heaven.

The next morning she set out. She dimly wondered if Columbus felt as she did while waiting for the day to reveal the land he knew lay just beyond his vision.

She found the office easily, climbed the stairs, gave a penetrating downward look at the hang of her skirt, opened the first door she came to, and going in, found a very young and happy-looking gentleman tilted in an office-chair, enjoying a cigarette.

"Are you the editor?" she asked in a tone she tried to make firm but which was almost falsetto.

"Not yet," he said gravely; "first door to the left."

Here she found a white-haired old gentleman, very sedate and precise, a contemporary of the colonel's evidently; faithful to the "old school" and limp, stock-supported collars. He toyed with his eye-glasses while he talked to her, but all the time his eyes, cool and penetrating, were classifying the bit of raw material before him. He re-read the letter, that was ambiguous as to her capabilities but direct and to the point as to her requirements.

"What do you expect I can do for you?" he asked with a little asperity.

When actually faced with her expectations she was dismayed to find how indefinite they were.

"Is there anything I *can* do?" she asked. "Of course I do not expect you to *make* a place for me, but in an office as large as this I can surely find something."

If he were amused or annoyed he hid it beneath a half-playful, half-sarcastic manner.

"Well," he said, eyeing her critically, "I'll keep the editorial page for a while. In the meantime try your hand on these. Here are three novels. Ever do any reviewing? Well," as she shook her head, "take this batch. You'll find quite a range there. One is an old writer well established, the other is proving himself, the third is quite unknown. Good morning. Come in in a day or so with them, and I'll see as to future openings."

She felt herself dismissed, and went out into the street absolutely dejected. She felt that her first plunge had been decidedly commonplace and could not be considered as ranging on the side of success or failure. She hated his manner, yet could not determine wherein it was lacking. Even the flippant youth was better. "It is the first step that counts," she said to herself; then immediately made another. Directly opposite her she read in large gilt letters, "Darkson's." Taking her courage in both hands she walked confidently in, announced herself as Miss Clark, book-reviewer of *The Horoscope*, said she had some leisure and would like to have it employed. The fortune that lies around waiting to favor the brave came to her side with praiseworthy promptness. A desk in the sub-editor's room had become vacant that morning, and quite as a matter of course she accepted the terms. She wondered if she would be hyphenated as sub-, sub-editor, when she was actually enrolled on the staff, as she fully expected to be. She was told to return the next day, and was out in the street again before she could realize what had happened. She tried to read the well-established novel in the train on the way out to Orange, but found it impossible to do anything but hold herself in and refrain from giving outward and visible sign of the inward invisible emotion surging in her brain and heart.

Mrs. Vanroy took it very quietly.

"I really cannot see what is so elating in it," she said in a discriminating tone, a little piqued, too, that Kathleen had not shown her unusual vim and adventurousness to the editor the colonel had chosen for her.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Vanroy, can't you see if I am to do anything at all it must be in just this way? While I had position and money my writing would have never amounted to anything. My going out into the world, my actually being a part of that life, will force whatever is in me to its best. And there *is* something," she said with sublime self-confidence that was half success.

"My dear, I believe you. Don't touch those books to-night. Just lie and rest after your exciting day."

But she could not. She was feverishly anxious to begin at once. She put all her fervor and conscientiousness into her effort to do them brilliantly and well. She got along fairly well on "the unknown," ventured on a little enthusiasm on the "unproven," and was well on into the middle of the volume of the "well established" before she realized the nature of the book she was reading and was expected to review. It was remarkably well written. The characters were not lay-figures pulled by visible strings, but real flesh and blood. But they were not of her world. It purported to be a "story of to-day"; but if its filth were material it would have reeked in the nostrils of the fashionable class now buying, reading, and discussing it. She said as much in her review. She put all her Catholic purity of soul into what was a denunciation rather than a review. She wrote strongly, for she felt strongly; therefore she wrote well. It was four when she went to bed, cold, stiff, excessively weary, but filled with a delicious sense of power.

It did not look quite so strong when she re-read it after breakfast, but she took it with her.

Mr. Winter read her manuscript, while she sat there feeling like a fly under a microscope. He put down the first review. "A little academic," he said, "but that is a good fault. It is better than if it were smart."

"Oh, *yes!* I detest smartness." She wondered what he meant by academic, but did not like to ask, and consoled herself by reflecting that he had said it was a good fault to be academic. But her little air of complacent self-congratulation was instantly dispelled by his next words. He had glanced at number two, but read through very attentively the last.

"This won't do," he said emphatically.

She was too frightened to ask why.

"Do you suppose I am going to give a free advertisement like that to the author and publisher of this book? Why, the public would be buying it by the hundred to-morrow!"

"But I said it was bad," she murmured with delicious *naïveté*.

He faced around with a snort of derision. At the sight of her sweet, pure, strong face his manner softened.

"My dear child, I know the world; you do not. In convents," with an almost imperceptible emphasis, "books may be read in spite of their badness, perhaps, but here they are read because of it. And moreover, people won't be preached at as you have preached at them here. It is well done, but you have wasted your ammunition this time. But you may leave the reviews. I will recast this one, and then when you have read mine you can more readily understand what I mean."

Poor Kathleen! The flush had faded from her morning sky. Everything was now of a uniform grayness. She had no time to stop and weigh and consider the pro and con of the incident just closed; she only knew she had come in with a light heart, and was going out with a heavy one. She had a hazy notion of withdrawing her work, but hesitated, and while hesitating was lost.

She found the duties in her new position across the street were of a purely clerical character; but the work was comparatively light, and she was in a "literary atmosphere anyway," she reflected, and that at least was something.

It was not until she was at her desk the next morning that the full import of her interview appeared to her. She had strong, pure principles, had written in the light of her convictions, and then had weakly succumbed and had not had the courage of her convictions. She determined to go over at once and regain her manuscript. She instantly laid down her pen, and slipped into the editor's room to ask permission to go to *The Horoscope's* office. She had not seen the chief the day before. She found him a young man, and justifying the admiring comment of "hustler" she had heard the office boy make that morning. He received her a little abruptly but courteously enough, conceding nothing however to her ladyhood. He was of such magnetic temperament she was won in spite of herself into giving him her confidence, even relating her bit of daring in entering his office. He threw back his head and laughed, or roared rather. "Well, if that isn't a good one! You'll do; you've got grit! Where have you been placed?" She told him. "And now you want to get back your reviews? Winter has had them set up before this. Now, Miss Clark, let me give you a bit of advice. Don't mix religion and business. We're all like the Kentucky man who liked his whiskey straight. You won't know your own words when you see them in print, they'll be so cooked."

She sank into a chair, her big blue eyes staring into his. "What do you care for, anyway?" he went on. "Your name would not be tacked on." As if she cared for that. She was nonplussed, but the situation was so new to her, the unexpected demand on her promptness was so sudden, and never before having been thrown entirely on her own judgment, she felt compelled to leave it passively in the strong hands she found so near and so willing to aid her.

Before the week ended she found a place made for her in the editor's own room. Her position was somewhat of an anomaly, but she so quickly adjusted herself to her new surroundings, and was so receptive to the thousand new impressions, she found but little time for introspection.

As time went on and her position became more and more assured, her world accepted the hearsay of her success with self-satisfaction, and attributed far greater things to her than she achieved. It understood she was making money, and several fictions in regard to the sums she received in the various periodicals to which she had access gained ready currency.

As yet she had written nothing over her own name; but it was not for want of ambition to do so. She was waiting for something splendid to come, something she might send to the convent with justifiable pride, something she could make at once so pure and sweet and strong the world would be led by degrees away from its husks and swine.

The day did come when she wrote her prose epic. Her chief, more forcibly than politely, told her he did not propose turning his magazine into a pulpit.

For some months after she was dormant. And then one day her great story wrote itself. It was simple with the simplicity of greatness. It ran smoothly along, showing here and there depths in a stream many had deemed pretty but shallow. It sparkled, and for a page or two glowed with the white heat of passion. It surprised her chief into his first words of unqualified praise. He did more than praise it; he passed it on into the *Centurion*, saying a lift from that quarter then would do more for her future than reams in a magazine of less note.

The day her check for two hundred and fifty dollars came from them was the red-letter day of her career. She now felt secure; she had inserted the thin edge of her wedge.

Three months afterwards, when it appeared, she went home as if treading on air. In the train she sat behind two ladies, one of whom she knew was a resident of Orange, and one of Father Snow's weekly communicants; the other was a stranger. They were looking over the *Centurion*.

"Why, here is Kathleen Clark!" said her friend.

"Yes," said the other, "I've read it. It's really very good, but I thought she was a Catholic."

"So she is."

"No one would imagine it to read that."

"Is it a Catholic story?"

"No; but the subject could be treated so much better from a Catholic stand-point. I have no doubt that she's had her bloom rubbed off, however, and like many another keeps her religion for her chapel. It is not the all-wool-and-a-yard-wide kind, as her father's was."

"H'm," smiled her friend, engrossed in the story.

Kathleen had heard every word. How happy she had been that morning, lifted as she had been on the first round of success, and now!

The click, click, clickity, click, click, sounded like sledge-hammers in her ears. The conductor, who had known her from childhood, asked respectfully, as he punched her ticket, if she were ill. She shook her head. "Ill" was not the word. She felt dreary, cold, forlorn, and wretched. Suddenly, as in a mirror, she saw herself, a young untried girl filled with high principles, fired with holy enthusiasm, kneeling at the altar-rail and offering her pen to God. "O Prisoner of Love! remain captive in my heart." And to-day she had had her Catholicity questioned. "Not with Me, against Me." The words beat in her brain, while with heroic self-inspection she reviewed her fourteen months' work.

Still in the dark mist of troubled thought, she left the train. Fortunately she met no one and reached her own room unobserved. Since she had left it that morning a vital change had come into her life, and her eye took in all the dainty belongings with which Mrs. Vanroy's kindness had surrounded her. She felt instinctively Mrs. Vanroy would denounce her hastily-formed decision of leaving Mr. Darkson's employ, and dreaded her coming. Her father's eyes smiled at her from her dressing-table. She went to it, and kneeling down put her arms around the photograph, laying her hot cheek on the cool glass. "O father!" she whispered, "is that what you meant by your broken sentence?" And she dropped her head and let the bitter tears of grief and regret and penitence have full sway. She felt dimly that her going out into the world had thrown her old point of view entirely out of focus. She was the same, yet not the same. In her intercourse with the great bustling world the fine edge of her convictions had, imperceptibly, been worn off. Her ideals, her traditions, were there it is true, but a film of conventionality had dimmed their lustre. She could now see just when and where she had loosened the strands of her cable. Her truth-compelling verdict in her first review, that she had allowed to be suppressed; her insensible adoption in her later reviews of the superficial treatment such as went on around her; her silence in regard to manifest impurities dished up in the so-called purpose-novels of the day; her silent acquiescence when her best and purest work had been rejected or "cooked"; her easy transition into the snappy, frothy work of the day that glittered as it fell like gas-lit snow—how pitiful was the broken lance that had been lifted so bravely for Christ! A great heart-broken sob shook her frame as she was struck with the sense of utter failure in the midst of a success that was even then being discussed in the whole fashionable reading public of her gay little town. She felt she had escaped rather than achieved.

A peremptory knocking roused her. She rose and let Mrs. Vanroy in, who at once inquired the reason for red eyes and downcast looks. Kathleen began in a half-hearted way to tell her everything.

As she expected, Mrs. Vanroy could not or would not come round to her point of view.

"You are suffering from over-scrupulousness, or your liver's out of order," she said. "I never heard of such wildness," she went on vehemently. "You have, in a very short time, achieved a success it would take years for any one else—"

"For that reason, perhaps, I do not value it; but no, there are deeper things than that. As Father Snow said on Sunday, 'What business on earth have we except the business of our salvation?'"

"Good heavens! what nonsense you are talking. Are you going to lose your salvation because you do not write as a Catholic?"

"Yes," said Kathleen bravely, fixing wide, brilliant eyes on Mrs. Vanroy's face. "My failure to-day is only the beginning of which that would be the end. Untarnished purity of purpose and steadfastness of soul are something impossible to keep on the dusty highway. I am a Catholic by the grace of God, and I'll write as such or not write at all."

"Then there's nothing left you but the Catholic press."

"Having that I have everything," said Kathleen with fire; "the Catholic press is the only power, for it cares for men's souls, while the other ignores the very word."

Mrs. Vanroy made no answer, but put her arms around the angry, tense little figure and said soothingly, "Come now, dress and come to dinner."

As they were going down Mrs. Vanroy stood at the foot of the stairs and looked up at the slender, black-robed figure, with its pale, spirituelle face, and deep, intense eyes, and apropos of nothing said:

"It's a pity, after all, you didn't go to China. But who knows where Jim Nordiking is now?"

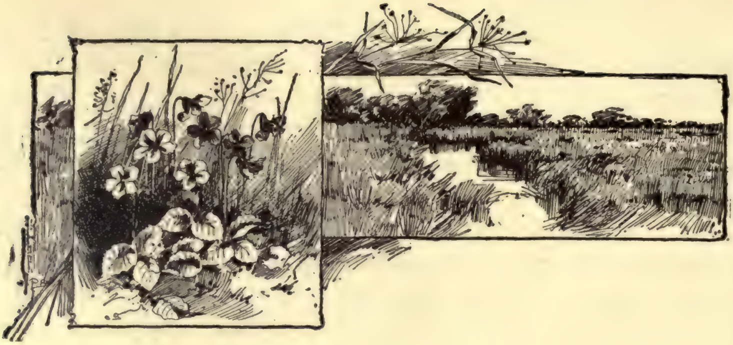
"Right here!" said a voice from behind the drawing-room portière that made both women scream and jump, while one of them ran into the dear familiar arms and cried as she had never done for sorrow.

"O Jim, Jim!" was all she said, but Jim knew his waiting days were over.

It took him many hours, allowing for the pleasantest kind of interruptions, to explain his sudden appearance; how unexpectedly had come the offer to return with a wealthy patient, the breaking of the vessel's rudder in mid-ocean, the thousand and one delays, and his superstitious fear of announcing his intention.

"It is well you didn't," said Kathleen, "for then not to have had you come would have been killing."

"Jim," said Mrs. Vanroy in mock solemnity, "you're an opportunity, that's what you are; and lately Kathleen has learned to embrace her opportunities." And then she ran away to avoid the consequences.



SUMMER RAIN.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

O Cloud-born symphony,
Swept from a million crystal strings!
The rustle of seraphic wings
Makes not a sweeter melody
        Than summer rain,
A mingling with the lush refrain
        Of myriad birds:
Like some supernal litany,
        Not wove of words,
        It rings—it rings,
    Adown the odorous air;
        Prostrate in pray'r,
The grasses lie; in ecstasy,
        The red rose flings
Her spirit forth in poetry
        Of perfume wrought;
    A vagrant zephyr sings
    A strain with mystery fraught;
    The labor-loving bee
    Is tranced; all solemnly,
        The spider swings
Beneath a spangled canopy.
He hears the chimes amid the flowers,
        The chimes—the chimes,
More musical than rondeau rhymes,
    The peal of silver showers!

As swift as butterflies, the hours
Troll on—the skies grow bright—
The magic harmony
Is changed to dazzling light;
Each note becomes a glistering gem
Fit for a fairy's diadem;
Earthward the burdened lilies lean;
The brimming caskets of a queen
Might envy them their treasury.
The groves and bow'rs are glowing green
With emeralds decked,
To every bud an opal clings,
The fragrant lawns are jewel-flecked—
The wealth of countless kings
Seems strown upon the world:
When burning rays
Beset the days,
And Nature lies
With languorous eyes
In golden apathy,
With all her tuneful breezes furled:
Upon her fevered brain
There beats the rhythmic memory
Of the sun-silenced rain.

THE PAPAL POLICY TOWARD AMERICA.

AS a mirror reflects the countenance gazing into it, so does the intellect of the Papal Delegate reveal to us the mind of the great Pontiff, Leo XIII., on the great problems of humanity some of which have been and others are yet to be worked out on the soil of the United States. There is no shadow of a doubt that this is a perfectly accurate statement of the case as between these two illustrious men. We have the word of the Pope himself for it ; we have the no less emphatic assurance of the Delegate. We know, furthermore, that they have been for many years in the closest relation, and that the views they mutually hold are the result of the most earnest study of the questions which have presented themselves. The greatest question which this country is destined to see determined on its soil, is that of the adaptability of the Catholic faith to an entirely new form of civilization. Into this civilization the most heterogeneous elements have entered, yet the world has never seen any amalgam like it. Its vitality is irresistible; its enterprise unbounded. It is an enormous intellectual force exerting itself in every sphere of physics to the utilization of the exhaustless natural resources of a mighty expanse of territory and teeming seas. The influence which this powerful agency must exert in the shaping of the future must necessarily be preponderating. Whether this influence shall be for good or for evil must largely depend on the religious tendencies of the people. It is plain that the religion most likely to retain its hold upon such a country and such a people is that which is sympathetic. Whilst the Catholic religion never changes its doctrines, it has always shown its ability to advance with the ages. Its system is admirably suited to the processes of adaptation to new environments and novel conditions. Its priesthood, its orders, its sisterhoods are ready to follow the people to the burning sands of the Libyan desert or the icy wilds of Alaska.

This is the age of Democracy ; and it is in the United States that Democracy finds its untrammelled and full expression. Pope Leo XIII. is the Pope of the people. He follows out great Democratic principles. Wherever the majority of the people has pronounced for and lawfully founded a Republic, that Republic has his full countenance and blessing, and he will neither encourage nor tolerate any Royalist conspirators against it. This is no sentimental characteristic of the Pope's; he has shown that he means it and will act up to it. He is for Home Rule all around, and this is the fundamental principle of Democracy. His Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, shares the Pope's views on this subject. He has now had a wide and lengthened experience of the people and institutions of the United States, and he has had no reason to change an opinion formed years ago, that with these institutions the spirit of the Catholic Church is in perfect harmony.

In his quest of the true religion Father Hecker was fond of enunciating these principles many years ago, and he early found evidences of the Catholic principle underlying the Constitution of the United States; his later studies soon convinced him that it was under the Catholic system only that Republics sprang into existence in Europe and flourished there for many centuries. In his epoch-making work, *The Church and the Age*, he sums up his examination of the subject in these striking sentences: "The doctrines of the Catholic Church alone give to popular rights, and governments founded thereupon, an intellectual basis, and furnish their vital principle. What a Catholic believes as a member of the Catholic Church he believes as a citizen of the Republic. His religion consecrates his political convictions, and this consecration imparts a twofold strength to his patriotism."

There is another aspect of this Republic which struck the observant Delegate. This is the opportunity it affords for the development of the individual. Herein is the true function of civilization, he believes. Father Hecker, a good many years ago, set down in his diary this *dictum:*

"It is for this we are created: that we may give a new and individual expression of the absolute in our own peculiar character. As soon as the new is but the re-expression of the old, God ceases to live." And in *The Church and the Age*, further on, he finds that "the American system exhibits a greater trust in the natural capacities and the inherent worth of man than any other form of government now upon this earth."

Now, this spirit is in direct war with the Calvinistic doctrine of the total depravity of human nature; it is the spirit of Catholicism.

It is almost impossible, looking now over Monsignor Satolli's collection of addresses,* to avoid being struck by the confirmation which his personal observation has enabled him to give to those views of the needs and aspirations of life which gave the impulse to Father Hecker's spiritual life and his life-long desires for the conversion of America. Every pronouncement of his, indeed, but intensifies the admiration and astonishment which fill us when we take up Father Hecker's biography and ponder over his remarkable words. He was speaking as a man living amongst the people of whom he wrote, and knowing them intimately. This in one respect was an advantage; in another it was a drawback, inasmuch as he was unable to contrast things as he found them at home with things as they existed abroad. To Monsignor Satolli the experience of the American Church was new. He came fresh from lands where a totally different order of ideas and a totally different ecclesiastical life prevailed. And yet how forcibly his verdict confirms the positions taken up by the lamented founder of the Paulist Congregation! The fact is a signal proof of the keenness of mind and ready discernment of the Apostolic Delegate. He, indeed, is a man of no ordinary gifts. It is impossible to read those addresses of his, ranging over a great variety of subjects, and lay down the book without the conviction that in his choice of a representative here the Holy Father was singularly felicitous.

The training which his Excellency received did not altogether unfit him for the delicate and important mission with which the Holy Father entrusted him. A profound theologian and teacher of theology, he was armed and equipped for the settlement of any grave trouble that might possibly arise in ecclesiastical circles; a canonist of the first rank, he knew how to apply the law of the church in cases of dispute between bishop and cleric. In troublous times in Perugia he was called upon to assume civil functions for the restoration of order in a much-disturbed community; and his experience of men and authorities in those days must have been most valuable. His studies in constitutional law and ethics in his early days gave him an insight into methods and systems long ere his practical contact with existing ones enabled him to test for himself their adaptability or their unfitness for modern conditions. He came to this country, therefore, in every sense, what has been not inaptly described as "a full man," not versed merely in "the bookish theoric," but accustomed to deal with men and affairs of state. And before we touch on any of the actual contents of this book it is pertinent here to observe the broad and statesman-like views which his Excellency holds on the question of race-language in its relation to citizenship. Replying recently to a petition from the French-Canadian Catholics in Connecticut, asking for a French-speaking pastor, Monsignor Satolli reminds them that they have left the country where the French tongue was in general use and voluntarily come to another in which another is universally prevalent. They cannot reasonably expect the same provisions for the perpetuation of their language as they before enjoyed, and it is their duty to bow to the decisions of their bishop in the appointment of their pastors. The wisdom of this reply is clear; and it loses none of its mandatory effect by the mild and conciliatory tone in which it is conveyed. We have had trouble over similar difficulties in the past, and it would have been fortunate had some one equal in authority and sagacity been here at hand to compose it.

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* *Loyalty to Church and State.* The Mind of his Excellency Francis Archbishop Satolli. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The position which the school question holds invests all authoritative utterances on it with a peculiar importance, to Catholics especially. Other questions may have greater claims upon minds engaged in politics or commerce, but to Catholics the domain of morals is everywhere and at all times paramount. National and regional and local conditions, besides, combine to render it a vital question for the future of Catholicism much more than for the present. Therefore we turn to the pronouncements of the Apostolic Delegate on this subject with the assurance that the wisest counsel and the soundest views will be found reflected therein. There is a large number of addresses devoted to this theme, and it is impossible not to admire the clear-cut accuracy of thought which unfolds the true position of Catholicism towards the educational institutions of a free country such as this; as well as the responsibility of the teacher's office. We may take an illustration from the speech delivered at Waterbury High School, Connecticut:

> "To say that the Constitution of the United States forbids the civil power to frame laws about religion, or to become involved in matters strictly pertaining to religion, is one thing. But it is altogether different to hold that the American Constitution is godless, or that the American life requires not the influence of religion. For it is consonant with the spirit of true liberty and well-ordered government so to educate youth and

so to enlighten their minds that they may not only know true religion, but also love and practise it.

"The youth of ancient Greece entered the lists on Mount Olympus, and so much importance was attached to their athletic exhibitions that periods of time were designated as the Olympiades.

"The youth of the Roman republic spent their lives in military pursuits in the camp of Mars, but American youth spend their time in the school-room, to form a nation eminently free and desirous of peace and prosperity.

"The state has every reason to put forth its zeal for the advancement of the public schools. It deserves great praise for having surmounted so many obstacles; for having erected so many schools, and for the excellent discipline maintained in them. Because all this tends to build up the character of American youth, as well as to exclude anything prejudicial to their moral and religious interests. . . .

"In the domain of instruction and education church and state go hand in hand, working together to accomplish the noble purpose of forming citizens worthy of this country, and sincere believers in the Catholic religion.

"The state, in so far as it is free and progressive, need fear nothing from the Catholic Church, but, on the contrary, ought to expect great benefit from it.

"Because it was her institutions and effective influence that broke the shackles of slavery, and secured true civil and Christian liberty, and produced modern civilization from out of the confusion of barbarism."

The judicious tone of certain of these passages is not a matter of accident. It is evident that it is deliberate and meant to have its effect on the general discussion of a subject in which good temper and moderate language are the first essentials. In the addresses dealing with the relations between the church and the state the same wise spirit is visible; and it is a fact not to be overlooked that the views now expounded by Monsignor Satolli are not new ones with him, but were held and expressed two years before the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. had appeared. As he reminded the assembly at the Carroll Institute, Washington, last February:

"It is the duty of whoever receives a public mission to conform himself in word and act to the intention and desires of the one who sends him, and I have the gratifying consciousness of having acted in conformity with the intention and desires of the Holy Father, thus far, in the exercise of my office as his delegate in America. For this reason I await fearlessly the judgment of the public and of posterity. Justice, charity, and loyalty to church and country are always and

> everywhere true characteristics of Papal diplomacy. I dare affirm that the Papal encyclical is a complete and authoritative synthesis of all that I have had occasion to express from the beginning up to the present moment. In fact, the Holy Father begins his encyclical by indicating his esteem and affection for the American people: 'We highly esteem and love exceedingly the young and vigorous American nation, in which we plainly discern latent forces for the advancement alike of civilization and of Christianity.'"

In a free state the unfaltering and conscientious discharge of citizen duty is, both in the mind of the Pope and his Delegate, a function as imperative as the fulfilment of religious obligations. The admonitions of the Encyclical on this head are strongly emphasized by Monsignor Satolli. He says:

> "By these words Leo XIII. does nothing else than repeat the social lessons taught by SS. Peter and Paul in their epistles to Christians of all ages. Moreover, the Holy Father recalls the teaching of his former encyclicals, and wishes that the Christian doctrine, so clearly set forth in them, should be preached by the clergy and constantly recommended to the practice of the faithful. 'Let those of the clergy, therefore, who are occupied with the instruction of the multitude, treat plainly this topic of the duties of citizens, so that all may understand and feel the necessity in political life of conscientiousness, self-restraint, and integrity; for that cannot be lawful in public which is unlawful in private affairs. On this whole subject there are to be found, as you know, in the encyclical letters written by us from time to time in the course of our Pontificate many things which Catholics should attend to and observe. In these writings and expositions we have treated of human liberty, of the chief Christian duties, of civil government, and of the Christian constitution of states, drawing our principles as well from the teaching of the Gospels as from reason. They, then, who wish to be good citizens and to discharge their duties faithfully, may readily learn from our letters the ideal of an upright life. In like manner, let the priests be persistent in keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the Third Council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the virtue of temperance, the frequent use of the sacraments, and the observance of the just laws and institutions of the Republic.'"

Lest any one should imagine that this admiration for the republican principle in government was a new thing in the Catholic Church, the Apostolic Delegate is found, in the same address, recalling the fact that all the Republics of the Old World sprang into existence under the influence of the church; and it might with perfect truth be added that it was despite the Catholic Church that the republics of Italy succumbed one by one to the spirit of royal and imperial encroachment.

The development of that mighty instrument of civilization, the Press, is one of the most wonderful accompaniments of our latter-day expansion. To underrate the value of this great institution, or to fail to recognize the importance of having its intellectual guidance in the hands of men of integrity and ability, would be a cardinal oversight. Monsignor Satolli has more than once testified to the loyalty of the Catholic press to its mission, as well as to the ancillary help of the secular press to the cause of morality and progress. Only general principles can be laid down for the elevation of the press, and this fact is recognized in the message from his Holiness announced recently by the Delegate in reply to the address of the Catholic editors of the United States:

> "'We are aware that already there labor in this field many men of skill and experience, whose diligence demands words of praise rather than of encouragement. Nevertheless, since the thirst for reading and knowledge is so vehement and widespread amongst you, and since, according to circumstances, it can be productive of either good or evil, every effort should be made to increase the number of intelligent and well-disposed writers who take religion for their guide and virtue for their constant companion.' No one can fail to see how wise are the admonitions he gives the Catholic press. He encourages its existence, secures its liberty, and protects it from error." . . .

To these recommendations the Delegate refrains from adding much comment. Manifestly it would be outside his province to indicate any particular line of action to be taken or to point out any particular models in the Catholic press. The laws of development and natural fitness apply in this direction as in all other fields of human advance, and the growing intelligence and spreading culture of the age will make itself felt very speedily in the conduct of the Catholic press as in literary matters generally.

It is matter for reflection that the Apostolic Delegate reveals a higher conception of the mission of the press, and its nobility as a profession, than some of those who speak at public assemblies as its responsible mouth-pieces. There is a tendency in this country, unfortunately, to regard journalism as any commercial pursuit is regarded, and to forget that it has a mission beyond the mere chronicling of events as they pass. Speaking at the dinner of the Washington Gridiron Club lately, his Excellency gave expression to this high and liberal thesis of the *rôle* of the public press:

> "I cannot agree with Mr. J. W. Kellar, who makes of journalism a mere trade, and a poor one at that. To me it seems a life of devotion to high and noble work, to the enlightenment and betterment of mankind, and brings with it that reward, richer than the mere accumulation of wealth, the consciousness of being a factor in the onward progress of humanity. If, then, the public press is a kind of social priesthood, one can easily understand that those who administer it should be conscious of their high office, and conform always to the rules of sacred duty. I may not be indiscreet in suggesting that over the door of every newspaper building should be inscribed the words, 'Truth, Justice, Honesty. Of All, for All.'" . . .
>
> "I cannot conclude without calling your attention to one other important consideration concerning the relation of the church to the nation in this country. The opinion is certainly growing, that we are nearing a most critical point in history, and that in this country especially great problems will soon demand positive solution. All the horrors of a social revolution are predicted by men no less renowned for accurate and calm thinking than Professor Goldwin Smith and Professor Von Holst. All agree in selecting this country as the field of the greatest of the disorders which threaten society. This being so, it is interesting to note the words of a non-Catholic writer in the latest number of an important magazine. He says: 'The tacit acknowledgment of the religious primacy of the successor of St. Peter is one of the clearest signs of the times. It is a significant recognition of the fact that the Catholic Church holds the solution of the terrible problem which lies on the threshold of the twentieth century, and that it belongs to the Pope alone to pronounce our social *pax vobiscum*.'"

Passing from this subject we find the Delegate taking advantage of the opportunity the occasion offered of repudiating once for all some of the fee-faw-fum nonsense which had been set afloat regarding the object of his mission to the United States. He said:

> "If you want to know what my mission is not, you have it in the words of this same writer, in which he explains what he thinks it is. He asserts that I am here to further the claims of the Pope to 'a kingdom of this world,' 'a kingdom which embraces the whole world,' 'all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.' In my own name and in that of Leo XIII., who sent me, I repudiate any such purpose. And when it shall please the Pope to recall me, trusting in the kindness and rectitude of the public press, as Samuel of old on laying down the government of Israel appealed to the assembled peo-

ple to express their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with his administration, so I shall not hesitate to present to the press of the country the record of my labors, and say, 'Judge me.'"

And following up this idea, we find it still further illustrated and amplified in an address delivered at Poughkeepsie:

"For the direction of the religious ministry we have the solicitous and wise authority of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, directed by the Pope, the supreme Pastor, who has from Christ the authority and duty of spiritual teacher and ruler. He is Catholic, that is, universal. By the nature of his office he has no nationality; he is American, as well as Italian. And we are glad to say that the essential character of the Papacy shines with special splendor in the venerated person of Leo the XIII., by reason of his singular qualities, and of the policy which, during the sixteen years of his Pontificate, he has displayed in literature, and in the political, natural, and theological sciences. Let me add history to this list, for it is well known that to its study he has given a powerful impetus by throwing open to public use the archives of the Vatican; and finally, in the moderation and peace-loving character which has distinguished his policy. Now, in the presence of Leo XIII., there can be no shadow of foundation for the suspicion that Papal authority and the influence of the Catholic Church are not in perfect accord with that spirit of justice, liberty, and fraternity on which depends the welfare of a people."

On one other great question of our day Monsignor Satolli has put himself on record unequivocally. His intervention had been sought in the temperance question, over the decree of Bishop Watterson regarding saloon-keepers and Catholic societies, and he gave it unreservedly in favor of the bishop's right to take the step he did in his own diocese. This was a ruling with regard to a specific case; the Delegate's attitude towards the wider general question is well formulated in this letter of his to the committee of the Buffalo Catholic Temperance Union:

"The aim and work of your Union are highly commendable.

"It should be encouraged and fostered by every reflecting and upright man, who has at heart, not merely the glory of the Catholic religion, but also the welfare of his country.

"Who can deny that the abuse of intoxicating drinks is a great evil, and that its consequences are deplorable? It would seem that drunkenness was quite prevalent at the first preaching of the gospel; and probably even among the Jews, for they had already degenerated from the piety of their fathers.

"Hence, St. Paul, in his epistles, declares that drunkards, like other evil-doers, are excluded from the Kingdom of Christ.

"It would take too long to give here the legislation and the discipline of the church on this head.

"Now, we must always, especially in the matter of eating and drinking, distinguish between the use and abuse, between moderation and excess.

"But, as in the Catholic Church counsels are distinguished from precepts, and as the object of the evangelical counsels is to insure the observance of the precepts, so likewise the purpose of total abstinence in the Catholic Church is to withhold her children from the abuse of intoxicating drinks. It frequently happens that *total* abstinence is the sole sure remedy for this abuse, particularly in the exciting business life, and sparkling, brilliant atmosphere of ardent America. It restores and preserves that temperance which constitutes the physical and moral strength of body and soul alike. Total abstinence is a safeguard of the individual, of the family, and of society."

Those topics at which we have glanced are not the only ones embraced in the scope of these addresses of the Apostolic Delegate, but they are the salient ones. Embodying what may correctly be described as the official utterances of a distinguished authority, the book possesses a distinctive value. It has a literary interest also, not only because of the unusual circumstances of its compilation, but as a reflection of the impressions of an observer of the higher life of this country and people, perfectly impartial and coming directly from a land whose associations and institutions and ideas were as far removed from those which obtain here as any antithesis in the whole world could be. It is a very graceful act, too, to consecrate whatever of profit there is in the disposition of the book to the work of the conversion of the negro race. We have no fear of the effect of the book upon the American public. It is a testament whose honesty speaks in many a passage. This is a quality which is appreciated here in the world of morals at all events, and the American people will not refuse an honest verdict to Monsignor Satolli.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

BY F. M. EDSELAS.

SINCE the aged live more in the past than in the present or future, there may be within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of some large city a tradition of the long ago when girls were girls, boys were boys, and flesh-and-blood children walked this earth. Though still bearing the name, we too seldom find these flowers from God's earthly garden; perchance soil and climate are not adapted to their growth; some plants will not stand the forcing process of the hot-house. The hints here given may help to bring back those days of yore, when old heads were not so often set on young shoulders, but innocence and simplicity gave their charm to these beautiful spring blossoms.

Venturing, then, to retain the good old-fashioned title of children, the question, What shall we do with our girls? forces itself upon us just now in Commencement season when the closing school sends out into the world its bevy of maidens. Their rosy cheeks tell of the sunshine's kiss, and we catch the light of their merry, dancing eyes, the melody of rippling laughter that echoes the joy bubbling up free and pure from their happy, happy hearts. Oh, young and blooming life! we exclaim. Indeed, with what a world of sunshine do they flood the earth, sending us old fogies on our way younger and happier all the day long.

God bless and keep them thus! we say from our heart of hearts, remembering such as they are now once were we, and such as we are will they ere long become, only wiser and better we fervently pray. Then it is that this idea of their future sets us thinking in dead earnest; and a serious matter indeed it is, knowing as we do that the character of many a Mary and Helen hinges upon that of our own Daisy, and hers upon theirs.

What shall I do with this child to make more of her than I have of myself, that she may have fewer faults and more virtues, and become a truer, nobler woman?

Do with her? Just what God intended, neither more nor less. Fill up her measure of capacity whether large or small. Avoid great expectations and the steam process that goes with it. God's mills grind slowly. She may have little marked ability; never mind, that is not her fault. Perhaps she will not be beautiful and attractive, as the world measures such things; no matter, all the better perchance for her in the end. Do not complain of the inevitable; even though mind and body may be crippled, such as your child is she came from the hands of her Maker. "Nature is ever fairer than any touch you can give her."

Whatever nature's defects, she is not perforce doomed to an isolated life. God's great law of compensation works here as elsewhere. This good Master may have given that happy temperament which is a greater blessing than if she were beauty and wisdom personified.

Let her anticipate the needs and wishes of others, turning each day into one of gladsome sunshine, instead of letting it break in a thunder-storm, then surely she will not have lived in vain. To be sure we can look on the cloudy side of life and make the worst of our ups and downs, but can't we quite as easily turn our sun-glass the other way, and catch the radiance that is always waiting for the first comer? We read of bottled sunshine, a chemical device: using a little spiritual chemistry in a similar way might not be less effective.

There is too much of this standing in our own and other people's sunlight. The cheery face of the young girl who carries the olive-branch of peace and good-will has ever a passport to hearts and homes, far outweighing all other gifts.

Perilous beyond human ken is that transition state called maidenhood. Until then parents and teachers guided the faltering steps; but presto! a change has come: things are not what they seemed; new views of life and the world are revealed; leading-strings have snapped, and our little maiden walks alone.

Smiling upon the world, it in turn smiles upon her. Under her gingham sunbonnet she was only Daisy: now, in her velvet hat with its pink-tipped feather, she is Marguerite; some of the lads prefix Miss. A little abashed, of course, when the title is first conferred, soon a thrill of pleasure through her quickly beating heart is the glad response.

Looking around, she finds other buds of promise just blossoming like herself, and almost unconsciously wishes to be the peer of them all. Little airs and graces are donned with the new hat and feather, as gaily she looks out upon the bright world opening before her.

Hopes and fears, plans and purposes, flimsy and illusive in themselves perhaps, but none the less important to our young maiden, come in turn like so many air-castles, taking a hundred different shapes, ever tumbling down only to be rebuilt under other forms: these fill the new world before her, as Miss Marguerite sits by her moon-lit window. There, imagining herself a Juliet, Desdemona, or some other romantic damsel, she passes through the greatest of all crises.

After all, the real, vital question is, What of her character, her inner life? This is the question above all others; sound and measure it well, for here lies your field of labor.

Many a too fond mother, who looked upon her darling as a *rara avis*, found later on that she was the same as other fledglings, whose wings require clipping now and then lest the bird fly too far. Passions will need to be checked, inclinations trained and fostered, delicacy and refinement of feeling cultured, resulting in that tender regard for others' needs and failings which is the current coin of true womanhood.

Be not surprised at the cropping out of nature's freaks and foibles; at the strong, positive assertions of "wills" and "wont's"; at suspicions breeding jealousies, and jealousies suspicions, with tricks and slippery actions now and then; Dame Nature is still our mother, and we are chips of that old, very old block, Mother Eve, and must bide the consequences. Then let your child's faults be matter for grief rather than surprise and anger.

Human nature is so variable that of half-a-dozen girls in the same family special training might be required for each; yet consistency, hence impartiality, is indispensable.

With their quick little wits, in nothing do children sooner note defects, and realize the consequences too, ever giving the preference to that Ego which came at our birth and abides with us till death.

In this great work have ever in view something higher and better than the mere act itself. Never will this suggestion be more pertinent than in giving correction, which should be as a necessary means to a necessary end, not in spasmodic doses, or as a vent for suppressed steam; neither in promises and threats effective as a puff of wind: nothing sooner weakens authority, making of it a dead-letter.

The exceptional tact and discernment so necessary will lead the wise parent to see that one must be roused and urged on, another held back and led cautiously; the timid braced and strengthened, the obstinate and wilful softened and subdued by the mother touch and word, rather than crushed and broken on the wheel.

That very stubbornness, turned into the right channel, later on may give its possessor the very will-power needed for some grand, beneficent work, and as Carlyle, the cynic seer, admits, "Make it possible to write on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life."

You must learn, too, how to take these little maidens; they have their moods as well as we. "In the pouts" with them is "a fit of the blues" with their elders. Sometimes they sing gaily in the tree-tops, then suddenly are down in the valley, hardly knowing how they got there. Be very sure that these fits are not allowed to grow upon them, for out of nothing else can you sooner make a cranky, moody woman than of such material. To our sorrow we have all met them.

Just now one comes before me: an exceptionally gifted person, a fine musician and vocalist, charming in social intercourse, magnetic in character, yet withal so moody at times that she hardly speaks to her best friend, even failing in the most common courtesies of life. Such persons are a torture to themselves and others, hence too much care cannot be taken to prevent this defect becoming a chronic disease.

The choice of associates cannot be too strongly emphasized, demanding as it does wisdom and discernment in a supreme degree. Prove to your daughter by actual facts that what they are she will actually become. Draw comparisons between young girls of her own age, calling attention to what is worthy or unworthy of imitation, showing the impressions already made outside their own little circle by their demeanor and general conduct. This will prove far more effective than severer measures in breaking off an undesirable friendship which, in nine cases out of ten, would lead to secret meetings and its consequent evils.

The more surely to gain your point, open the doors to some bright, pleasant girls, who will prove an advantage to your children. But don't make them gilt-edged visitors, to sit on your best chairs in the parlor; no, give the range of house and grounds as far as possible, making your welcome so cordial that the enjoyment will be mutual; even though a few decades mark the gap between your age and theirs the pleasure need not be less. It is possible to keep a young heart enshrined by one who has passed the allotted three-score-years-and-ten.

I know of such a treasure, and see her before me now, through the mist of years: the bright, sunny nature beaming out of the cheery face framed in silver drew around her a circle of merry, winsome girls, delighted to bask in the sunlight of that pleasant home.

"Call her old?" exclaimed one of the young sprites. "Why she's as young and full of life and fun as any of us; that's what keeps her from growing old. She gets us out of our mischief, shows us how to do things, work for the poor and all that; says young folks shouldn't be only good, but good for something too. All her children are grown up and away from home; but when we're there she says we bring 'em all back again, just as they used to be. Everybody can't help loving her, so I'm going to try and keep young too, till I'm a hundred anyway." Thank God for all the Mrs. Blanks in the world: may their number never decrease or their shadows grow less, while each of us adds our own name to the blessed list!

As Miss Marguerite enters her teens the rewards and punishments of early years should give place to some higher motive, leading to a choice of the right for its own sake. Let your training be rather that of a guide than ruler. That is indeed a brutal nature which can be governed only by force; cases there may be requiring it, but let these stand as the sad exceptions rather than the rule. Above all avoid that constant nagging which begins, continues, and ends with a litany of dont's, dont's, *dont's;* why it takes all the courage and good-will out of the ordinary girl, until she is afraid to walk, run, or even sneeze, lest she hear the ever-recurring *don't.* Small wonder if she says to herself, "Bless my stars! is there anything I can do?" The same old saws continually repeated lose their meaning, and come to be regarded as the way old folks have of talking to children. A young girl away from school, glancing over the closely-written pages of her home-letter, said to her companion:

"Pshaw! this is the advice part; I always skip that, don't you, Nell? I know it by heart already."

"No, indeed; mamma and papa hardly ever write the same thing twice unless I do something to make them; then they always end off with, 'Hope we need not remind you of that again'; and you'd better believe they don't, for I can just see the real meaning look they have then; and I tell you, it's worth yards and miles of scoldings and lectures, and hurts more too. I tell mamma everything, and she tells me too, and we do have such good times together."

Results prove the training given. Our teeming crops tell of their culture and the soil that nurtured them.

Could we see the workings of those busy little brains, often puzzling over our inconsistencies, many a shrewd and just comment would we find upon our methods. In the freshness of their simple faith, in blessed ignorance of the world's delusions, they fail to see that the varied phases of truth and falsehood can easily be made synonymous through their convenient subterfuges. The usages of society, or more truly, social shams, are the most common examples of this evasion. For instance, taking a person into your friendship and gushing over her in public only to make a foot-ball of her elsewhere. How can the vital principle of honesty as the *summum bonum* be thus inculcated? And yet this is only one of the many ways in which integrity of character is imperilled.

Avoid eagerness in the culture of these young plants: soon enough if well enough. The lowest orders of animal and vegetable life mature most rapidly and as quickly die, that of many being limited to a single day. Shall your child develop like the mushroom? Then will her existence be like that of this ephemeral plant.

That which is enduring cannot have too sure and stable a foundation. Your child's character is formed for eternity; build, oh! build then wisely and well. Better far the slow, insensible development that through months and years of patient waiting she may become, like the strong and sturdy oak, at once a memory and a promise.

Follow nature's trend, giving the higher, better instincts free play, and you are safe. Time, patience, and a tremendous stock of unwearied effort are the indispensables. Aim not beyond God's mark; forestall not his designs to make out of your timid, shrinking child, if such she be, that for which she was never intended. We are still unable to fit the square into a circle, or the cube into a sphere. To cramp and twist her nature out of its destined shape can end only in failure.

Abnormal growths produce only monstrosities. Do your best with the material in hand. Not *how much*, but *how*.

You may perhaps want to make of your daughter a nightingale, when the first germ of the vocalist isn't in her. Bushels of acorns will never produce a single elm, nor a hundred ears of corn one grain of wheat. Through the blindness of parental folly how much time is wasted by forcing this art of arts into the service of your children!

Simply because some famous musician electrifies the world, must it follow that you have given birth to another? It is well that your child should be nearer and dearer to you than any other, but don't put her into a pneumatic tube, expecting she will be landed at once on the pinnacle of fame; little wonder, if she were, that the sudden elevation would end in a speedy downfall. Genius, that of your Marguerite included, must and will assert itself.

Experiments often give the clue to a discovery. Tapping a tree tells if the sap is ready to flow. "Trifles light as air are inspirations strong as holy writ."

The talent of a young maiden may be in the line of domestic work, making her an excellent house-keeper, an accomplishment too often neglected, yet contributing quite as much as any other to the happiness of home. A good "square" meal and a well-ordered house go farther with the great majority than all the sonatas, paintings, and statuary ever evolved by artistic genius. Not that these are to be overlooked, by no means; God-given, our higher, better nature demands this very culture, but let the plumb-line of consistency be drawn, giving essentials the preference.

With all their filmy, frothy, flyabout ways, these little women have much substantial ground upon which to build. See how earnestly they throw themselves into their favorite occupation; then give some worthy object as an out-put for this surplus energy, making it as attractive as possible; sugared pills are more easily swallowed. Encourage the first awkward attempts, failures though they be; dogged perseverance is worth a hundred times over what the world styles genius, which really is nothing else. The strokes of the sculptor repeated again and again at length reveal the beautiful statue, which, as Hawthorne tells us, is hidden in every block of marble.

The implanting, or rather awakening, religious instincts is the basis upon which character in its noblest aspect alone can rest.

These instincts in embryo are found in every human being; to foster and nurture this seed of divine life is "confessedly the most serious problem a sane man can be called to solve." Early inculcated and carefully nurtured, it will become so well rooted that coming years shall only engraft it the more firmly, enabling it to resist whatever may be brought to bear against it.

The beauties of our holy faith in its matchless simplicity, stripped of the superstitious ideas with which well-meaning but misinformed Catholics becloud the truth, typify some great truth in our Lord's doctrine or event in his divine life.

Thus coming to the real essence of religion and imbibing its spirit, they will learn what life is in itself, and still more what is its meaning for them individually. Taking Christ as their model, and being familiar with that simple but wondrous life, theirs, too, will be moulded thereon. Seeing gentleness, purity, charity, and all the other virtues that add grace and dignity, sanctity and beauty to character, in fact that are the make-up of every genuine character as mirrored in the Divine Master's, they will desire nothing more, be satisfied with nothing less.

It will then come to this: seeking religion will be for them seeking Christ, learning his ways, breathing his atmosphere, and imbibing his divine Spirit. Living this charmed life, the happiness which you as parents so much desire for your daughters is assuredly theirs, with the peace that can only come to a soul stayed on God. They will see that this is Christianity, real and vital, the truest philosophy of life ever presented. With such guidance, little fear for your children's future, since this is the perfection of living, "that life which is life indeed."

CATHEDRAL OF MARQUETTE, MICH.

BY THE GREAT WATERS OF THE OJIBWAYS.

BY REV. THOMAS JEFFERSON JENKINS.

FROM St. Paul to Duluth it had rained like a Northern April, though it verged upon the last week in August.

"Why, sir," remarked a questioned brakesman, "you will not find that the grade between the Mississippi and the lakes exceeds a hundred feet. There are two inclines; the rest is level pulling."

It was not to be believed. Indeed, the waters which reflect the shipping of the Bay of Duluth are over six hundred feet above the level of the sea; and quite a thousand feet are attainable in the granite ridge girding the twenty-three miles of habitations, stretching their linked lengths along the American head of Lake Superior.

But what is that curious minareted building, a crown and a cross painted large over the door, and the date 1890 as visible as they? A story handed verily down relates that a hundred Polish families, not direct from their persecuted land, but congregating by common purpose from this and the neighboring State of Wisconsin, colonized together hereabouts, and putting their little means as well as strong hands together, erected this church.

There is a dramatic chapter of history connected with these too-seldom visited parts, which it will be necessary to reveal in brief, if we would understand their geography. Here have I brought together the main points.

Less then fifty years after the discovery of America, De Soto indeed came upon the Mississippi; but Cartier had twelve years before sailed up the St. Lawrence, thus entering upon and claiming for Catholic Spain and France the western valley of the midland water-course and the immense territory around the Great Lakes, and founding the French dominion, which finally prevailed from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf.

Fifteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and two years previous to the settlement of the English at Jamestown in Virginia, the first permanent settlement of the French was made on the St. Lawrence River. In the same year that Lord Baltimore's Catholic English colony were erecting the first cross on the Chesapeake, and on the feast of the Blessed Virgin commenced the town of St. Mary's, a French Catholic, Jean Nicollet, visited the Winnebagoes and other Indian tribes at Green Bay.

A few years afterwards the future martyrs, Father Jogues and a Jesuit companion, planted the cross at Sault Ste. Marie, where three times is the blessed name of the Mother of Jesus repeated in the names of fall, river, and town. We know that it was not exactly trading or swapping knives that brought these brave missionaries into these border-lands of the New World. They were followed by the Recollects and Sulpitians, and in fifteen years no less than ten Jesuits, one Franciscan, and two Sulpitians were massacred for the faith along the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes.

We have their *Relations*, as their adventures and histories are called, which form the basis of the history of these parts, translated by a non-Catholic bishop, Kip, and written upon by Peabody, and especially by the great American annalist, Bancroft. The historian, Francis Parkman, in his eight several volumes does prosaic justice to our glorious missionaries and the Catholic heroes who opened up this vast region to Christianity and civilization. The latter says of them: "For the edification of pious readers they are filled with intolerably tedious stories of baptisms, conversions, and examples of converts; but," he adds, "they are relieved *abundantly* by observations on winds, currents, and tides of the Great Lakes, and speculate on an underground outlet of Lake Superior, give accounts of copper mines, etc." It was said that a half-brother of a famous writer and archbishop, Fénelon, had been among the settlers in this region.

And it interests us still more to learn that the first decent map of this very Lake Superior was gotten out by the Jesuits over two centuries ago. It will be a surprise to learn that the first civilized name of the grandest of lakes was *Tracy*—given by a transplanted Irishman who had entered the French colonial service. He had come from Fort St. Anne, built by Sieur Champlain on the lake called after him, and we find a great devotion to St. Anne springing up and being maintained in the French settlements from that time to this. Lorettos and lady-chapels were erected in all the colonies, and the white virgin feet took possession of all these shining clear waters, as the northern boundary of her new dowry in this virgin world of ours. Several French explorers had visited Lake Superior and this very head of the lake waters a little in advance of Marquette; but the

Father Marquette in Marble.

Jesuit followed hard upon their heels, and founded Sault Ste. Marie and, in union with Father Dablon, consecrated land and water to Our Lady, in 1660.

Twenty years passed and the four explorers and pioneers of church and state, La Salle, Marquette, Hennepin, and Le Sueur, pitched tents at Mille Lacs, within the present diocese of Duluth.

Marquette went down the "Father of Waters" to its source, and discovered a hundred tribes of natives along its banks. Hennepin went north as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, now Minneapolis. By a common inspiration they named the noblest of streams by one of the sweetest attributes of the Blessed Mother, her Immaculate Conception. The first civilized name given to our longest midland water-way was a title of the Mother of Jesus, by which Catholics invoke her now, by order of a pope, in the litany.

It was John and Daniel Duluth, the first white men to visit the Great Waters of the Ojibways, or Lake Superior, who rescued Father Hennepin from the Sioux near the present region of St. Paul and Minneapolis. They no doubt brought him back over this very site of the city named after the heroes, as I find is also expressly stated by an historical writer in a late magazine.*

"Daniel Duluth and Father Louis Hennepin had met before on the bloody fields of Seneffe, during the war of the great Condé against William of Orange and his allies, the soldier fighting the battles of Louis XIV. and the Recollect ministering to the dying in his capacity as chaplain. Hennepin, indeed, had imbibed his thirst for wandering and travel from his weary following on foot of the French corps through France and Flanders. But none more restless than he in war or peace, and he found in the wilds of the Lakes and upper Mississippi the widest scope for his Wandering Jew propensity. He and Marquette are indissolubly connected with all the explorations of the French possessions finally sold by Napoleon I. to these United States. Nowhere, perhaps, have Christian pluck and enterprise, in the members of all denominations, more closely joined hands than in this glorious North-west, proving the benefit of united action in the civil domain."

The thriving cities which crown the heights and enliven the valleys at the head of old Lake Tracy, or Superior, are to be congratulated on their public spirit in providing for the education and elevation of their inhabitants. The Sieurs Duluth, French heroes and devout Christians, may well look down with pride on the 60,000 Christian citizens who bear their name. Alive to all material requirements, and beautifying their superb suburbs with parks and recreation resorts, they have built perhaps the finest high-school building in the Northwestern States. Having stocked a large library in the course of three years, they are about to enrich it with a magnificent list of all the works printed on this developing northwestern group of commonwealths, and comprising six or seven pages, quarto, of type-writing.

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* "A Chevalier of the Royal Guards," *Harper's*, August, 1893.

SILVER CASCADE, PAINTED ROCKS.

The Fond-du-Lac cities here grouped have an advanced sentiment of the beautiful in nature and art. A community—from what a close looker-on can see in less than a third of a fortnight—has flowered out in this erstwhile desert rocky slope and the adjoining once thickly pine-wooded banks of the interlocked natural canals, whereinto flows the St. Louis or Knive River on the west, and has advanced its conquests on the wilds until there is scarcely a vestige left of the shores lately fringed with green to the water's edge. Skill and taste have locked hands with pluck and thrift to tear away remorsely in the fronts the obstructions to buildings, and at the back, as the long foreshortened view advances before you up the heights, a grand natural park of hundreds of acres has been deftly shaped to the unrugged lines.

Our carriage wound up and about, with surprising new views at the several landings; and a practical smooth mountain-pass road, finally taking the next highest ledge for its bed, circles and wheels in devious course to the south. At the highest the horizon broadens to the three points of the compass—in front the world of WATERS OF THE OJIBWAYS. Clear, but now only dimly, sparkles the bay in the sun, now dipping to the hidden west; to the right, Superior and West Superior across the crescent bar and the bays. West Duluth forms the right wing, and the corresponding left wing completes a semblance of the American eagle, spreading its pinions to encompass the fresh waters and brood over the heights and plains of its own American eyrie.

Now gradually down the further slope the shoulder of the lake shore hides the upper wing, and only Duluth proper shelves inclined to its water edge. The cities, linked over the arms of the bays covered with craft, but not now shrouded in the smoke of puffing trade and commerce, are thrown out in perfect distinctness against the twilighted east—the magic afterglow setting each object in just that photographic light most exquisitely adapted for a faultless picture.

At eight P.M. all the day is done, and the moon, now rising in slow majesty, raises its pale-fired forehead from the scarcely distinguishable waters of Superior. The dim cities, wrapped in half obscurity, in a vast crescent of beauty, twinkle their electric eyes for a score of 'miles around the lakehead. Anon the fair round orb ascends and silvers as it rises; the points and outlines become more distinct—the cool temperature of 55° lightening the air and bracing the limbs, until even the fatigue of an hour's stiff walk gives way to exhilaration.

MINNEWAWA, NEAR THE OLD FURNACE.

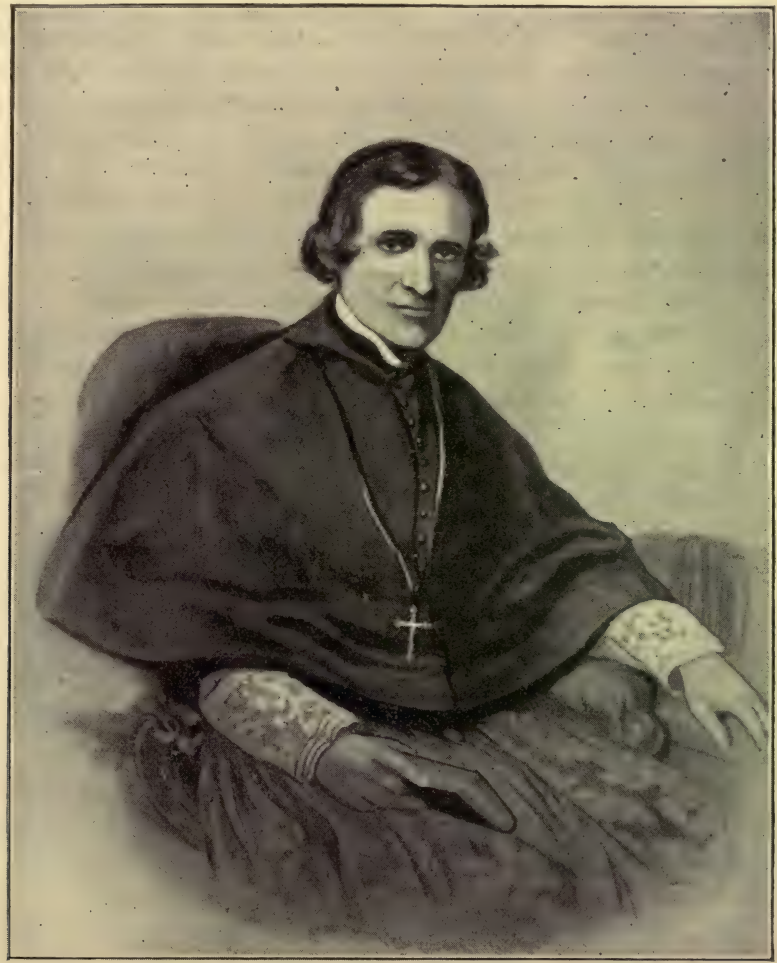
A fine and unusual sight even for tourists was the lighted panorama of the terraced city as we slowed out of the docks on the *Jay Gould*, Captain Joseph White commanding, Messrs. Rorback and Prior respectively purser and steward. Though the moon was rising, curious to say, within a quarter-hour of its time last night, naught but the darkest Rembrandt shades of the city buildings could be seen. A half-mile out, only the starry electric lamps brightened the western horizon. But whoso has seen the galaxies of the Milky Way, or the more brilliant bands of constellations, through powerful telescopes, alone can form even a slight idea of the magnificence of the illumination. It was as though the mighty archangel of the spheres had loosened his jewelled baldrick and let it float between the sea and the sky in its blue-bright brilliancy, to delight the children of men. Long hours its changing lights glistened behind us; and not even the full-orbed moon, throwing its dusky corona of misty splendor on the farther sea, and sending to us a shimmering path of light, could distract us from the enchantment of the farewell sight of hill-throned Duluth.

August 30 was St. Rose's day. Providence gave us the privilege of saying Mass in our South American "blossom of sanctity's" honor in a church of the Franciscan successors of brave Marquette and bold Hennepin.

Lingering all day in these lumber-bepiled cities, the delay was utilized by boarding a round-trip boat to the neighboring Catholic historic region. "Here," said a Franciscan, Father Casimir, "some five miles to the north of the present Ashland was Father Marquette's actual first mission of *Saint Esprit*—and not, as tradition wishes and books print it, at the Pointe on Madeline Island. It was the year succeeding the visit of the two discoverers of the Mississippi, 1661. Though the mission on the former Magdalen Island is very old—probably dating within a decade of the explorer's first coming to Lake Tracy, or Superior. Still the above date is certified by a *hand-drawn* map in the records of the Bayfield mission, ante-dating any other written testimony.

Washburn across the bay, some six miles distant, is a brand-new town, only seven or eight years old, on the very track where Father Casimir used to walk to his mission by Indian trail, thirty-two miles, not ten years ago. He had fifty stations to attend in North Wisconsin and the islands—called "The Apostles," though their number exceeds twelve.

Bayfield is approached by rounding Houghton Point—bordered more beautifully with rock and forests of pine growing down to the shore than any other shore hereabouts. In fact, this bay has a more beautiful name—Chequamegon—than appearance, the shores, with this exception, being devoid of vegetation and rocky scenery. A fourth of the 8,000 Bayfieldians are French Catholics; other three-fourths Norwegians and Swedes. The father's charge comprehends some 400 families of whites and 120 families of Chippewas. At Buffalo Point, six miles below, the Indians are just obtaining their citizen's papers, with additional 80 acres apiece of land; and are described as generally very



BISHOP BARAGA, FIRST BISHOP OF MARQUETTE.

faithful Catholics—childlike and biddable, saying universally Our Lady's rosary every day.

On Madeline Island a new frame church takes the place of the old Jesuit foundation. After Marquette's time there was an interval of about a hundred years when no priests attended these parts, until the re-establishment of missions by Bishop Baraga in 1835. The Protestant mission dates some three years later, but is now practically abandoned—no sheep and no shepherds—only old frame houses being left on the spot. There are scarcely a dozen houses left with inhabitants on the Pointe, where once the Indian nations used to assemble from hundreds of miles around for their councils. Back of the Pointe is an old, old graveyard, where the braves and their badly-used partners lie buried. Nearer the newer buildings is the modern common cemetery.

"To the south-east of Bayfield," added the father, "is the great battle-ground of the Chippewas and Sioux, where they fought out their tribal feuds, with the result of banishing the fiery Sioux and settling their foes in the north and west of Wisconsin."

"It does not look inviting to explore, with the fine forests gone and no chiefs left to tell the bloody tale."

"Oh!" he laughed, "my Indians can recount a tale as well as the Bill Nyean Westerner. But 'tis a pity no one thinks of removing their empty hotels here from the cities plumb back into the islands—*Presqu' Isle*, for example—where there are Indians, romantic scenery, splendid fishing, and no lack of larger game."

"Yes," rejoined a Duluthian, "isn't there a larger speculation than that? A quarter-century ago there was practically nothing on the twelve-hundred-mile coast of Superior, save a few names on the American, and some Hudson Bay trading posts on the British shores."

"Have we, indeed," I queried, "much more to-day?"

"No, 'tis true. Coupling the twin and triple cities along our seven hundred miles of coast from Duluth to Sault, we count about five new settlements—they may yet be called, with an average population each of twenty thousand souls. What is this for a frontage equivalent to a continent's, and that too showing the greatest ore region known, probably, to mankind, from the Roman tin-mines of Cornwall to the Mesaba range, discovered but yesterday?"

"The Mesaba, I believe, by running digging engines on top, promises to reduce iron ore from $2.00 per ton to but 60 cents."

"Just so; and we can import coal in barges and holds from Buffalo and Cleveland for 50 cents or 40 cents per ton. The old Hudson Bay Company, I tell you, never knew or cared about what could be coined out of these coasts. And they were so greedily insular that, as Senator West said in Congress the other day, you could neither beg, buy, nor barter a single skin from them without their running the risk of losing their charter. Every hide was to go to England."

"Well, we shall teach them what an empire of wealth we shall rear on Lake Superior in another score or two of years!"

On August 31 the weather is calm and clear; anon breezy and gusty. How good it is to be out of civilization while the whole country south is wilting with drouth and heat. Only on the west of the Mississippi is reported some rain for a State or two. But we can break that record. A fellow-traveller, who has come from New Zealand via San Francisco, thence around Puget Sound by way of the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Winnipeg on his way to Chicago, adds his good 9,000 miles to my tour of 2,000, and neither of us has seen rain by land or sea in over 11,000 miles!

FORT MACKINAC AND BAY.

Arrived at Hancock, this natural strait, eked out by short government canal, at 9 A.M., we are two nights and the second day out, and have scarcely put 200 miles of our voyage behind us. The said canal has evidently changed hands but lately, and is in a sad, dilapidated state. It is, however, so calm a waterway between the two most savagely boisterous arms of the lake exposed outside it, to cover 200 miles' stretch of clear passage for nor'-easters and nor'-westers, that it is used as a life-saving station, where we lit upon the crews in their white duck blouses and hose, just caulking their boats.

Above Hancock, and Houghton opposite, great copper ranges rise, one would judge, some 1,200 or 1,500 feet. Climbing by slow stages, and frequent halts to gaze back on the ever-more-extended panoramic views up and down the lake-river, I discovered dismantled mines and totally abandoned villages in the tops of the hills. Descending some 25 feet into the mouth of an old mine, what astonishment it was to find a large block of ice, melted on edges but plainly in sight from above, where coats were doffed at mid-day and the prevailing golden-rod stood full in bloom. The low waters of Bay River, which appear sandy-reddish from the hills, on descending to the banks assume nearly a blood color—a decided red keel hue. The phenomenon is partly due to the sandy bottom, but principally attributable to the draining of the copper mines by means of long, narrow aqueducts into the bays.

How pleasant, a few hours later, to steam away from the waters contaminated by man, in mines or log-booms, into the clear green, restless bosoms of the Northern Lakes—too vast to be soiled.

At Ontonagon, some scores of miles south-west on the coast, are probably the first copper mines discovered by the emissaries of old France. Next in age are the Eagle Mines on the peninsula north-east from the strait.

We sight Huron Island, the first beautiful rocky spot met on the watery wilds—the fairer indeed for its isolation. Huron Island rises, in sheer rocky rounded shores, out of the clearest green waters eyes ever gazed upon. The government lighthouse dominates in the centre, an engine-building on the west end, with dummy car-tracks descending amid the wooded sides to the water level on either end. The little bay is garnished on the east by an island annex, connected with the main isle by a rustic bridge. You gaze down from the ship's guards into the still green breast of liquid, and the rocky roots of the island home keep their shelving course in sight, until you can see, the captain assures, twenty-five feet below the surface so small a speck as a shining tin can. The eye is deceived in the really six-mile long and two-mile wide points, thrown up from doubtless one hundred fathoms of water. What an ideal spot for summering alone with the wooded, rocky heights and shining seas!

On September 1 we arrived at 5 A.M. at the docks of Marquette, where we had three hours' wait. I had the consolation of saying a votive Mass of Our Lady at the fine cathedral erected by the generosity of these northernmost inhabitants, strengthening the hands of Bishop Vertin. The genial rector, Father Langan, busy as he was, took time to be courteous to a stranger coming only on the credentials of his face and possible knowledge of his publications.

Bishop Vertin, of Marquette.

Little is to be seen from the harbor beyond a picture of the right arm of the slightly bluffy city of the great Jesuit discoverer. Foliage and the shoulder of a hill hide the left arm and main body of a town numbering some ten or twelve thousand citizens.

There is talk, seemingly backed by the oral authority of a professor of history in our foremost college and by some written testimony—of whom I had not chance to learn—that the poet Longfellow conceived and partly executed the writing of his "Hiawatha" on or about the site of this deserted village.

Journeying along the shores where repose in majestic beauty the cliffs called "Painted Rocks," from the resemblance of their natural coloring and shading to artificial work, the strong poet trod in the very footsteps of the native tribes scattered on beach and lake, and roaming the mountainous vicinity. He foresaw already the rapid retreat of the red man before the advance of the pale face. His eye, the eye of a prophetic seer, read the signs of dissolution in the tribes, and its sure, deadly work in stamping out the nationality of the Indians and depriving them of that virility which preserves a race even in the stress of war with man and the elements. The children of the American forest, who had called *all* their own following the setting sun, were disappearing from sight over the great green waters on the North and the boundless green prairies on the West. He would sing the swan song for the tongueless, extinguishing tribes, who, though poets by nature, could formulate no farewell to their homes and humanity which might reach their more favored fellows and touch, mayhap, their mercenary—certainly coolly indifferent—hearts.

The Canadian shore, which we first see distinctly outside the mouth of Sault River, stretches off to the north-west until, by mirage, the tongues of land reach up from the sea and look detached in the air. Past the towns of Sault on both British and American shores, guarded by old and new forts, the level plains of conquered meadows lie flat on either hand.

There is no beauty in them distinct from the inseparable allurement of the clear, fine air, and the shining water-courses which join them. Steaming out into the broadening bosom of smooth tracts of water, in the perfect light of this singularly created gloaming, we view a scene that, I dare assert, rivals the natural beauties of the bay of Naples, minus Vesuvius. It is cocksure that no such air blows over the palace heights there as envelopes and identifies itself here with every object of sight. 'Tis only Mud Lake, the great obstacle in winter to navigation on account of its remaining frozen across the path of trade, that streams through these passes all the early spring, summer, and autumn. But its simple, joy-giving beauty overpasses the stretch of imagination and defies description. The very wreaths of smoke are transfigured; shapes are smoothed to lines that please; nature sits here in her own plaisance, and man cannot but communicate the movement of life to the deep, green waters and wooded shores which erstwhile floated the canoe of the aborigines.

THE RIVER SAULT STE. MARIE.

I learn most of the farms and dwellings on either shore are occupied by Indians and half-breeds, mingled with a few original French, who, barring a little haying and primitive agriculture, seem to eke out an existence by fishing.

Now, Sunday evening, we are passing by Mackinaw Island, and down the continuation of the straits between the chain of islands, Fox, Upper and Lower Manitou, until we reach the straight stretch to Chicago.

* * *

THE CATHOLIC CHAMPLAIN, 1895.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

OUR Summer-School has arrived at that stage of its existence when it may put forward some pretensions on the score of antiquity. The stream of life flows swiftly in these days. We live as much in a decade now as the Old World used in a thousand years. Four years of establishment as an educational institution (with a sort of Bohemian and *al-fresco* character nevertheless) is a sufficient title to the reverence which belongs of right to a recognized and old-established business concern.

The Summer-School, it was long ago apparent to all who knew anything about it, had come to stay. But those who could see a little way ahead besides, had no difficulty in perceiving that so successful and promising an innovation was certain to arouse a spirit of emulation. It was inevitable, as things go on this wide continent, that the lesson of success would not be lost upon the shrewd minds of admiring on-lookers. It is the reverse of discouraging to find other Summer-Schools starting up. The more the merrier. There is room for all, work for all, intellect enough for as many as can be started. The torch of knowledge is ablaze, and we hope to see it speeding over the land like the fiery cross amongst the tartaned clansmen when there was no telegraph wire to tell that all the blue bonnets were over the border.

This idea of utilizing a holiday is a distinct mark and token of the age. It is, moreover, an American characteristic—a concrete embodiment of the spirit of this people. That intellectual restlessness which seems as incapable of absolute repose as a lake of quicksilver, forbade the idea of any number of people wasting their time in mere holiday pleasure. From a high medical point of view this apparent waste might after all be the truest economy. But our lymphatic temperament forbids the consideration of the matter from that stand-point. Our gregariousness, our sociability too, precludes it. Our spirit of inquiry, of advance, of conquest of the elusive but tangible and perceptible, urges us on. It is found, moreover, that we can enjoy a holiday all the more for having intellectual pleasures added to those of travel and scenic opulence. They give zest and tone to what used to be but a social function of a family character, usually; sometimes a solitary pilgrimage. They possess the additional attraction of widening the circle of our acquaintance by very desirable additions, and welding the intellectual forces of the country into an informal brotherhood and sisterhood of knowledge—a veritable Republic of Letters.

We have now about a hundred of these summer-schools meeting annually throughout the United States. They constitute the chief pleasure of a summer holiday. They are an immense social force, as well as so many *foci* for the diffusion of learning. They place the city in touch with the country, they bring the higher learning of the university to the village student, who otherwise must be entirely debarred from the attainment of it. They are a splendid living illustration of the noble principle of the brotherhood of man.

We shall probably have a plurality of Catholic Summer-Schools in a very short time. The temperaments of West and East, North and South demand a distribution of work and separate recognition. Environment and local circumstance, and the physical resources of the locality must ultimately determine the lines on which specific education ought to proceed and the centres whence its forces should radiate. The lines of scientific investigation must follow the great natural features of the soil, as it is to the development of the different resources Nature has lavished on so many vast portions of this wide continent that the practical energies of the people must be incessantly directed in the future. Our advance in arts and science will be the measure of our conquests in the material world. The problems of the future may be more perplexing, as the work of material development proceeds. The social struggle may be fierce, perhaps disastrous. It is only by bringing the light of science to bear on it that we can hope for an intelligent solution; only in invoking the spirit of the Catholic Church, which is the spirit of charity, that we may disarm the forces marshalled for mutual destruction.

Much has been gained since the first experimental session of the Catholic Summer-School held at New London four years ago. There the arrangement of lectures was more tentative than of course. By the system adopted for the coming session the mind will be better prepared for the assimilation of its pabulum than it could have been at any of the preceding sessions. Three distinct courses of lectures are mapped out for each week, so that students may select that week or weeks of the session which will be most advantageous to them in the particular lines of study which they now happen to be pursuing. A glance over the syllabus shows with what care these courses have been arranged by the Board of Studies, and with how careful an eye to the pockets of the students the arrangement of terms has been made. Thus a student in some three branches of learning can find all he wants in one particular week; whilst another who may be interested in three totally different subjects can find his suitable term later on. This is a much better arrangement than the old one under which students were compelled to wait for perhaps the whole session in order to get the particular lectures they wanted, as these were sandwiched in between other subjects in which they had nothing more than an ordinary literary interest.

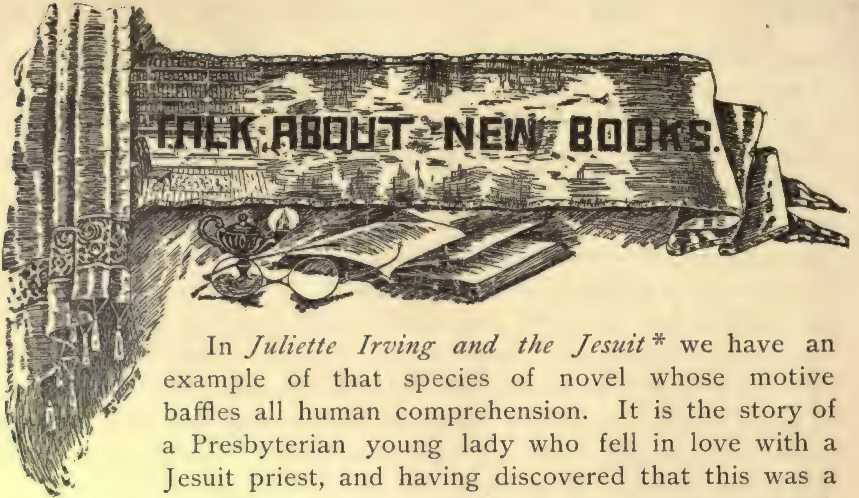
The interest which the great Leo XIII. takes in the Summer-School has already been manifested in the warm letter of approval from his own hand which was published last year. His Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, has shown that he shares this interest to the full. In his own words, he regards the Catholic Summer-School as one of the great works of the church in America. He goes this year to Plattsburgh, to manifest by his presence at the opening of the school that this interest is a living sensation, not a mere sentiment. The American hierarchy will also be strongly represented during the session. Among those who will be present we find the names of the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia, the Bishops of Springfield and Nashville. These dignitaries will preach during the session, and other distinguished preachers will be Rev. Dr. Garrigan, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America, and Very Rev. Dr. Mooney, Vicar-General of New York; Rev. Dr. Conaty, President of the Summer-School; Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, Ph.D., of the Paulists, New York; Rev. Father Whelan, of Ottawa, Canada; and Rev. Father Belford, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thus a threefold benefit awaits all those who have the good fortune to be able to make this delightful pilgrimage to the historic Champlain. Their religious life will be cheered by the eloquence of the foremost pulpit orators of the day; their thirst for knowledge slaked by a healthy regimen; and their enjoyment of active physical life quickened and renovated by an alternation of scenery and social companionship which not even the most churlish could resist.

It is proper to note that, although the Summer-School prefixes the name of Catholic, its advantages are open to all who desire to avail themselves of them. Non-Catholics are cordially welcome there, and they may go with the full assurance that they will hear no word to grate upon their feelings, but words of the warmest charity and good-will to all earnest searchers after the truth in things eternal and in things material.

Simultaneously with the opening of the school at Plattsburgh the Summer-School of the West will begin its first session in the City of Madison, Wis. This locality has been fixed upon as most convenient for Western students. The city is beautifully situated, and is a most convenient centre as regards facilities for communication, accommodations, and so forth. There is, besides the State University, the State Historical Library, wherein a hundred and sixty-five thousand volumes of books are open to the use of the public. The programme of lectures does not follow the same lines as those of the Plattsburgh school, and it is to be noted that it is more varied. Whether this is an advantage or not to the students remains to be practically decided. The arrangements for the reception of visitors and railway facilities follow closely the plan adopted by the senior school managers. The Papal Delegate has signified his intention of participating in the proceedings of the Western school as well as the other, and the hearty co-operation of Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati; Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky.; Bishop Messmer, of Wisconsin; Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, and other prelates has been given in the promotion of the enterprise. The scenic attractions around Wisconsin are not surpassed by any locality on the American continent, and ample facilities for reaching every place of interest are within reach of the visitors. A programme of social reunions and public receptions on a very generous scale has also been arranged by the local authorities.

It is plain that we are only at the beginning of a movement which must in time assume national proportions. The impulse already given to intellectual forces through its means gives promise of reproduction all along the line in Catholic though. We live in the fierce light of an age of universal inquiry. The spirit of these days takes the shape of a huge note of interrogation. The search for truth is earnest amongst many of those whose regards are fixed upon the Catholic revival. There can be no more splendid ambition than to be prepared at all points to answer a vital question whenever such is propounded, and so give an overwhelming refutation to the moribund slander that the church of our faith and our love is a narrowing and obscurantist Alma Mater.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

In *Juliette Irving and the Jesuit* * we have an example of that species of novel whose motive baffles all human comprehension. It is the story of a Presbyterian young lady who fell in love with a Jesuit priest, and having discovered that this was a sinful and silly thing to do returned to her senses, repented, became a Catholic, and married a young gentleman who had been in love with her but for whom she entertained no affection while her folly lasted. The details of this wild romance are accompanied by other inconsistent events in the world of religion and matrimony, related in the longest sentences we have ever endeavored to wind through, and a style somewhat like that of *The Scottish Chiefs*.

Christian Marriage † is the first title of an excellent little *brochure*, whose size and price make it an easily procurable guide on a subject which, though trite, is ever crying out for the earnest consideration of all. To the Catholic reader the arguments for religious marriage are so self-evident that the author, the Rev. Father Smith, wastes no more time on this part of his subject than is absolutely necessary by way of introduction. The greater portion of the booklet is devoted to the all-important question of mixed marriages, and we would earnestly commend its wise and warning counsels to all those Catholics who feel themselves interested, directly or indirectly, in the discussion of this subject.

A little volume by Miss Katherine E. Conway, under the modest title *A Lady and her Letters*, might be described as an essay on good taste and discretion more than a hand-book of etiquette on the all-important matter of correspondence. If the tongue is usually an unruly member, a far more unmanageable and dangerous one is the pen in the hands of the ingenuous and unsuspecting young lady fresh from school. To all such Miss Conway conveys much sound advice, tendered in a delicate and sympathetic way. There are very many otherwise excellent and orderly-minded girls who find it hard to fall into a system in the matter of their correspondence—what to keep and how to keep it, what to answer and what to ignore. The book is a new treatise, in fact, "On the Polite Art of Letter-writing," but one of a widely different and far more practical character than its artificial prototype. But the sage and kindly advice it tenders is not restricted to the bare subject of keeping or fashioning the correspondence of a young lady. It embraces incidentally many a side issue in which good breeding and moral culture are involved. The lines of conduct and modes of thought which it outlines are such as cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to all those who lay them seriously to heart and are influenced by them in their actions.*

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* *Juliette Irving and the Jesuit.* By T. Robinson Warren. New Brunswick, N. J.: J. Heidingsfeld.

† *Marriage.* By Rev. J. C. Smith, O.M.I., Rector of St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas. John Schott, printer.

Amongst the stories of heroism in "lost causes" few can surpass those of many of the men who made the last stand for the Papacy in the memorable events which culminated in the seizure of the Pope's dominions by the Sardinian troops. Many a noble life was offered, in that unequal conflict, in defence of the oldest throne in Christendom, and if the purest loyalty and most chivalric bravery could save a cause from disaster, perfidy would never have gained the day before the walls of Rome. In the ranks of the Papal Zouaves were as brave young fellows as ever rode beside Roland in the Pyrennean passes. Enthusiastic Irishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, and English took part in the final struggle. A memoir of one of these gallant Catholics, an English lad named Giulio Watts-Russell,† was honored by a brief letter of commendation by the late Cardinal Manning, and his note now appears in the front of the little book. The cardinal says of the work that it is "touching and beautiful," a description so complete and just that nothing more need be said to commend it to Catholic readers. The author of the memoir was the late Most Rev. Valerian Cardella, S.J., consultor of the Propaganda; and it has been translated by Monsignor W. Tyler, M.A. It is evident from what is here set down authoritatively that young Watts-Russell was not only a brave lad but one of extraordinary piety as well. He fell at the battle of Mentana, and he had a singular premonition of his death. But with the certainty that he was to meet it there he cheerfully went to his martyrdom, glad to be able to seal with his life-blood his devotion to the Holy See. Surely the cause that can produce such heroes can never be lost. It may be eclipsed for the time, but it must shine forth again more gloriously than ever.

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* *A Lady and her Letters.* By Katherine E. Conway. Boston, Mass.: The Pilot Company.

† *Giulio Watts-Russell, Papal Zouave.* By the late Most Rev. Valerian Cardella, S.J. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

The fact that a book which is not a medico-erotic or outrageously fantastic novel, but a solid historical work, has reached an eleventh edition is strong presumptive evidence that it is a good book. Such is the case with regard to the valuable work on *The Jewish Race** by A. Rendu, LL.D. It shows that it has been very largely accepted by students as a text-book, and we do not wonder that such should be the case. It is one of the most comprehensive and panoramic reviews of the old world and modern civilization, approaching closely in its scope that *magnum opus* of historical surveys, Gibbon's *Roman Empire*. To the student of universal history such a work must be a boon, because of its orderly arrangement, its freedom from verbiage, and its succinct presentation of all the salient facts. It is not of the history of the Jewish race merely that the work treats; all the nations of the old world with which the scattered race had any dealings in the course of their checkered wanderings are sketched with bold and rapid touch. The literary style of the work is excellent. One of its advantages to students is the copious index which is found at the end of the volume.

The timely appearance of a new life of St. Anthony of Padua, from the pen of the Rev. Father Ubaldus da Rieti, O.S.F., will be welcomed in this country, where the fame of that illustrious son of St. Francis is daily growing into a deep and reverent devotion. This biography of Father da Rieti's ought to meet the general desire for a popular biography of St. Anthony, for most of those already written are not only out of print, but are rather unsuitable, from their length, their style, and other reasons. This biography is of the simple order. It gives all the facts of the saint's life and his extraordinary career as a preacher with an almost entire absence of flourish or moral reflection. The record is a truly marvellous one. That Anthony was a preacher of the most irresistible kind is a fact attested by many a wonderful conversion. More than any other of the saintly preachers of the missionary orders, perhaps, he possessed the rare power of overcoming obstinate heretics, and what is more, making their conversions lasting and sincere. He was a fearless denouncer of the civil tyrants of his day, as he abundantly testified by his demeanor before Ezzelino da Romano, the tyrant of the district afterwards called the Quadrilateral. The manifold atrocities which this powerful ruffian had perpetrated roused Anthony to "beard the lion in his den." He went to Verona, where he had his stronghold, sought him out in the midst of his armed minions, and boldly denounced his conduct. Instead of ordering his execution, as his followers thought he immediately would, the tyrant was cowed and humbly sought forgiveness. This incident has been well compared to the humbling of Attila, the ferocious leader of the Huns, by the great Pope St. Leo, inasmuch as the two tyrants bore a strong resemblance to each other in their tiger-like and unappeasable lust of blood and plunder. That many other evil and blood-stained men were brought to renounce their criminal career through the marvellous eloquence of St. Anthony there is the most irrefragable proof. A host of miracles proved to have been wrought through his instrumentality are related in this book, and the public manner in which many of them were effected rendered the task of formally proving them remarkably easy. Hence his canonization took place in a very short time after his death. At his shrine in the cathedral of Padua, for long after his decease, many surprising miracles took place, and still take place intermittently there.

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* *The Jewish Race in Ancient and Modern History.* From the eleventh revised edition of A. Rendu, LL.D. Translated by Theresa Cook. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

Father Rieti's book has been printed at the Angel Guardian Press, in Boston, and its typography is creditable to that institution. The work* is embellished with a copy of the fresco portrait of St. Anthony in the palace della Genga, and which was executed during his lifetime and certified to be a true likeness.

The past politics of this country, especially politics since the Revolution, must have a living interest for all who read and take a citizen's part in its active life. An excellent little book for the study of political fluctuations and the genesis of our present political conditions is one recently published from the pen of Noah Brooks.† It is luminous and at the same time compact, whilst its tone is moderate and purely historical. The work is furnished with some nicely executed portraits of departed American worthies.

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* *Life of St. Anthony of Padua.* By Rev. Father Ubaldus da Rieti, O.S.F. Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

† *A Short Study in Party Politics.* By Noah Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The disputant who proves too much is not a desirable one for the success of any argument. Such is the case with regard to one John S. Hittel, who from San Francisco undertakes to enlighten the world as to the spirit of the Papacy.* His book is a concatenation of half-truths most clumsily linked in with falsehoods which are patent to everybody. We have no trouble in culling them—they spring up thistle-headed on every page. Here is a good specimen plumper:

"From 1100 to 1500 the Papacy, which then enjoyed its golden age, was the predominant power in western Europe. . . . It possessed most of the learning and books, and men who had leisure for study. It had thirty thousand monks in fifteen thousand monasteries"—just two monks to each monastery!—"and a score of different monastic orders; and among these not one devoted to the cause of popular education."

Mr. Hittel boldly gives the lie to every reputable English writer—Macaulay, Green, Mill, Thorold Rogers, and many others. These authorities were no friends of the Papacy, but they did not care to incur the reproach of besotted ignorance or reckless mendacity or imbecile folly. They testify that in England and Scotland the church had a free school in every parish for the use of the people. Over the greater part of the European continent the same condition of affairs prevailed. Very interesting historical memoranda on this head are furnished periodically to the American public by the Commissioner of Education. People who desire to know the truth would prefer this authority to that of J. S. Hittel. These reports have a permanent place in every public library, whilst J. S. Hittel's stupid stuff has no destination but the chandler's shop.

St. Anne of Isle La Motte is the name of a well-stocked but handy little compendium of literature and devotional exercises connected with the veneration of St. Anne, the mother of our Blessed Lady. It deals especially with the establishment of the confraternity of St. Anne at Isle La Motte, on Lake Champlain, and gives much interesting historical data in connection with the locality, as well as with other shrines of St. Anne in different parts of the world. The author is the Rev. J. Kerlidon, of Alburgh, Vermont, and the manual is published at the office of the Burlington "Free Press" Association.

Through the kindness of the Rev. P. Pajet, Superior of the Missionaries of La Salette, Hartford, Conn., we have received a copy of a new edition of the work of the Abbé Bertrand on the apparitions of La Salette. This work is published in Paris by Blond & Barral, at 4 Rue Madame and 59 Rue de Rennes. It gives an exhaustive and careful report of the whole proceedings connected with the apparitions at La Salette, and is embellished with many excellent wood-cuts of the principal personages, places, and events mentioned in the course of the wonderful narrative. The narratives of the two children, Maximin and Mélanie, regarding their conversations with the apparition of Our Lady, which are set forth as they were taken down with great circumstantiality, must ever be read with the most profound interest, inasmuch as, next to the story of Jeanne Darc, it appears to be the most explicit manifestation of the supernatural on record since the Middle Ages.

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* *The Spirit of the Papacy.* By J. S. Hittel. San Francisco: J. S. Hittel.

D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, publish a treatise entitled *Four Years of Novel Reading*, by the Professor of English Literature at Chicago University. From this it may be learned that the systematic reading of fiction is now regarded as a branch of the sciences. Professor Moulton appears to lay much value on it as such, as he wishes to introduce a plan which has been found to work well in the mining districts of England. The plan, shortly stated, is to let all the members of a reading union get the one novel to read, with a direction of points to be noted by some professional literary authority, and then hold meetings and debate these points—when the reading is done. The experience of the Backworth Reading Union is set forth—Backworth being a village in Northumberland in England. The results noted do not afford any reliable data for coming to conclusions, but this much may be said of the plan: If it be not the best thing in the world to ask practical men to spend their time reading novels, it is good for those who are inclined to indulge in this form of mental dissipation to endeavor to place the best and cleanest novels that can be got before them and keep out the trashy and pernicious; and this appears to be the course and aim of the Novel-Reading Union. But it is questionable whether the ends of education, or even amusement, might not be better served by substituting other forms of literature for even the most unobjectionable novels. There are masterpieces of literature in history and biography and travel, and other fields of useful knowledge, that are far more fascinating than any work of the imagination. To such minds as those of practical and usually phlegmatic toilers like the English, this field of literature ought certainly to be more acceptable than the modern novel, or any other novel for that matter.

NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Plated City. By Bliss Perry.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
The Venerable Mother Frances Schervier. By Very Rev. Ignatius Jeiler, O.S.F., D.D. Translated by Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
An Historical Survey of Pre-Christian Education. By S. S. Laurie, A.M., LL.D. *England's Responsibility towards Armenia.* By the Rev. Malcolm M'Coll, M.A. *A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.* Edited by Rev. Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

OFFICE OF THE "AVE MARIA," Notre Dame, Ind.:
A Short Cut to the True Church; or, The Fact and the Word. By the Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P.

A. WALDTEUFEL, San Francisco:
Andachtsbüchlein zu Ehren des hl. Antonius von Padua. Von P. Clementinus Denmann, O.S.F.

WILLIAM I. COMSTOCK, New York:
Churches and Chapels. By F. E. Kidder, C.E., Ph.D. With Fifty-two illustrations.

CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., New York:
Witness to the Deed. By George Manville Fenn. *Is She not a Woman?* By Daniel Dane. *The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters.* By An Idle Exile.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:
Little Comrades: A First-Communion Story. By Mary T. Waggaman.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:
Revealed Religion. By Franz Hettinger, D.D. Edited, with an Introduction, by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Elements of Religious Life. By Father Humphrey, S.J. *Divine Love and the Love of God's Most Blessed Mother.* By Right Rev. F. J. Weld, Protonotary Apostolic. *History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages.* By Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. Vols. III. and IV. *Charity is the Greatest Created Gift of God to Man.* By the Very Rev. J. A. Maltus, of the Order of Teachers. *Child's Prayer-Book of the Sacred Heart.* Illustrated. *New Speller and Word Book. On the Road to Rome, and how Two Brothers got there.* By William Richards. *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology.* By Sylvester J. Hunter, S.J. Vol. i. *St. Chantal and the Foundation of the Visitation.* By Monsignor Bougand. Translated from the French; with a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. 2 vols.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
Home Geography for Primary Grades. By C. C. Long, Ph.D.

BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY:
Annual Report of the Board of Managers.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia:
Foundation Studies in Literature. By Margaret S. Mooney, State Normal College, Albany, New York.

WEED-PARSONS PRINTING COMPANY, Albany:
Practical Lessons in Algebra. By Josiah H. Gilbert, Ph.D., and Ellen Sullivan, High School, Albany.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CHURCH WORK IN ENGLAND—THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

(*General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army, in the Homiletic Review.*)

IN regard to the social question, it may be said that a spirit of discontent has existed among the poorer classes in England about as far back as I can remember. This spirit has been steadily growing, and it is now in a transition state. The great army of the discontented is travelling toward the goal of organization. When this vast body becomes thoroughly organized, under able leaders, I can only prophesy that unless society does something to satisfy the demands of these people, there will be such an upheaval as the world has seldom seen. It is singular how quiet the great mass of people are in view of the present social condition and the demands of the poorer classes. The mass of people in all countries have not only become aware of the fact that they have wrongs which require redressing, but they are determined to have them redressed. It will be a sad day for the peace of society unless the various governments institute legislation which shall ameliorate the condition of this class of people. But the great mass of citizens seem to have no gift of foresight; they seem to be living in a fool's paradise. In nearly every land they have put the power of governing in the hands of the people. It only remains for the people to learn how to use it.

It is to be feared that the right, or privilege, of univeral suffrage will land them so far ahead toward the accomplishment of their wishes that, when their natural rights have been attained by this method, after that will come—the Deluge. They will get beyond the voting stage, and they will come to use force. While they stick to votes not very much harm will come. The mere placing of a social democrat at the top will not matter so much; but when you come to put the aristocrat, the refined and wealthy republican, at the bottom, that will be a very unpleasant change for society. Still, as long as you stuck to votes, that would not mean the destruction of society. The trouble is that in all such movements in the past, as I read history, they have gone beyond that. If they had done nothing but vote in the French Revolution, it would probably have soon come to an end, and without any Reign of Terror.

The cause of the social trouble is poverty. As I have said elsewhere: "Here is John Jones, a stout, stalwart laborer in rags, who has not had one square meal for a month, who has been hunting for work that will enable him to keep body and soul together, and hunting in vain. There he is in his hungry ruggedness, asking for work that he may live, and not die of sheer starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city in the world. What is to be done with John Jones?" Society, by its peculiar methods, is breeding the submerged classes, the destructive classes. You put Jones in prison if he steals a loaf of bread, but he had no notion of committing the deed until his necessities forced him to it. While he is in need of something to eat he sees men about him living in ease and luxury. The conditions to which I have just alluded are very much stronger in foreign countries than they are in the United States. The conditions of working and living are far better in America than they are in England and on the Continent.

If the rich did their full duty to the poor, they would not be so rich, and Jones would not be so poor. The rich would give away more of their wealth. A man should make all the money he can honestly, and save all he can with due regard to the necessities of others. He should give away all that he can to those who have not been favored as he has been.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES FOR WOMEN.

(An Oxford B.A. in the Fortnightly Review.)

As a mere man, who has taken an Oxford degree, and has never found it of the slightest possible use, perhaps I may be permitted to say that the anxiety of ladies to be allowed to present a university with £7 10s., in exchange for a couple of letters, has frequently occasioned me some surprise. The plain fact about the B.A. degree is that it means very little. Indeed, it is a very misleading thing, because it is equally open to mere "passman" and to the most brilliant scholar of his year, and puts them both on the same level. If you want to know what a man has done at Oxford, you think nothing of the B.A. degree and everything of the class he has taken, which would be the same whether he took his degree or not. It is the fashion to take one's degree; and the fashion is so strong that schoolmasters are practically obliged to do so; but for ten men out of every dozen who pay the extra fees to the university the degree is quite useless in after-life, and in England we never think of putting it after our names, except occasionally on the title-page of a book, if we write one. However, there is another side to this question. If "going to the 'Varsity" ever became as common an incident in the lives of well-to-do young women as it is in those of young men—if, say, as many lady students as men went into residence annually at Oxford or Cambridge, this aspect of the degree—its uselessness—might prevent its being sought by a large proportion of the ladies.

If properly qualified Englishwomen need university degrees, they will have them. In point of fact, they can get them practically everywhere but at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin; and the refusal there is unjust, unpatriotic, financially foolish, and educationally mischievous. Common-sense must at length prevail; and it will not prevail the less soon because most people will rightly think that the women who will want degrees are on the whole a limited and exceptional class. There is an unconsciously amusing touch in some of the sentences in an open letter recently sent by an American lady at Göttingen to the Collegiate Alumnæ of America, describing what has been done in Göttingen and what the pioneers of that movement hope for its future. "It is plainly understood," she writes in perfect seriousness, "that no woman student is desired who is not well prepared and has not a definite aim and motive in her study; no one is desired who comes out of curiosity or mere amusement. If this year instead of fifteen women there had come one hundred, we would have had cause to tremble for the outcome of the experiment; the mass would have been too large and too heterogeneous. It would be deplorable for it to become within a few years the mode, the fad, for American women-students to study at Göttingen University; the university would not desire it; it would overtax the present limit of its hospitality; it would thwart the success of the experiment and the purpose of the cause."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MEMBERS of Reading Circles who may not be able to attend the opening exercises, on July 6, of the Catholic Summer-School on Lake Champlain should bear in mind that the session will continue for six weeks, till August 19, and that each week has distinct attractions. Apart from the lectures there are many advantages to be gained from the opportunities of meeting the leading workers of the Reading Circle movement. Some from circles already firmly established can tell how the obstacles which arose at the start were overcome; others from circles yet struggling can find solutions for various questions, and encouragement to persevere. Those who are anxious to organize, but may not know how to begin, will receive the necessary information. All will be sharers in the enthusiasm which such a meeting will develop, and will return to their homes with renewed energy to continue the work of self-improvement.

Ample accommodations for lodging and boarding have been provided in the village of Plattsburgh. The Local Committee have prepared a list of all the private families who are willing to receive Summer-School students as guests, and are prepared to give all information regarding location and rates. Board and lodging may be secured in private families at rates varying from $5 per week up to $1.50 per day. All communications will be regarded as confidential. Applicants should state as accurately as possible what rates they wish to pay, when they wish to occupy their quarters, for how long a time, and how many will be in their party. Accurate information will at once be forwarded on request, together with a map of Plattsburgh, showing location of house. Applications may be sent at once to R. E. Healey, Secretary of Local Committee, Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, N. Y. For those in the West who desire information about the Columbian Summer-School, which will hold its first session at Madison, Wis., beginning July 14, applications should be sent to Edward McLaughlin, M.D., Fond du Lac, Wis.

The studies at Madison and Champlain are intended for all minds sincerely seeking for sound information. Non-Catholics are cordially invited to attend. Catholics should be eager to promote by their presence and support a wider diffusion of the truth under the guidance of the church.

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The Most Rev. John J. Kain, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis, has recognized the need of having a more vigorous expression of opinion from Christian people of all denominations to prevent the spread of debasing literature. In a recent interview he spoke as follows:

"One of the crying evils of the day is the bad book that poisons the minds of the young. The presses to-day are teeming with literature that keeps within the bounds of decency as prescribed by law, but the circulation of books of this character is nothing less than a crime. As the law now stands their circulation cannot be prevented. While this is a land of freedom, yet license prevails to a large extent, and still when one talks of establishing a censorship over the press he is treading on treacherous ground. But it appears to me that regulations more strict than those now in vogue could be established by law whereby the civil authorities could be given the power to prevent the sale of a large number of books which all right-minded persons class as dangerous and debasing. Some means should be evoked to stop the spread of this immoral literature.

"In this respect I can say that I think the Catholic idea of educating the young is the best. I mean by the Catholic idea, that the youth in our church have the benefits of daily religious education along with the secular. They know that they are to worship God not only one day in the week, but every day. The tendency toward secularism seems to be growing stronger in regard to public education in this country, and if not checked the ultimate results will be fearful to contemplate. The Catholic Church is fighting bravely against this growing tendency to secularism, because there is only a small stepping-stone from secularism to scepticism. If the minds of the young are to be kept pure and holy, they must not only be given wholesome literature to read during leisure hours, but they must have religious training daily along with their secular education."

Archbishop Kain especially condemned the cheap novels that incite the young mind by presenting lurid pictures of criminal life. In his address recently before the Sunset Club, at Chicago, Bishop Spalding mentioned two books destructive of faith and of the best culture, *Innocents Abroad* and *Peck's Bad Boy*. It is a misfortune that the author of the most vulgar specimen of juvenile literature should be allowed to hold a high office.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association of Toronto a very notable gathering assembled at Massey Hall June 5. Among those present were the Governor-General of Canada, the Honorable T. W. Anglin, Lady Thompson, Sir Frank and Lady Smith, Thomas Long, Hugh Ryan, J. J. Foy, Q.C., Vicar-General McCann, B. Hughes, Eugene O'Keefe, Mrs. W. Kavanagh, Miss Annie Lane, and the officers of the Literary Association. Archbishop Walsh presided, and in terms of highest praise introduced Lady Aberdeen, who delivered a remarkable lecture on "The Present Irish Literary Revival." She wore real Limerick lace, with the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock worked into a pattern with ivy, the badge of the Gordons.

A lecture by a countess is a startling novelty even for some advanced thinkers. That it was most excellent in choice of matter and style of treatment may be seen from the passages here quoted:

"I make no apology for the subject which I have chosen for the address which you have done me the honor to ask me to deliver under the auspices of your society to-night, and I wish at the outset to relieve any apprehensions as to any even distant allusions to controversial matters, whether religious or political. Happily this is a subject round which all lovers of their country can meet, however much divided they may be in their opinions, and it is a subject which has special claim on many of us here who can claim connection either by birth or by parentage with that green isle whose royal and magic sway over her children even to a remote generation only once more proves that the greatest thing in the world is love.

"But even outside that charmed circle are there not many who in their heart of hearts feel a thrill of tenderness for those old, far-away times of heroic deeds chronicled for us by the wandering bards who upheld amongst those wild warrior tribes the ideals of justice and honor and purity and love so well that a prepared and fruitful soil was found by the great apostle for his divine message which was to make Ireland the Isle of Saints, and which would enable her to win truer laurels than those to be gained in warfare, in the fields of learning and art and music and architecture and missionary labors? The estimation in which music and literature and art were held, and the justice and mercy which distinguished the laws, should be a source of veritable pride to all who can boast of Celtic blood; and the instinct for constitutional government ruling through the will of the people expressed at these tribal and national gatherings, which were so central a feature in the life of the times, is one which may well claim the attention and admiration of the present generation, who are sometimes tempted to believe that to them belongs the discovery of political freedom. There could be little scope for tyranny where it was a deep-seated custom that no action could be taken by family or tribe or people without an assembly. When the Fianna or Irish militia of the third century were established by the great King Cormac there were various conditions necessary to be observed by candidates desiring to join it, showing intellectual gift as well as military skill; but the two first injunctions which were laid upon every soldier was: 1. Never to seek a portion with a wife, but to choose her for good manners and virtue; 2. never to offer violence to a woman.

"It must be remembered that the bards who are so prominent in these assemblies were recognized as being practically the schoolmasters and historians of the nation, as well as its poets. They could only attain the dignity of their position by years of hard study, and there were seven different degrees amongst them, each of which had to be reached by means corresponding to the modern examination. They travelled about the country from north to south, followed by their pupils, and everywhere they were received with honor and suitably entertained, whilst in return they would sing or relate the stories of love and heroism which were so dear to the hearts of their hearers, the reciting of which in all parts of the country made the different tribes to know about one another, to value one another's powers, and in some degree to realize the whole nation. The fact that there was so much love for literature prevailing in the land, that there were a considerable number of these bards, that they met from time to time to compete with one another and to confer as to the correctness of the tales, many of which they mutually told, all tend to make us believe that the chronicles which were thus handed down from mouth to mouth, and finally gathered together and written down, contain much that is true, and represent in a very real way the life and character of the early Irish."

After a passing tribute to many of the great names in Irish literature, Lady Aberdeen thus described the present Irish literary revival: "Fifty years ago a company of young men banded themselves together to remedy this, and were busy digging up the buried relics of history, to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past. But the famine of 1847–48 came, and its results brought the attempt to an end for the time. But within the last few years a revival has grown up which bids fair to endure. Irish literary societies have been springing up everywhere, Dublin taking the lead in 1888, as was her right. The Irish Literary Society in London has been organized under the presidency of Sir Charles Duffy, who had been one of the chief workers of the earlier movement fifty years ago, and is composed of members of all politics and all religions, there being but one object—the fostering of Irish literature, both ancient and modern. Commodious rooms have now been established in London for the use of the members, a library begun, and most interesting monthly lectures delivered. A magazine called the *New Ireland Review*, ably edited by Father Finlay of Dublin, points out in the current number how many distinctly Irish volumes have been issued during the last two years outside the New Irish Library, and many of these are books which have claimed wide attention outside Ireland, although the subject-matter is Ireland. Mr. Rolleston asks what is meant by Irish literature, and he answers this by saying that it is literature written by Irishmen under Irish influences, whether these influences be of the past or of the present, and that all this stir about Irish literature means that the Irish imagination is endeavoring to do what is always the highest function of the imagination to do, namely, to idealize and ennoble what is near and familiar to it, idealizing those old stories of by-gone times, idealizing the scenes of everyday life in Ireland by giving them historical associations. Those exquisite Irish idylls of Miss Jane Barlow, bringing out the pathetic beauty, the patient courage and devotion of the Irish peasantry, the fascinating though tragic story of *Crania*, by Miss Lawless, not to speak of her *Hurrish* and *Maelcho*, and the delightful sketches of Irish character in Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's *Cluster of Nuts*, are all books which should be in the hands of every Irishman and Irishwoman, though I would fain see them also in the hands of every other English-speaking man and woman. They can only make us love Ireland better and make us wish to work for its welfare in some way or another.

"I must not, however, be tempted to quote more from our modern Irish writers, but merely tell you of one result of the present Irish literary revival which may be of use to you personally. Reading Circles have been formed, with a view of promoting and directing the reading of those who wish to study Irish history and Irish literature consecutively. Lists of books have been made out for certain periods, and a little magazine published for the help of the readers. Those at the head undertake that no over-controversial books shall be introduced, and that the politics of none need be offended. It might be of interest to your society to inquire into the course of reading recommended, or you at least could recommend lists of the best Irish books to be easily obtained.

"You, young ladies of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, are doing a noble work in fostering this love of reading and study. Those who have never formed this habit in youth little know the riches they lose by its neglect; and, if this love is to be of the highest use to us, it must be trained and directed. We have reason to fear that there are many young people in our time who only use their education for the purpose of devouring the worse than empty literature with which all countries are flooded, and which can do nothing but deteriorate. If you can meet the young girls leaving school and encourage them in habits of self-culture, of disciplined reading, you will not only be benefiting their own lives and conferring on them a source of truest happiness and blessing, but you will be blessing the homes of the future by cultivating and developing the thought, intelligence of our future wives and mothers."

We commend this excellent advice from Lady Aberdeen about reading to all the graduates from Catholic academies. The managers of Reading Circles would do well in arranging for future work to include some of the numerous books representing Irish genius in literature.

* * *

A very large, cultured, and thoroughly representative audience gathered in the music hall of the Rideau Street Academy of the Grey Nuns at Ottawa to hear Mr. John Francis Waters give the concluding lecture of the series he has delivered during the past season at the institution. Among those present were the Hon. J. J. Curran, Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Mr. Consul-General Riley, Rev. J. J. Bogert, Mr. Shannon of Kingston, and many prominent citizens, both French and English. The lecturer's theme was "Charlotte Brontë," and Mr. Curran, in tendering Mr. Waters the cordial thanks of the audience, characterized his mastery of the subject as perfect and his treatment of it as superb. The lecturer dealt with the character of the author of *Jane Eyre*, of *Shirley*, of *Villette* and *The Professor* in such a way as to emphasize the virtues of patiènce, resignation, fortitude, self-denial, self-sacrifice, and unconquerable energy of which no life affords a more noble example than does the life of Charlotte Brontë. M. C. M.

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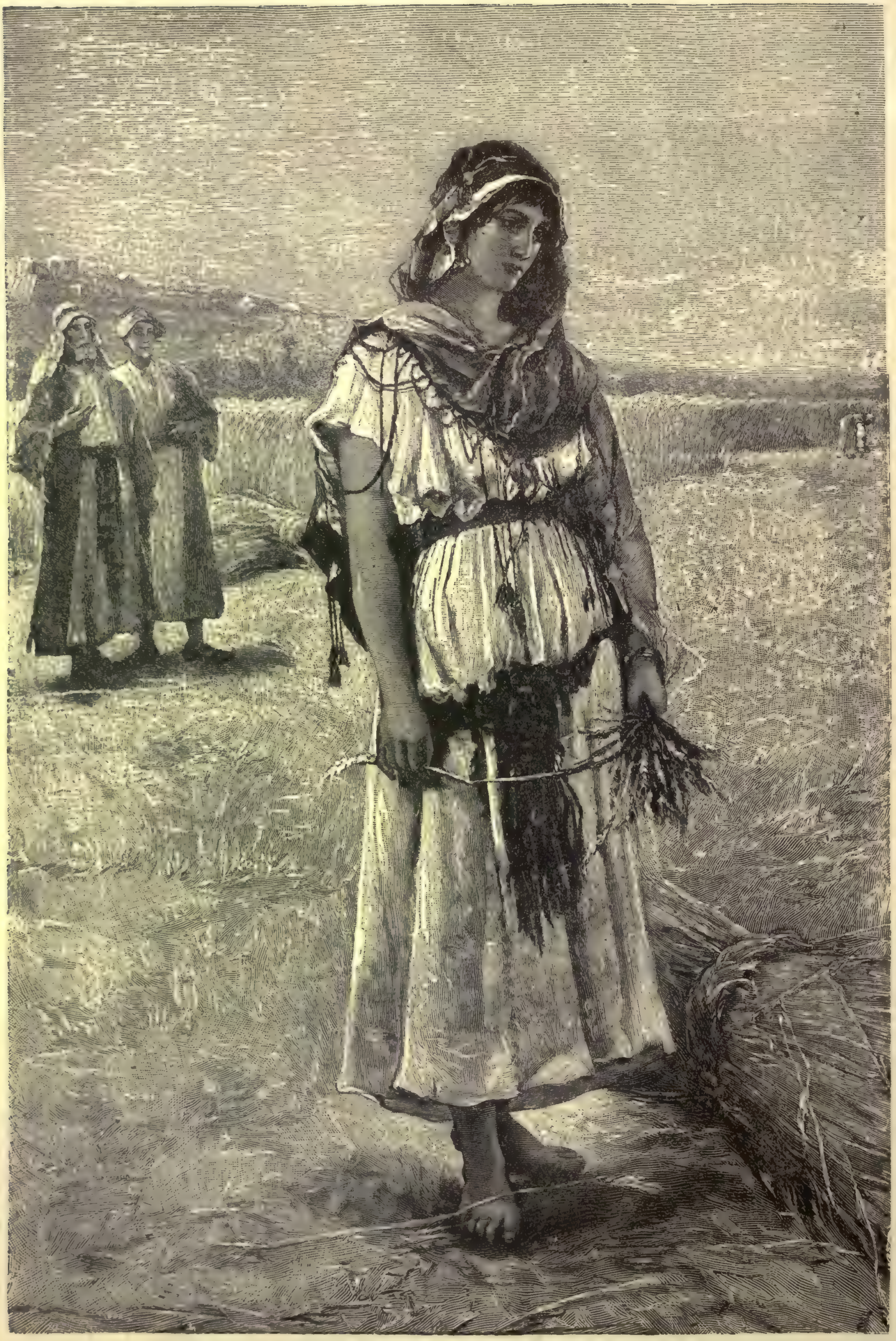

"SHE SHONE AMID THE HARVEST FIELD,
AS FAIR A FLOW'R AS EVER GREW."

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE PUBLIC-HALL APOSTOLATE.

BY REV. J. M. CLEARY.

READERS of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have been delighted, edified, and encouraged by the unique reports given by Father Elliott of the excellent work in his missionary tour through the State of Michigan, and with the diocesan missionary band in the diocese of Cleveland. Every priest with zeal for "preaching the gospel to every creature" realizes how timely and how practical this kind of missionary work is. Never since the learning of Athens gave willing attention to the preaching of St. Paul have people, who did not well understand the Christian faith, been better disposed to give a generous and a respectful hearing to the word of God. Our fellow-citizens, outside the Catholic fold, are hungry for a knowledge of divine truth, and for an understanding of spiritual things.

The only remembrance of the Sunday-school and of religious training that clings to the minds of thousands of our people is a deep-rooted suspicion, carefully planted in their youthful minds, of the Catholic Church and all its practices. Later experiences may have weakened the suspicions and positive convictions of youth about the wickedness of the "Romish" religion, but many roots of the poisonous seed, planted with most studious care, yet remain.

What have we done, and what are the ten thousand priests in the United States to-day doing, to remove this prejudice and ignorance? A solemn sense of the responsibility of the charge confided at ordination "to preach the gospel to every creature" makes one realize where the path of duty lies.

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Devoted, unselfish, tireless zeal has been manifested in preaching divine truth to our Catholic people. No priesthood in the world has done more faithful service in this direction than the zealous clergy of the United States. One needs only to visit foreign lands, even the great centres of Catholic faith, to know how to value at its worth the devoted zeal of the American clergy in preaching the Gospel to the members of the Catholic fold. In view of this creditable fact, our indifference toward those outside the fold, who are willing to listen to our words, is all the more surprising. Our methods and manner seem to intimate that none but believers need apply. The notion is conveyed to the general public that we have no message to bring to those who have had the misfortune of not knowing the true faith from their childhood; the very ones who most need the ministrations of Christian preachers.

FAILURE OF THE PROTESTANT PULPIT.

The almost universal misconception and misapplication of Christian truth outside the Catholic Church demonstrates beyond all question the utter failure of even orthodox Protestantism to make clear to the human mind the meaning of the Incarnation, and Christ's purpose in coming into the world. Those who are regarded as the most enlightened and progressive in the pulpits of the different sects have practically abandoned all pretence of expounding the Gospel's meaning, or of plainly instructing their people in the duties of a Christian life. It is taken for granted that dogmas and creeds are out of date, relics of religious superstition, and the preacher's duty seems to be understood as entertaining a refined audience with some choice literary selection on the Lord's day. The praiseworthy efforts of the Salvation Army, and of the Evangelistic Revivalists, are a protest against the betrayal on the part of the Protestant pulpit of its solemn obligations. These make earnest and noble efforts to arouse the conscience and to move the human heart. If we compassionate them for their crude and unskilled attempts at converting sin-burdened souls, we may with great profit imitate their tireless zeal. Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens are more than willing to give respectful attention to the message we have to offer. They are famishing for the word of God. They realize that something is sadly needed to supply the craving of their spiritual need. How to supply this want, how to feed their esurient souls with the bread of divine life, is a problem that they could scarcely be expected to solve easily.

The solution is in the hands of the Church of God in these closing days of the nineteenth century, as it ever has been. Our duty is manifest and plain; we must make it easy and attractive for all men to come to a knowledge of the truth.

We cannot relieve our consciences by claiming to have made ample provision in our churches for all who wish to hear lucid explanations of God's truth. Non-Catholics ordinarily do not and will not come in crowds to our churches. As a rule they are not made to feel at home inside of Catholic churches. This complaint is universal, confined to no particular part of the country; and, alas! too well founded. The reasons, however, that exist for this unfortunate fact do not by any means all spring from any discourtesy or inhospitality on the part of our Catholic people. They have a deeper source. They may be traced to cherished Catholic traditions, founded upon the objects for which the church edifice was reared, and also to Protestant traditions and customs dear to them.

CATHOLIC CHURCHES NOT PLACES FOR SOCIABILITY.

Catholics everywhere rightly regard the church, the house of prayer, the home of religious worship, as the one sacred place where all God's children may meet on equal terms, for the sole purpose of pleading with their Heavenly Father, or of offering homage to his adorable name. They cannot consider their churches as social centres, and in them the courtesies of social life are supposed to yield to matters of more serious concern. The Sacred Presence on the altar, the tremendous sacrifice of the Mass, hallow the temples of our faith, and make manifest the inappropriateness of exchanging therein social civilities.

The houses of worship among the different sects, on the contrary, have been regarded as veritable "meeting-houses," where the people assemble, not only for purposes of religious worship but also for the exchange of social amenities. Within the meeting-house there is no religious symbol, no object-lesson to remind the assembled congregation, while waiting for the preacher to entertain or edify them, that they are in the house of God, and that their thoughts should be centred on spiritual things. As a social assemblage, therefore, the congregation in any Protestant church may be regarded as a satisfactory success. No wonder the Protestant, accustomed to such agreeable social environment, feels out of place and ill at ease in presence of the serious solemnity of a Catholic church. If non-Catholics will not come to hear, what must be done?

We can readily understand how the early apostles did not wait for Jew or Gentile to come to their humble places of religious worship, but gladly went wherever the people might be found to grant them a hearing. St. Paul on Mars' Hill, and St. Peter at Rome or at Antioch, preached Christ and him crucified wherever they found ears willing to hear them.

Those who watch the signs of the times cannot fail to observe the obvious necessity of providing some different method of placing the case for Catholic truth before our non-Catholic brethren, if we would fulfil our manifest duty, and remove the false impressions that have created a distrust of the church in this free land. The educated and cultured minority well know that the absurd calumnies heaped upon the church are undeserving of the notice of human intelligence. But the great mass of the people are influenced by at least some lurking suspicion that much truth is concealed in the weird tales they have heard, for the statements have often been repeated, and they have never known of a refutation. The Catholic press is never seen by them, and were its writings placed before them they very naturally would regard them with some suspicion as engaged in a case of special pleading.

FAILURE OF THE POLEMICAL METHOD.

Our controversial literature has too often been tinctured with an asperity that savors more of personal enmity against an antagonist than of the meek firmness of the spirit of Christ. The world has grown weary of controversy. Calm, unimpassioned, plain presentation of Catholic truth is what honest and candid minds are waiting for with eagerness.

It has always seemed to me that the priest should bear carefully in mind that he is a teacher of divine truth, not a professional debater in the field of religious inquiry. His highest ambition should be to know the best and plainest manner of presenting to the human mind the doctrines of Christian truth, and how to reach the human heart, and to lead it in attachment and love to the sweet truths of the Gospel.

Learning, as a matter of course, is needed ; and learning profound, practical, and of the highest order. The best test of true scholarship is found in making plain to inquiring minds, by simple and easily intelligible terms, great and necessary truths. The popular preacher, in the correct sense of the term, is the preacher whom the people most easily understand. But as the highest art is that which comes nearest to nature, so the Christian preacher reaches the summit of his art when he succeeds in conveying to the minds and hearts of his hearers, in the manner most interesting to them, a clear conception of the meaning of Christ's message to the world.

The writer has had some experience in this work of the Public-Hall Apostolate, and for the benefit of others, especially his clerical brethren, even at the risk of being regarded as egotistical, he is willing to publish the result.

HOW FALSE IMPRESSIONS OF CATHOLICISM ARE SPREAD.

Over twenty years' experience in the field of temperance work has brought him into close contact with thousands of honest and earnest Protestants, the majority of whom had otherwise known little or nothing of the true work of the church. Many thoughtlessly had fallen into the error of judging the church by its worst, instead of by its best members. Disreputable saloon-keepers boasted of their loyal attachment to the church of self-denial and mortification. Among their degraded patrons hundreds might be found who seemed to glory in their shame, and proclaimed their faith most loudly when they brought it the greatest dishonor. Non-Catholic reformers had seen but little of the church, except as they came in contact with its members in their noble work of rescue and reform. Even among their most prominent leaders but few had ever heard a priest deliver a moral discourse, or preach a sermon on Christian virtue. Fewer still had ever been present in a Catholic church on a Sunday morning, or at any public solemnity. The well-known leader of the W. C. T. U., a lady respected and honored for her earnestness and candor by all who know her and her work, had never been present at Mass, or heard a Catholic sermon, until she came, as the guest of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, to the general convention at Washington in 1891.

From September, 1887, until June, 1888, my entire time was spent in giving temperance lectures throughout the country, in public halls, court-houses, or wherever audiences could be assembled. Invariably honest non-Catholics were among our best friends and most attentive hearers. They were also invariably generous in the credit which they unhesitatingly gave to the church for its work in the temperance field. It became evident, beyond all doubt, that if similar opportunity were offered to honest but mistaken people to know the church as she is known to her children in all her good work, the result would be most gratifying to our divine Master and bring joy to the angels of God. An inviting field was found in the growing and progressive city of Minneapolis.

A PRACTICAL BEGINNING OF THE APOSTOLATE.

On the 20th of November, 1892, the work of the Public-Hall Apostolate was begun. A pleasant hall, with accommodations for about eight hundred people, was secured. The first discourse was on "The Idea of a Church." About six hundred people, mostly Catholics, were in attendance. The second Sunday the hall was filled. "The Authority of the Church" was the topic. On the third Sunday singers were secured, and thenceforth a volunteer choir led the congregational singing. We always opened with a hymn, then followed a prayer selected from Father Young's small hymn-book, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, and the hymn to the Holy Ghost. The discourse occupied about an hour, and the services closed with a hymn and prayers from the manual. This work was kept up during the entire winter; the hall was so crowded every Sunday evening that an extra supply of seats became necessary. The attention of non-Catholics was soon awakened and they came in large numbers. On Good Friday night a sermon on "The Passion" was delivered in the same hall, which drew out an overflow audience of all classes. Catholics who had remained away from the church for many years, and who had become ashamed to be seen at the church, began to come to the public hall, where all felt free and welcome, and thus many were brought back again to the faith of their childhood.

OVERFLOWING AUDIENCES.

In the following September, 1893, on resuming the work, it became evident that larger quarters must be secured, as the first hall was altogether inadequate to accommodate the people. A larger hall, more central, and capable of seating about twelve hundred people, was secured; but the former experience was repeated. Standing-room was at a premium, the enthusiasm and interest grew, many coming to the hall an hour before the time announced for the services to begin in order to secure seats, and the attendance of non-Catholics greatly increased. During this winter the national conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Minneapolis, and, as a matter of course, the errors and intolerance of Romanism were freely and acrimoniously discussed by the Methodist bishops and Methodist missionaries to foreign lands. Terrible tales were told of the vices of Romanists in South America, Spain, and Mexico, as well as blood-curdling prophecies made of what the Romanists would do when they had taken possession of the public schools of this country, and sunk all the people in ignorance. This furnished the opportunity for discourses by me on "Romanism in Foreign Lands," "Romanism at Home," and "Romanism and our Public Schools." The subjects were all announced in the daily papers, and drew hundreds of people to listen to an exposition of Catholic truth—people who could never have been persuaded to enter a church for the same purpose.

In the discourse entitled "Romanism and our Public Schools" it was made clear that the Catholic Church had not been the aggressor in this controversy. Hundreds were unable, unfortunately, to gain admission to all of these meetings for want of room. Crowds patiently waited in the outer corridors and on the stairways, in their eagerness to hear the Catholic side of these questions.

The "escaped nun" and the "ex-priest" had found Minneapolis an inviting and popular field for their nasty work. A discourse on "Ex-Priests and Escaped Nuns" was considered timely. The overflow attendance on that Sunday evening was fully as great as the number that was packed into the hall. At least five hundred people were obliged to return disappointed to their homes, and with great difficulty the speaker himself gained admission to the hall. Discourses on "Confession," "The Sale of Indulgences," and "Why Priests do Not Marry" brought out equally large audiences.

Every effort was now made to secure greater accommodations, but without success until Easter Sunday, in the spring of 1894. We then moved into a spacious and comfortable hall, capable of seating ordinarily about fifteen hundred people, and two thousand could be seated by introducing an extra supply of chairs. It was taxed to its fullest capacity at once, and the attendance continued to crowd this large audience-room until the warm weather set in and the work was suspended for the summer season.

EXEMPLARY DEMEANOR OF THE LISTENERS.

In the different halls which I have described we were at some disadvantage, from the fact that they had not been known as popular places of resort, they were not favorably located, and had never been attended by fashionable audiences. In fact some of them had been known solely as places of amusement, not always of a very respectable or elevating character. Yet interest was aroused, good order was always observed, and as much respect shown for our services as if they had been conducted in the most imposing church in the land. During the two winter seasons in which these public-hall meetings were held we were never once annoyed by the slightest disturbance notwithstanding uncomfortable crowding, or any attempt at disrespect or discourtesy.

The people freely applauded any sentiments that met their special approval, but as a rule the attention given was as careful and respectful as is ever seen in any church edifice.

THE LECTURES SELF-SUPPORTING.

The expenses for hall-rent, etc., were met by the collections taken at each meeting, and these were more than sufficient for the purpose. The people never object to contributing their share towards meeting the necessary expenses of this kind, and no honest and reasonable person will remain away because of the collection. In fact the small contribution he may feel disposed to offer creates a feeling of special personal interest in the meeting, and he does not feel like an intruder, or the beneficiary of some one's bounty. I am convinced it is a positive benefit to the people who attend such gatherings to be given an opportunity of sharing the burden of expense. They then do not feel like objects of sentimental charity.

SUPERIORITY OF THE PUBLIC HALL AS A LECTURE-PLACE.

Our new church, with a seating capacity of one thousand, was opened in June of last year, and my duties in connection therewith prevented a continuance of the public-hall work. Since September of last year, however, I have preached every Sunday evening in the church, dealing with current and popular topics, and explaining in plain and simple terms the doctrines of the church, much in the same manner as formerly in the public halls. The now popular "question-box," placed at the main entrance to the church, is freely used, and proves to be of inestimable service in directing attention to current misconceptions of Catholic teaching and practice. While the attendance at the church has left nothing to be desired, and has at all times taxed its seating capacity to the fullest extent, I yet feel convinced that this would not have been the case had it not been for the fact of the great popularity of the public-hall meetings. Many non-Catholics who had been frequent attendants at the hall seldom or never come to church. My experience confirms my conviction that the public hall is the best and most attractive place in which to convey a knowledge of divine truth in our time and country to our separated brethren. By this means "other sheep not of the fold" will best hear His voice, and there may be "one fold and one shepherd."

No one will, I trust, misunderstand me and imagine that I could, for one moment, favor the abandonment of our churches dedicated to divine worship, and the resorting to public halls for the ordinary work of the church. The church edifice is for our own Catholic people; there the members of the household of faith should, with greatest profit to them, hear the word of God and receive the sacraments. The public hall is the rallying place for all whom we would bring into the fold. Faith comes by hearing and pondering on the word of God. We must cause that word to be heard wherever men will best listen.

Many devout and earnest souls have seriously supposed that our non-Catholic brethren might be attracted to the church, and learn to appreciate its beauty and truth by witnessing its grand ceremonial. I feel persuaded that this is a mistaken notion, and I think it arises from a misconception of the meaning of the ceremonies of the church. The ceremonial of the church is a beautiful and charming outward manifestation of deeply rooted convictions. It is a grand external manifestation of earnest faith. Without faith in the teachings of divine truth the ceremonies of the church may be a pleasing show, but they are meaningless; they may fascinate, but they will not convince the reason or convert the heart. The church did not convert a pagan world by means of entrancing music or gorgeous ceremonial, but by preaching the word of God. Christ's solemn charge to the apostles was to "teach all nations," not to charm the eye by expressive manifestations of a living faith, which are simply a puzzling mystery to the unbeliever. Ceremonies of religion, like all outward expression, must follow, not precede conviction, if they are to exert any noteworthy influence on thinking men.

A FRIENDLY PRESS.

The work of the public-hall apostolate can be prosecuted with greater and more far-reaching success in large cities than in smaller communities, on account of the very efficient aid that will be given by the daily press. A thousand people may hear an exposition of Catholic truth on Sunday evening, but ten thousand will read the same in the Monday morning paper.

This is a great advantage which the smaller community is, of course, unable to offer. The enterprising dailies in all our cities are only too willing to give generous space in their columns if we have anything to offer which the public is anxious to hear.

It is a most fortunate fact in favor of the spread of Catholic truth in our country that everywhere the daily press is our kind and generous friend. How short-sighted it is on the part of public teachers of eternal truths not to make the best possible use of this modern and powerful vehicle of public opinion!

THE CHURCH A CHURCH FOR ALL MEN.

The priest who has the fortitude, born of honest, earnest zeal for the salvation of all men, to adopt new and attractive methods of presenting divine truth to hungry souls, must be prepared to run the gauntlet of unjust and unkind criticism. He will receive but little generous encouragement from his own, and will be regarded as a disturber of pleasant and traditional customs which, too often for the welfare of religion, are but vain pretexts for lethargy and sloth in delivering God's message to the world. He will be cautiously warned against innovation and novelty. But let us never forget that it is the glory and the pride of our spiritual mother, the church, that she never grows old, that she never fears the new, that she is gifted with a divine vigor that endows her with a ceaseless activity, and sends her in the vanguard of every noble movement for the benefit of man. She must always be a leader, never a follower, in moral reform and in dispensing divine truth to the world. She is the salt of the earth, the light of the world, and her sublime mission must not be hampered by the jealousies and the selfishness of her children.

The Saviour of mankind did not establish his church for the sole purpose of guiding to their eternal home those who might receive the divine gift of faith in their childhood, but he placed his church in the world to be a living and watchful witness of eternal truth for all the children of men. Catholics should not submit to the delusion that the church was watered by the blood of Jesus Christ for their benefit alone, and that non-Catholics have no title to her saving influences.

A SACRED CHARGE.

The priest is chosen from among men to bear aloft the gleaming light of divine truth, that it may be easily seen and known by all the children of Adam; to place it upon the mountain top, a guide to the weary wanderer.

The Public-Hall Apostolate is the inviting and timely work of our day. Our beloved Sovereign Pontiff, in his latest encyclical, which comes to us as the final appeal of a devoted and affectionate father, sounds the key-note of duty and action for the church in these United States. With what benignity and paternal kindness he expresses his solicitude for our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. He says: "How solicitous we are of their salvation, with what ardor of soul we wish that they should be at length restored to the embrace of the church! . . . . Who shall deny that with not a few of them dissent is a matter rather of inheritance than of will? . . . Surely we ought not to desert them, nor leave them to their fancies, but with mildness and charity draw them to us, using *every means of persuasion* to induce them to examine closely every part of Catholic doctrine, and to free themselves from preconceived notions."

Ours is the serious and solemn duty of placing the most precious treasure which God has left in human keeping within easy reach of the most energetic, most progressive, and most intelligent people on the face of the earth—the great American people. It must be unveiled to candid and inquiring men.

When our duty has been faithfully done, in presenting to honest and anxious souls, that had been deceived and led astray, an opportunity of knowing the ineffable loveliness of the glorious spouse of Jesus Christ, we can at least feel consoled by the fact that we have not hidden our talent in a napkin, but have made an honest effort that it increase and spread blessings among our fellow-men.

The zealous and timely work of the energetic Paulist Fathers marks an encouraging epoch in the history of the church in our beloved land. Father Elliott's noble and generous example may well be imitated by a hundred priests in this country.

May the Master of the vineyard ordain that every bishop, priest, and layman realize the pressing duty of the hour! Let every diocese in the country have its missionary band, for in very truth "The field is ripe for the harvest."

Minneapolis, Minn.

OF THE RACE OF THE GENTILES.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

(*See frontispiece.*)

SHE shone amid the harvest field,
As fair a flow'r as ever grew;
The downcast lids a heart concealed
As loadstone to the magnet true.
Fast as the ivy's clinging band,
Where'er her love was, there her land.

The fields laugh out in golden glee
Where smiles the sun o'er corn and vine:
Love is the day-god, only he,
Who ripened, Ruth, that heart of thine—
That priceless heart which none could tear
From where its tendrils fastened were.

And type and sign, fair Ruth, art thou
Of that rich love that, all untaught
Before Christ's blessèd Spouse did bow
Where his own kin would have her not.
Fair Gentile, none so dow'r'd as thee
With trustful faith and constancy.

The reapers bronzed, the maids who bind
The laden sheaves, watch her askance;
No Jewish dame half so refined
As Moab's daughter, she whose glance,
Scarce lifted from her lowly task,
Would deprecate the boon she'd ask.

No wonder that the lord of all
That harvest plenteous and the land
Felt thy sweet grace his heart enthrall
And plighted thee his heart and hand;
For from the Psalmist's stock he sprung,
The race most blest in heart and tongue.

And we who glean, in fear, apart,
'Mid fields whose harvests are for God,
Take hope from thee, O constant heart,
And tread the way thy footsteps trod.
Desire us not to leave thee, Lord;
Not death shall part us from thy word.

URANIBERG AND TYCHO BRAHE.

BY A. HINRICHS.

THE beautiful scenery along the coast of the Sound between Copenhagen, Elsinore, and the island of Hveen, with its white cliffs rising sheer out of the sea, presents a panorama of singular beauty. The island is six miles in circumference. Mountain-like it rises, terminating in a high, flat table-land of about two thousand acres. It is of irregular, oblong outline, sloping gently towards the east. The island is almost destitute of forests and groves, but the sea, studded with vessels, and bounded by the richly wooded coasts of Sealand and Scania, greets the eye in every direction, and enhances the peculiar charm that Hveen possesses for one interested in its illustrious associations.

One of the numerous myths concerning the origin of this famous island is the following:

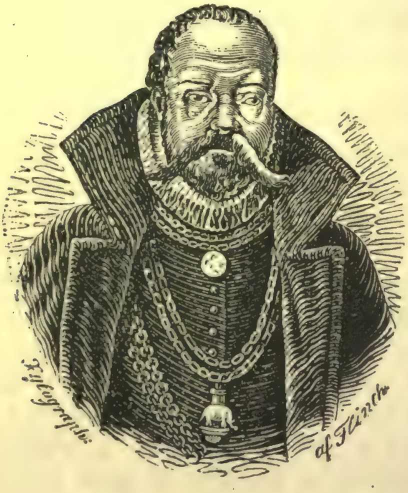
Hvenild was a giantess who carried pieces of Sealand in her apron over to Scania, where they formed the hills of Runeberga. On the way her apron-strings broke, and she dropped a piece in the sea. This piece is the island of Hveen.

Neither prior nor subsequent to the time of the man who gave renown to this little isle has it figured in the history of Denmark. But tradition asserts that years ago this picturesque spot was the scene of heroic deeds. There are the ruins of four castles or forts, supposed to have been destroyed in 1288, when the Norwegian king, Erik the Priest-hater, ravaged the coasts of the Sound. To-day but a few stones and a slight elevation of the ground bear evidence of the site of each fort, but at the time when the Danish sovereign had consecrated Hveen to science, there were unmistakable traces left.

On the isle of Hveen Tycho Brahe, the greatest astronomer of ancient or modern times, passed the most useful and active years of his grand life. Tycho Brahe and his incomparable observatory, Uraniberg, with its wonderful instruments, gave everlasting glory to this otherwise insignificant island. To-day, alas! as Wormius has aptly expressed it: "There is in the island a field where Uraniberg was."

A review of the life of this celebrated astronomer shows that he was destined to revive the sciences and to establish the true system of the universe. While yet a mere boy he recognized that which had escaped the attention of all astronomers before him; namely, that an extended, unbroken, and regular series of observations was indispensable for a better knowledge of planetary motion, and ability to decide which system of the world was the true one. He was the first astronomer who would take nothing for granted. Ancient hypotheses were not accepted by him. Early in life he resolved to determine everything for himself. It was clear to him that the only means of solving astronomical problems was to study the heavens with improved instruments and by systematic observations. His labors proved the foundation for modern astronomy, and Kepler's stepping-stone for completing the work begun by Copernicus.

The general public knows Tycho as the author of a special system of the world, rather than the founder of a modern astronomy of observation. This Tychonian system is intermediate between the new Copernican and the old Ptolemaic systems. Tycho rejected the motion of the earth, and, in accordance with ocular evidence, accepted the Ptolemaic view of the fixity of the earth in the centre of the world, a view which for ages had been commonly held, for it seemed in accordance with the direct testimony of our senses. But with Copernicus he let all the planets—the earth not being considered a planet—revolve around the sun, which carries them along in its daily and annual motion around the earth.



Tycho Brahe

There can be no question but Tycho, as an empiric, was perfectly right. His system is the exact expression of all that was positively established in his day relative to the motions of the heavenly bodies. He also manifested great satisfaction on account of the fact that his empirically correct theory was exactly conformable with the direct expressions of Scripture concerning the structure of the world; these expressions manifestly and necessarily being in agreement with the testimony of the senses.

Strangely enough, modern writers have blamed Tycho for not having adopted the Copernican system. Some have gone so far as to assert that he was not serious in this matter; that he published his system merely to please the church and the conservative public, while the great astronomer himself could not possibly have believed in his own system. This supposition casts an entirely gratuitous reflection on the noble and manly individuality of Tycho. It is but charitable to say that such writers have no clear knowledge of the actual condition of this great problem in the days of Tycho, who lived before the telescopic observations were made and the science of dynamics had been established, whereby the obvious scientific difficulties of the Copernican theory were removed. The wonderful observations of Tycho permitted Kepler to remove the cumbrous system of epicycles which was common to all three great systems of the world: namely, the Ptolemaic, Tychonian, and the Copernican.

Surely, our modern empiric scientists ought not to blame Tycho for having refused to go beyond the facts established in his time. Since his system is the only one that was strictly in accordance with the known facts, he should receive credit for the formal expression thereof, instead of blame for agreement with existing belief or pity for lack of understanding.

Tycho was of noble birth, coming of an ancient family which for centuries flourished in Denmark and Sweden. The family still exists in both countries. He was the second child of Otto and Beate Brahe, born December 14, 1546, at the estate of his ancestors, Knudstorp, in Scania, the most southern province of the Scandinavian peninsula, which at that time was part of Denmark. Tycho was christened *Tyge*, but he latinized his name to Tycho. He was the eldest of ten children—five sons and five daughters. Tycho remained but one year under his father's care. He was then reluctantly given to a childless uncle, Jörgen Brahe, who was anxious to adopt and educate him.

With his seventh year Tycho began the study of Latin, which he continued for five years. He acquired his early education under private tutors; then, in April, 1559, he entered the university of Copenhagen.

Jörgen Brahe was ambitious that his adopted nephew should become a statesman. Consequently special attention was directed towards philosophy, rhetoric, and belles-lettres. At variance with these wishes, Tycho soon showed his decided preference for astronomy. This greatly displeased his parents and relatives. Only his youngest sister, Sophia, who was herself an accomplished mathematician, sympathized with her brother. She likewise devoted her mind to astronomy, and gave Tycho all possible aid and encouragement.

The public had long been interested in an eclipse of the sun which was to take place on August 21, 1560. Intense excitement prevailed. At that time such a phenomenon was linked with the prosperity or adversity of nations and of men. Tycho eagerly studied the astrological diaries of the day. When at the exact instant, true to prediction, he beheld the sun darkened, he marvelled that man could so accurately know the motion of the planets. To this eclipse is traced his inspiration to become master of the science of the heavens.

Assiduously he studied the best astronomical works. Many of these, probably, were beyond his immature comprehension. During his three years' course at Copenhagen mathematics and astronomy engrossed all his thoughts.

In the hope of estranging the youthful star-worshipper from this fascination, his uncle, in February, 1562, sent him to the university at Leipzig. Here he was to study jurisprudence. Being remote from former associations it was hoped that he would now apply himself to studies better suited to the making of a statesman. Vain hope!

Tycho was accompanied by a young tutor, his senior by only four years. The tutor, Vedel, did his utmost to confine his charge to the study of legal authorities. By stealth, and with considerable difficulty, Tycho managed to pursue his beloved study. Most of his money was expended on astronomical works and instruments. Through the midnight hours he mastered higher mathematics, which still more intensified his devotion to astronomy. While his preceptor was slumbering Tycho studied the firmament. From a small celestial globe, no larger than his fist, he learned the constellations, following them night after night through the heavens.

Naturally, this forbidden perseverance resulted in some feeling between tutor and pupil. However, Vedel appreciated the insatiable thirst for science in his pupil, who in turn realized that Vedel was but faithful to his duty. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship.

A conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in August, 1563, first impressed Tycho with the necessity of recording observations. He had but the crudest implements, and only a pair of ordinary compasses. By holding the centre close to the eye, and pointing the arms to two stars, or a star and a planet, then applying the compasses to a circle divided into degrees and half-degrees, he found the angular distance of the stars. His first recorded observation was made August 17, 1563. A few days later, the 24th, he noticed that Saturn and Jupiter were so close together that the interval between them was almost imperceptible. This observation showed him that the Alphonsine Tables erred an entire month in the time of conjunction, and that the Copernican Tables were several days in error.

On May 1, 1564, Tycho made his first observation with a "radius," or "cross-staff," an ingenious instrument of his own invention. To this "radius," together with the vast mass of complete and accurate observations, Kepler has attributed the restoration of astronomy.

The radius was faulty because it failed to give the angle accurately. To remedy this defect Tycho constructed a table of corrections to be applied to the results. The radius consisted of a light, graduated rod, three feet long, and another graduated rod of half that length. At the centre the shorter rod could slide along the longer one, thus constantly forming a right angle. The cross-rod being movable, by shifting until he saw through its two sights the two objects of which he wished to measure the angular distance, he could calculate the required angle from the gradations and a table of tangents.

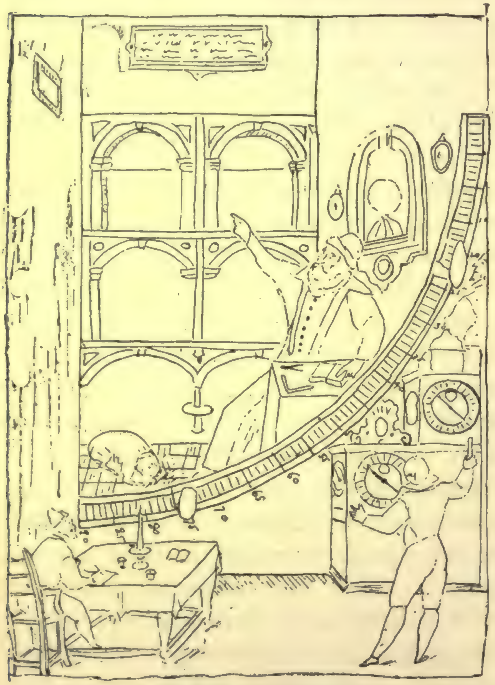
Having concluded his three years at Leipzig, May, 1565, he was about to make a tour of Germany when he was called home by the death of his uncle. Early the following year he entered the university at Wittenberg. He remained but five months, when, because of the plague, he left for the university at Rostock. Here an incident occurred which, but for so faithful an outpost as his nose, might have cost him his life, and the world a sure basis for astronomy.

On December 10, 1566, at a betrothal feast at the home of a professor, Tycho quarrelled with another Danish nobleman. The dispute arose from a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical acquirements. They parted in anger only to renew the trouble at a Christmas party on the 27th. It was then agreed to settle the difficulty by the sword, and in total darkness. Accordingly, they met two days later. In the blind combat Tycho lost the whole front of his nose. He repaired the loss by cementing upon his face an excellent imitation of the lost member, made of a composition of gold and silver.

Tycho remained two years at Rostock. Then he visited the ancient city of Augsburg. He was deeply impressed with the extent of its fortifications, its magnificent public and private buildings, spacious thoroughfares, and beautiful fountains. Still more was he charmed with the culture and refinement of its people, and the love of literature and science cherished by its wealthy classes. Among these was Paul Hainzel, who was an ardent disciple of astronomy.

Hainzel undertook the cost of an instrument designed by Tycho—a quadrant with a radius of nineteen feet, and bearing the single minutes on the graduated arc. By the skill of the best available artisans, clock-makers, jewellers, smiths, and carpenters the huge instrument was completed within a month. Its size may be conceived from the fact that twenty men were scarcely able to erect it in Hainzel's garden.

The two principal rectangular radii and the arc were of well-seasoned oak wood, bound together by a frame-work of twelve beams and iron bands. A slip of brass along the arc had the 5,400 divisions marked upon it. The quadrant was suspended by the centre and was movable around it. The two sights were fixed on one of the radii and the measured altitude was marked by a plumb-line. The weighty mass was attached to a mammoth beam, vertically placed in a cubical frame-work of oak and capable of being turned round by four handles, to allow the instrument to be fixed in any vertical plane. The frame-work was securely fastened to an oak pillar shod with



THE MURAL QUADRANT.

iron, driven into the ground, and kept firm by solid masonry. The instrument was too large to be conveniently placed under a permanent roof. It was protected from the weather by a covering made of skins. Thus it stood for five years, when it was destroyed during a violent storm. This quadrant was adapted only to the determination of the altitudes of celestial bodies. Tycho, feeling the need of an instrument for measuring their distances, constructed a large sextant for that purpose, with which he made many valuable observations.

While at Augsburg he also made a great wooden globe. It was six feet in diameter. The outer surface was turned with remarkable accuracy into a spherical contour. Warping was prevented by interior wooden beams supported at its centre.

In 1570 Tycho departed from Augsburg, and returned to Knudstorp. The year following his father died.

Tycho's fame was not lost to his countrymen. He was warmly received, loaded with favors, and invited to court by the king.

On November 11, 1572, while walking homeward from his laboratory, he discovered a new star. The constellation appeared as bright as Venus at her maximum, and was somewhat larger than Jupiter. It grew less and less bright in the course of the following sixteen months, until finally it hardly exceeded a star of the fifth magnitude, and in the end ceased to be visible. With its decline in brilliancy it also waned in size. In color it changed from white to yellow, red, and finally to lead color, so long as it was visible. On this remarkable star Tycho wrote a detailed account of his observations. After relating how he first saw it, he treats of its position among the stars, its magnitude, color, its decline and change in size and color, concluding with his opinions about its astrological effects. Not unlike great minds of that time, Tycho believed in the force of planets and stars over men. Indeed, he found much pleasure in casting the horoscopes of noted men and of his royal patrons. In his later days, however, he seems to have entirely renounced his astrological faith.

Upon the publication of this book Tycho had proposed a tour into Germany and Italy. A fever and Hymen interposed. He displeased his proud relations quite beyond reconciliation by wooing and wedding, not a lady of gentle blood but a quiet peasant girl, by whom he had five daughters and three sons. With the exception of two children, all survived him.

Tycho's rising fame had now (1574) attracted the attention of the capital. Several noble Danish students at the university were anxious that he should deliver a course of lectures. He did not favor the proposition, and complied only upon a most urgent appeal from the king. Beginning September, 1574, and extending throughout a year, he gave a full course treating of the science of astronomy; also defending and explaining all the speculations of astrology.

Subsequent to these lectures he travelled extensively in Germany; made the acquaintance of the immortal Landgrave, Wilhelm IV. of Hesse, at Cassel; then went to Frankfort-on-the-Main; thence to Basle; through Switzerland to Venice, and back to Denmark.

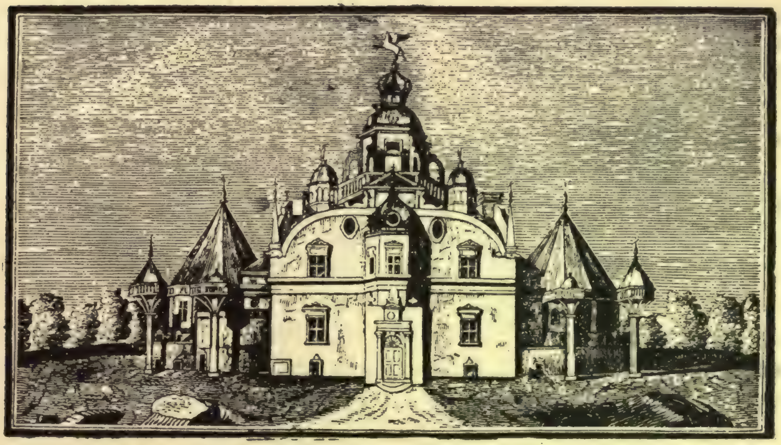
The patronage which had been extended to astronomers by several of the reigning princes of Germany seems to have created a love of science in the minds of other monarchs. The King of Denmark, Frederick II., felt chagrined that the only astronomer of his domain should carry on his observations in distant kingdoms, and that such discoveries should reflect glory upon other courts than his own. Early in 1576 his attention had been specially drawn to Tycho, by Landgrave Wilhelm II. He urged the king to assist Tycho, so that the distinguished astronomer might pursue his investigations at home. This course would reflect credit upon the king and his country, and be of inestimable value to the advancement of science in his dominion.

Tycho was about to leave his native land for ever and reside at Basle, when noble messengers summoned him before the king. His majesty received him with flattering kindness, and made a munificent offer. He promised to give Tycho a grant for life of the island of Hveen; to construct and furnish with instruments an observatory; to erect a palatial home for his family; and to equip a laboratory for the continuation of his chemical studies. Tycho deliberated a few days, consulted his friends, and then accepted the offer. He was loyal to his country, and rejoiced in the thought that whatever success and glory should attend his future efforts would belong to his native land.

Tycho was well pleased with his new possessions. Nearly in the centre of the isle, one hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, he selected a spot as the site of his residence and observatory. This he properly named Uraniberg, "The City of the Heavens."

Work commenced immediately. The corner-stone was laid with the rising of the sun on August 8, 1576. Building operations proceeded steadily under the direction of an architect and the personal supervision of Tycho. The house was soon ready for occupancy, although it was not completed until 1580. On Tycho's birthday, December 14, 1576, he began a series of observations which were continued for more than twenty years.

Uraniberg was in an enclosure 300 feet square, the four corners of which corresponded exactly with the four cardinal points. The stone-covered earthen walls forming the enclosure were 18 feet high, with a thickness of 16 feet at the base. At the middle of each wall was a semi-circular bend 73 feet in diameter, each enclosing an arbor or summer-house. At the east and west angles of the enclosure were gates to its interior. In small rooms over the gateways mastiffs kept watch, and their barking announced the arrival of strangers. At the north and south angles were small buildings, in style similar to the main structure, erected respectively for printing-house and for servants' quarters. Inside the walls were extensive orchards, shrubberies, and flower-gardens.



TYCHO'S ASTRONOMICAL PALACE.

Uraniberg was built of red brick with sandstone trimmings, after the school of the Gothic and Renaissance. Slender spires and tastefully decorated gables and cornices harmonized with the serene life and habits of a worshipper of Urania. Pictures, inscriptions, statues, and ornaments, in lavish profusion, bespoke the refined taste and high culture of the possessor. The building was one hundred feet long, surmounted in the centre by an octagonal pavilion, a dome with clock-dials east and west, and a spire with a gilt Pegasus serving as weather-vane.

In this building were museum and library, underneath in a subterranean crypt was a laboratory, with sixteen furnaces of various kinds. Below this again was a well forty feet deep, supplying water by siphons to every part of the building.

Besides the principal building were two others to the north and south, one for a work-shop, the other a farm-house.

On the hill south of Uraniberg was a subterranean observatory for larger instruments which required to be firmly fixed, and protected from wind and weather. Tycho named this observatory Stiernberg. It consisted of several crypts, separated by solid walls, and to these there was a subterranean passage from the laboratory in Uraniberg.

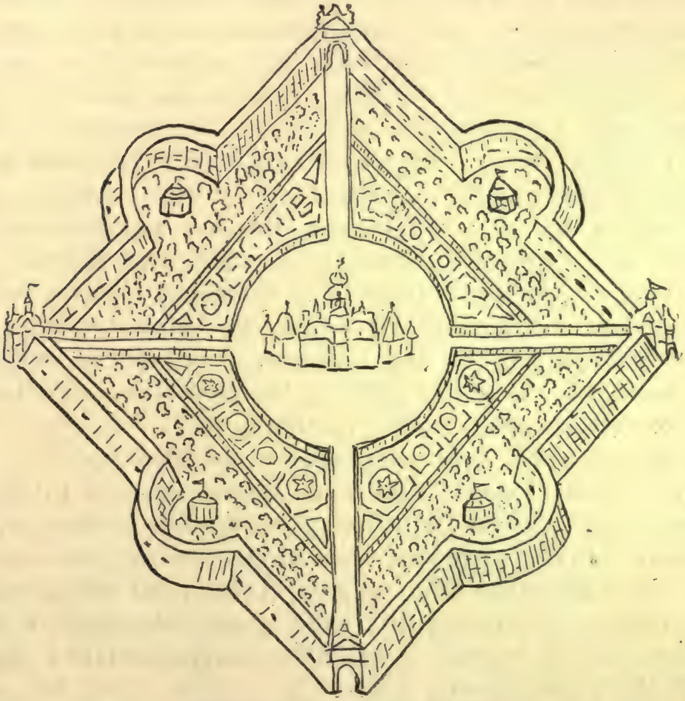
During the erection of these many buildings Tycho was busily occupied in preparing elaborate and costly instruments of observation. Upon these he expended not less than a "ton of gold" of his personal income, and was continuously aided by the generosity of his royal patron.

Within this ideal "City of the Heavens" Tycho passed his serene and valuable existence from the end of 1576 to the spring of 1597. During these years he accumulated a mass of invaluable observations. He was assisted by a dozen pupils, whom he boarded and educated. Some of these were sent by the king and were educated at his majesty's expense. Others were sent by different cities and academies, and promising students of astronomy who came of their own accord were likewise admitted and educated by the generous Tycho.

There was much to do for all these young men. Astronomical work was their principal occupation. The laboratory was also in constant use. Tycho had a fondness for compounding medicines, which he distributed free of charge. As a result those in need of remedies flocked to Hveen. In the official Danish pharmacopœia of 1658 several of Tycho's elixirs are quoted.

Every phenomenon that appeared in the heavens was observed with the utmost precision. Regular series of observations were carried on for determining the places of fixed stars, and for improving the tables of the sun, moon, and planets.

Scientific work was never neglected. Physical recreation, for which the island offered diverse means, was by no means overlooked. In the orchard provision was made for games of various kinds. Arrangements were made for the trapping of birds, and there were plenty of hares and other small game for hunting. Lovers of the rod found prime sport in the great number of fish-ponds divided by sluices into two rows which met in a lake, from which a winding river rippled through the cliff to the sea. On this spot Tycho afterwards built a paper-mill, which was driven by water from the fish-pond. The same water-wheel was used for turning machinery for preparing skins. Besides these lighter amusements, Tycho indulged in others of a higher plane. In 1584 he put up a printing-press. This he intended, primarily, for the printing of his own works. When not thus employed he used it for the publication of his poems to the memory of departed friends, and other rhythmic effusions, in which direction he was quite gifted. Furthermore, Tycho was a princely host. His hospitality was unbounded. He graciously received throngs of visitors, learned and unlearned, nobles, princes, and philosophers, who came to pay homage to the first astronomer of the age and admire his magnificent temple.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF URANIBERG.

Tycho realized the insecure position governing his creations at Hveen. His endowments were dependent upon the king's pleasure, and the island was given to science only so long as the astronomer's life should last. Some day these splendid buildings and this marvellous apparatus would vanish. Painful thought! His study of heaven and earth but the more forcibly convinced him that "life is short and art is long." True, while his royal protector lived Tycho and his beloved science were secure. The king, Frederick II., appreciated the rare genius of his gifted subject. He was proud of that genius as conferring honor on his realm, and on the monarch who supported that genius. Nay, more, he regarded Tycho as a confidential and trusted friend to whom he ofttimes turned for counsel and advice. As proof of this high personal esteem, Frederick II. gave Tycho a golden neck-chain, with a pendant in the form of an elephant, bearing the king's initials and motto.

The year 1588 was one of serious significance to Tycho. King Frederick died. His eldest son, Prince Christian IV., at the age of eleven, was elected his successor. Life at Hveen continued as before. Tycho was honored and *fêted* by compatriots and foreigners. This year, 1588, was further made memorable by the publication of a volume containing some of the results of his work at Uraniberg, and embodying his views on the construction of the universe. The special subject of this volume was the comet of 1577, the most conspicuous of the seven comets observed during his time.

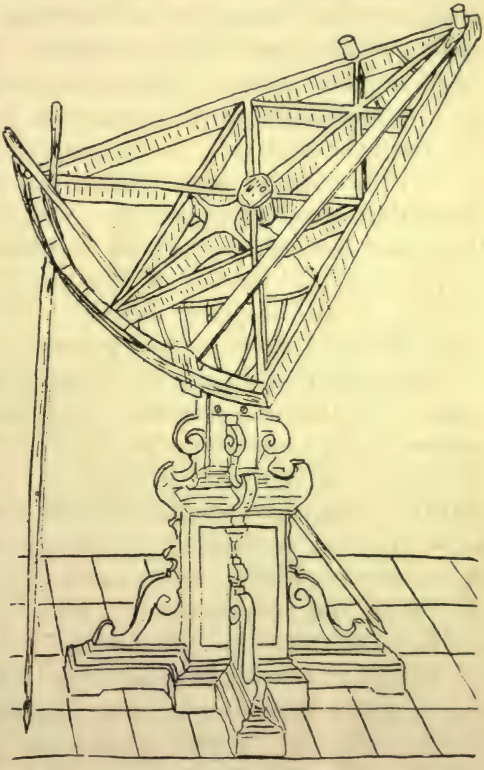
Naturally, Tycho's brilliant renown created for him many enemies, jealous because they were utterly eclipsed by his high achievements. Rancor smouldered within their bosoms. The succession of the child-king was propitious to these enemies. They would prejudice him against Tycho. But the disposition and temper of Christian IV. were good. Moreover, a strong taste for science, above all for astronomy, had taken vigorous root in the Danish court.

In 1591 Christian IV. visited Uraniberg. He was charmed with Tycho and his attainments. Tycho observed the young king's admiration for a brass globe, which through internal mechanism imitated the diurnal motion of the heavens, the rising and setting of the sun and the phases of the moon. This Tycho presented to the king, and in turn received a gold chain with his majesty's picture, and the assurance of his unalterable devotion and protection.

Nevertheless, Tycho was justified in fearing a discontinuance of royal patronage. Trivial complaints were the foundation for serious offense. His envious enemies made mountains from mole-hills.

A nobleman kicked Tycho's dog. Tycho resented the cruelty. He reproached the nobleman, at the cost, however, of incurring that aristocrat's bitter animosity. A petty dispute with a tenant was grossly magnified, and proved an obstruction to the great astronomer's hitherto unbroken peace. Another fruitful source of annoyance was that he failed to keep in repair a chapel in the Roskilde Cathedral, from which he enjoyed the income on condition that he keep it in repair. These really trifling things undermined his position in Denmark, because his jealous fellow-nobles embraced these opportunities for fanning the flame of discontent with the highly paid and much favored scientist. Another of the several causes which eventually induced Tycho to leave Denmark was the quarrel with a former pupil, who at one time was betrothed to Tycho's eldest daughter.

It is difficult to trace the real motive of the young king's change towards the illustrious astronomer. No doubt Tycho's brilliant attainments and almost miraculous prosperity brought him enemies in proportion. It was inevitable. Success and jealousy are comrades. At opportune times his enemies suggested that Tycho had been petted quite long enough, and such enormous funds expended on instruments was sheer extravagance, especially as Tycho had considerable means of his own.



SEXTANS TRIGONIUS.

Tycho keenly felt the lack of appreciation with which he was now received. He pined for the companionship of congenial minds. In a measure this yearning overcame his regret at leaving Hveen; Uraniberg, his happy home for nearly a quarter of a century, the buildings and instruments—wonders of the age—creatures of his mind and labor, and the obscure island celebrated solely because of his work.

It is generally supposed that Tycho was forced to leave Hveen. This is a mistake. There was no absolute compulsion, but things in general were made disagreeable beyond human endurance. Tycho left Hveen March 29, 1597, for Copenhagen. From thence after a few months, he sailed for Rostock. Tycho attempted a reconciliation with Christian IV. His appeal was harshly rejected, showing how thoroughly the young monarch's mind had become estranged.

The plague hastened Tycho's departure from Rostock. He accepted the invitation of Heinrich Rantzov to reside at his castle, Wandsbeck, near Hamburg. This castle had recently been rebuilt. It was elegant and comfortable—to some extent even bearing favorable comparison with the home he had just left for ever.

Tycho resumed his observations and began the work of an illustrated description of his instruments. For years it had been his idea to publish such a book, and now he deemed it very desirable. In fact it was almost imperative to sustain his reputation, and impress learned and influential men with the unparalleled extent of his scientific research. He had brought his printing-press along, so the book was printed under his own eyes. The volume was dedicated to Emperor Rudolph, whose service Tycho was about to enter.

Tycho arrived at Prague in June, 1599. The German emperor, Rudolph, was deeply interested in science. He was most gracious towards the distinguished astronomer, and fixed upon him a liberal salary and the castle of Benatky as his dwelling and observatory. But work here was somewhat hindered by financial difficulties.

It was at castle Benatky that Kepler sought Tycho. After considerable misunderstanding between these two great men—Tycho who had given Kepler the "place to stand on," and Kepler who "did move the world"—co-operation in the service of science was established between them.

On October 13 Tycho was invited to a supper. At table he was seized with an illness which was the beginning of the end of his illustrious career. He lingered but a few days. Conscious of near dissolution, he begged Kepler to continue his noble work for the advancement of astronomy. Tycho's death occurred on October 24, 1601.

On November 4, with great pomp and ceremony, the remains of the immortal Tycho were entombed in the Teynkirche. His resting-place is marked by a handsome monument of red marble erected by his children.

Considering the magnitude of Tycho's labor, his life of nearly fifty-five years seems a long one. His name and work will be revered and live so long as does the science of astronomy.

Tycho was above the average in stature; corpulent in later years; of ruddy complexion, with "reddish-yellow" hair and beard. He was of lofty independence of character, ever fearless of speaking his convictions, regardless of making dire enemies. Hypocrisy he abhorred. He was frank, honest, and kind, a man of great piety, whose daily life was elevated by constant reference to a superintending Providence. He had the deepest veneration for the Scriptures. The sublime wonders of the heavens intensified his admiration of the divine power and wisdom.

THE MURAL QUADRANT.—Tycho's famous Mural Quadrant was a brass arc of 6¾ feet radius, 5 inches broad, and 2 inches thick, fastened to the wall. It had two movable sights. At the centre of the arc was a small window or hole in the wall. In this aperture, at right angles to the wall, was a gilt cylinder, along which the observer sighted within the movable sights on the arc.

The space on the wall between the arc was artistically decorated with a picture of Tycho, and six interior views of Uraniberg. The astronomer is pointing to the opening in the wall; a dog lies at his feet; two views each, of the observatory, library and laboratory, are in the spaces indicated in the drawing. Directly behind Tycho is a niche with a small globe, to either side of which are portraits of King Frederick II. and Queen Sophia.

SEXTANS TRIGONIUS.—This instrument was of solid wood, with brass arc 5½ feet radius, supported on a copper-sheeted globe. This arrangement permitted adjustment of the instrument in any plane. When in the desired position two long rods, resting on the floor, held the sextant firm and steady.

CÆSAR'S HEAD.

BY JOHN J. À BECKET.

AND so, with that tender thought in his mind of the sweet girl clinging to her father's hand and imploring him with childlike earnestness not to lean over Cæsar's Head and look straight down two thousand feet upon the blended tops of the trees so far below, Duncan Cameron fell asleep. How long he slept, or what really woke him, he never knew. He himself always believed it was the instinctive moving of his heart at the psychic touch of the One Woman.

Then he heard a faint creaking of the hall-door. The thought occurred to him that the wind had blown it open, and feeling that such hospitable entrance accorded to the chilly air would mean cool rooms for the party he sprang out of bed, threw on his clothes, and went to close it.

The porch of the hotel annex at Cæsar's Head was simply an embrasure with a small room on either side, while the door into the gaunt hall was set in the front of the house between them. Cameron occupied one of these outside rooms. He found the door half open. Then he reflected that he had been the last man to come out, and that he had carefully latched it. The wind was not strong enough to burst it open; therefore some one must have come out.

"Perhaps Carey wanted to have a smoke and preferred to take it in this fine moonlight," he said to himself.

So Cameron pulled out a cigar, lit it, and strolled forth himself into a night which made sleep seem sordid. For a glorious moon, full and lustrous, rode in stately loneliness high in the heavens. The wind rustled softly through the young leaves.

There was an alluring isolation in the place and hour for the fine-fibred young fellow. The day before had been so full of wholesome stimulus. The long horseback ride up the wild mountain road through an air of effervescent purity; the grim, aching barrenness of this deserted annex to a summer hotel on the heights; the exorcism of its bald discomfort by huge wood fires on the sepulchral hearths, and the most savory of suppers in the one-storied cottage where the hotel man lived and housed his lively brood of children. The strongest note in it all, like the evening star glittering on the front of night, had been she, that fair, sweet girl, woman in her strength of feeling, child in her utter simplicity. How acute a yearning he felt for her!

The scene from Cæsar's Head had been a unique factor in the day's delightful emotions: that small plateau, the top of a column of two thousand feet of rock springing from a plain of forest trees into the air. From it the eye seemed to see a misty stretch of ocean, dim, blue, mysterious, while a long line of swelling ground had looked like some huge billow curling till it should break in voiceless lapse upon the dumb shore. It had been fascinating, this phantom sea of such ample reach and without the big, hollow boom with which the ocean chants its joy.

When he had hooked his foot in a fissure of the rock and had leaned over to sound with his eye the misty depths, what a touch of sweet alarm had quivered in her entreaty that he would not! She had said that she could not have stood so near the brink without feeling that impulse to cast herself down which assails some brains on lofty heights.

The fancy took Cameron to wander to the Head now and look forth on the great blue vastness below swathed in the pearly folds of the moonlight. He turned and walked down the path. There was a dainty charm about the young trees with their slender branches and small leaves that fretted the silvery path with inky arabesques. He thought of the Latin poet to whom all in nature sang the name of his beloved. The hushed silence of the night seemed to breathe Eva's name to his heart. How sweet and tender she was. And how simply true! What a new world her love would make for him. No wonder that her father guarded her as the apple of his—

But what was that? Ahead, through the bushes, he caught a gleam of something white. Probably the moonlight blanching the lichened face of some rock. But no! There it was again. This time plainly discernible through a clearing—a white form, moving. Near Cæsar's Head, too. Did the spot boast a ghost undiscovered by the guide-books? What a lure for a "harnt," that solitary eyry!

Suddenly another thought, infinitely more perturbing, shot through his mind—one that made his heart leap to his throat. It was an awesome fancy. He dashed forward, bounding lightly along on the tips of his feet like some swift thief of the night. Then his legs refused to move and all strength died utterly from out him!

For there, right on the small, flat top of Cæsar's Head, was a fairy figure in white, with soft masses of hair lying like a halo round her head, where the moonbeams touched it. The girl had crossed the first part of the ledge and with slow steps was advancing steadily toward the brink of the abyss, tranquilly moving on toward the dread edge of the cliff.

To his dying day Cameron could never recall unmoved that frightful moment in which all use of his limbs seemed denied to him. His mind was working with the lightning energy of excitement while he seemed doomed to stand there, stricken to inertness, and behold her walk calmly on until her last light step should hurl her, like a storm-blown snow-flake, into the depths.

With a frenzied effort he shook off the paralysis his horror had begotten. As lightly as possible he sprang forward with mad haste. The thought of the shock of awakening her darted through his mind. If he could avoid that! But she must be brought to a halt at any cost. On that hung life or death beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

He slipped breathlessly in front of her, and braced himself like a wall. He was not a yard from the brink, but he took no heed of the dim blue depths below. He stood like a thing of stone, despite his labored breathing. His heart hammered against his chest, his temples throbbed.

She touched him as she moved forward. What would she do? Would it awake her? No! She paused. Then slowly, hesitatingly, turned aside. A few quick steps, and again he stood in her path. There was the same hesitation on the part of the girl as she encountered once more this obstacle; but she once more deviated from her course, and this time her steps were no longer toward the brink of the cliff. Using the same tactics he had already employed with success, Cameron directed her slow, tentative steps back into the woodland path leading to the "Annex."

At last the strange companions, the strong man, quivering from the nervous strain and so achingly awake, and the delicate girl, in the calm unconsciousness of slumber, arrived at an open spot, some yards from the Head. But Cameron was by no means at ease as yet. There was still a point to be settled. Ought he to awaken her? If he could guide her gently and surely back to the very door of her room so that no one, not even the girl herself, should know of this adventure of the night, that would be the best solution of the whole thing. But with his heavy shoes he could hardly hope to go through the hall without creaks from the wooden floor, and he knew no way to arrest her till he should have removed them.

But this night air on her thinly-clad person! He feared the effect of that. If she were awakened she could easily return to her room without alarming any one. Poor Cameron hadn't the faintest idea what one did when roused from a somnambulistic state. Would she scream, or have hysterics, or promptly faint? Or might she be so gradually led to a knowledge of things that the full shock of surprise and fright could be avoided? A slight shiver that ran over the girl determined him to awaken her, at all events.

He gently took her fingers in his hand. There was no response to this. He gave a quick, strong pressure to her chilly fingers. The girl halted, slowly withdrew her hand, and shivered again. Then her eyes began to fill with consciousness. Her hand went pitifully to her head. As she looked about her in a frightened way Cameron spoke.

" Don't be alarmed, Miss Donaldson," he said, in as calm a tone as possible. He even tried to inject a cheerful sound into his words. " We were walking, and you had a slight spell of unconsciousness. You know me—Duncan Cameron? How do you feel?"

" Where am I? What is the matter?" There was a tremulous quiver in her voice, and she looked vaguely around, letting her startled gaze flutter back to the young fellow, who was trying his best to simulate a matter-of-fact ease. He had all a man's horror of a scene, and had a sense of impending hysterics. But the die was cast.

" First, you must feel perfectly calm," he said with decision. " It is nothing at all. Won't you let me put this coat about you? You see, you came out for a little walk in this lovely moonlight, and I chanced to meet you; and now you are going back to the house very quietly so as not to alarm them. Just put this coat about you. Do, I entreat you! It is so cool."

He threw off his coat and wrapped it about the girl's shoulders. She looked into his eyes with a troubled gaze, and trembled all over. Then she burst into a little moan and cried brokenly:

"Oh! I do not understand anything. Where is papa? How am I here? Tell me! I must know!"

"You know me, do you not, Miss Donaldson?—Duncan Cameron. You must know that no harm can come to you while you are with me? I assure you, if you will only be calm and control yourself, I will explain the whole thing, and you will see that it is nothing. I beg of you to compose yourself." For she was still looking nervously about her, unable to fully realize the situation.

He marked with some satisfaction that her gaze seemed to become clearer as it rested on him. He bravely kept up a smiling front, as if it were a very simple thing after all.

"Keep the coat about you or you will feel the air too much. You see, it is only this. Will you take my arm? and we can walk on while I explain. You must have left the house in a half-asleep condition, you know. I happened to hear you go out, and realizing what it was, came and roused you; that is all. Now it is all right. There is not a bit of harm done. Don't you understand, my dear girl?"

To his immense relief the strained look had somewhat died out of her dilated eyes. It was a positive joy to him to see that she grasped the situation and would not break down. She spoke hurriedly.

"You mean that I have been walking in my sleep! I cannot understand it. Is that the hotel there?" for they had now come to where the broad side of the wooden building gleamed whitely in the moonlight. "But where is papa? why is he not here?"

"He does not know it. Nobody knows it but me. I was awake and heard the door. If you get quietly back to your room no one need know it until the morning. There is no object in frightening your father, as it might if he were to learn it now. Won't you go quietly and bravely back and go to sleep? In the morning you will be all right. I implore you to do this, like a brave girl."

"Yes, I will," said the girl. "I never did such a thing as this in my life before. You are very good. What a shame that you should have been awakened! What time is it?" she exclaimed quickly.

"I haven't my watch here," said Cameron with a short laugh. "But I will look at it as soon as I get to my room and will tell you to-morrow morning."

"And there you are in your shirt-sleeves!" she cried remorsefully. "You are right, papa must not know it until morning. He would not sleep a wink all night, and he could do nothing. You are very kind. This is dreadful! How could I have done such a ridiculous thing?"

She was walking rapidly now toward the house. She softly ascended the steps, and Cameron pushed the door open gently for her to enter.

"Thanks!" she said in a whisper. "Here is your coat. Good-night." She extended her hand hurriedly.

"Good-night, and God bless you!" said Cameron in a whisper. He bent on the impulse of the moment and pressed his lips to her hand with intense fervor. She drew it away then with tender coyness, touched his cheek lightly with her finger, a timid, caressing stroke. Quickly and softly the door was closed.

Cameron was too much roused to sleep. Besides, there was a leaven of thought within his brain which made it sweet to wander in the hallowing calm of the austere moonlight. He had saved this dear girl's life. Probably some strange germ of thought, sown in her brain the preceding day, had led her in her sleep by a nearly fatal fascination to the airy crest of Cæsar's Head. Oh, if he had not awakened! A shudder ran through him at the thought. What a proud happiness to him that some occult feeling had roused him at that juncture. How true his feeling toward her, and what sympathy it proved between them, that her danger should have affected him when they were both wrapped in slumber!

And what eloquence there had been in that light touch of her finger upon his cheek! He put his hand up to his face to feel the consecrated spot. He had saved her life, and that gave him a claim upon it. Would she not save his? for he could not live without her. He felt that now, strongly and surely. Ah, if morning would only come! But he was excitedly happy as it was, and paced to and fro over the short grass like a knight keeping vigil over his mistress. Knight or not, that is what he was doing. There was hardly a likelihood of another somnambulistic sortie on Eva Donaldson's part; but if there should be, he was there.

And there he was when the sun, like a mass of molten metal, squeezed its way up through the different strata of haze, straining on to its full unconfined splendor. It was the most undignified sunrise Cameron had ever seen. The sun was stretched and crowded and squeezed, now pulled out like a pear, and again flattened like a pumpkin, yet rising still with fat, soggy doggedness.

"Poor old sun!" Cameron said to it apostrophizingly. "You might usher in this day for me with a little better rise than that. You look groggy and the worse for wear."

That he might not look a little too much so himself, Duncan Cameron went to his room and took a cold bath and a vigorous rub. But there was a slightly haggard look about his honest eyes even then. However, as offset, there was a greater brightness about them than usual when he met Eva Donaldson and the rest of the party at breakfast. That young woman extended her hand with a little restraint as she bade him good-morning, but her smooth cheeks were red enough to satisfy her father's fondest desire as she did so. There was a cordial warmth in the young man's greeting, and an eager tenderness in his glance which disturbed and yet comforted poor Mr. Donaldson. If Eva entertained a liking for this strapping fellow, he was somewhat consoled to think that it was a reciprocated feeling. He was beginning to feel that it was.

They were to start back soon after breakfast. There was really nothing of interest in the place save Cæsar's Head. To Cameron that had decidedly waned as an attraction, and he was sorry to hear Mrs. McNiel say to Mr. Donaldson: "We will walk over and take one more look from Cæsar's Head, and then we can start."

When they got there he remained with the girl and her father somewhat in the rear. The event of last night seemed like a dream. He was so honest that it weighed on him slightly to think that the girl was unconscious of her nocturnal visit to the spot, and that the bluff, hearty father was ignorant of his dear daughter's wandering altogether. He was outspoken and frank to such a degree that deception, even for pity's sake, irked Duncan Cameron.

"I think I will go down there," said Miss Donaldson suddenly. "It is silly to have such a feeling."

"No, no; don't!" exclaimed Cameron impulsively. "You mustn't carry away an unpleasant impression of the place, you know," he added, quickly, as her eyes turned toward him with quick inquiry in them at this outbreak. She remained where she was.

Mr. Donaldson said he thought that the two women and Mr. Cameron should ride during the first part of the return trip. "The air is a little chilly, and you will get your blood in motion better on horseback than by driving. We can change after awhile."

After they began the descent of the mountain Cameron busied himself with a hundred things other than the subject uppermost in his mind. The girl's cheeks were rather white and her eyes seemed to him worn and tired. They kept with Mrs. McNiel carefully. They were each trying to seem perfectly natural. But there were passages of silence which spoke loudly of the undercurrent in their thoughts. They were some distance ahead of the buckboard. At last, when they came to a comparatively long stretch of the road with an easy grade, Cameron exclaimed with forced animation: "Miss Donaldson, this beast of mine is longing for a splendid run and your little mare is pulling on the snaffle. Let us have a good dash along here. What do you say, Mrs. McNiel? It will warm us up."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. McNiel. "I will catch up with you if I don't keep up with you."

"Admirable woman!" thought Cameron. Miss Donaldson gathered up her reins quickly and struck the flank of her mare a sharp blow with her crop. The two flew along in a wild, long rush. Cameron had no occasion to keep his horse down in order to stay closely by his companion's side. He looked with fiery admiration at the slender, erect figure of the girl, sitting her animal so lightly, so firmly, and guiding with so sure a hand. For a mile they let out their horses, feeling all the exhilaration of this bounding, free movement in the fresh morning air. At last Miss Donaldson pulled her horse in and they fell into a walk.

"That is better than champagne," said Cameron enthusiastically. "It has brought the color into your cheeks. Did it tire you?"

"Not the least bit," she replied. "I should like to keep it up for an hour. But you look worn and fagged out this morning." She darted a quick glance at him. "I am dreadfully vexed with myself. Did you go to bed right away last night?"

"Not *right* away," said Cameron with stress on the "right," as if it were *almost* right away. "The night was so glorious that I enjoyed myself immensely stalking about in the moon light."

Miss Donaldson almost stopped her horse as she suddenly said: "I hope you didn't stay up with the idea that I would indulge in any more night wanderings. I cannot imagine how I could have done such a thing. And it is worrying me; for I must tell papa, and it will upset him dreadfully. He has been so happy here in Asheville, and had quite got over his absurd fretting about my health. And now when he finds out that I am given to strolling around in the silent watches of the night sound asleep, he will worry himself to death."

"Well, I don't see why you should tell him at all," said Cameron robustly. "It was a perfectly exceptional thing, and not a bit of harm came of it. What is the object in telling him?"

"I have never had a secret from him in my life," replied the girl pensively, "and it will make me feel so strangely to keep this from him. But I do not want to worry him and there is nothing he could do, as you say. What time was it when you went in?"

"Well, a little after sunrise," replied Cameron with a short laugh. "And such a sunrise! I wish you could have seen the majestic orb of day crowding into the world. It was squeezed all out of shape."

"Why did you stay up all night?" she exclaimed with an accent of reproach. "Out in that chilly air! And in your state of health! It was reckless."

Cameron leaned back in his saddle and the woods rang with his mellow laughter. "My state of health?" he said, when he had recovered from this outburst. "My dear Miss Donaldson, I am as healthy as an ox. Where did you get such an idea as that my health was not perfect? And it was not cold. I haven't had such a jolly good time for years as those hours last night after you left me. They passed only too quickly. I was thinking of you," he said with a change of voice, leaning forward and looking at her tenderly.

"I am afraid Mrs. McNiel will get lost," she said thoughtfully, turning in her saddle and trying to see where that worthy laggard was.

"Mrs. McNiel is all right. She is coming on at a comfortable jog which, I regret to say, will bring her up with us altogether too soon. I only wish we were to ride all the way to Asheville by ourselves," he added warmly.

"You might get very tired," replied Miss Donaldson. She put forward her gloved hand and smoothed out a tangle in her horse's mane. "How lovely those woods are this morning," she added, straightening herself and looking at the young leaves twinkling in the sunlight. The charm of coquetry lies in a pleased recognition of its mechanics.

"Do you think," said Cameron, disdaining these attempts to divert him from the theme, "that if I could walk all night perfectly happy in the mere thought of you, I should not find your presence in the bright day a joy? Miss Donaldson, I found out something in this night on Cæsar's Head which I must tell you"; and his tone softened while he rode more closely to her side and looked eagerly at the girl, whose head was drooping a little. "I found that my life will not be much to me unless I have you to share it with me. My dear girl," and he put his hand on hers impulsively, "I love you. Tell me, is there hope for me? Do you care for me? Will you let me try to make your life a happy one?"

He was bending toward her, his horse so close to hers that his leg rubbed against the sleek side of the mare she rode. The girl raised her face to his, her fair cheeks flushed, the white lids drooping a little over her brilliant eyes. Her whole expression answered him, although she said not a word. She only smiled ingenuously. It was the fully blossomed woman delightfully content to be a child for the moment.

He leaned still more toward her, and his long arm stole about her slender waist. She swayed slightly toward him and in another moment his lips met hers. It isn't the easiest achievement in the world, an embrace on horseback, but Cameron felt that it was the most rapturous moment he had ever known in the saddle.

"Then you will marry me, dearest?" he cried with boyish eagerness.

"You must ask papa," she answered coyly.

"But you love me, Eva?" he insisted impetuously.

She turned her rosy face, and with a childlike movement leaned once more toward him, looked with the dearest modesty into his yearning eyes, and said slowly, "Yes; dearly."

"But, my darling," said Cameron, after another immeasurable moment of life, "what if your father should positively refuse his consent?"

"Papa refuse to let me marry the man I love!" she cried with an ineffable air of wonder and amusement. "You do not know papa," she added with decision. Then, as if considering the impossible case as an hypothesis, she melted into a smile, slow, bewitching, and innocently arch, as she said: "If he did, why I should probably get up in my sleep and elope with you!"

THE CITY OF THE SOUL AND ITS CHURCHES.*

BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

FEW studies are more interesting to a Catholic who visits the centre of Christendom in the spirit, if not in the garb of a pilgrim, than a study, however slight, of the churches of Rome. The interests, even apart from religion proper, connected with them are almost as varied as they are boundless. Art, architecture, history sacred and secular, biographies of saints and sinners, politics national, imperial, and cosmopolitan—these and other mundane interests combine to make the churches which cluster around the shrines of the apostles in the Eternal City to be unique both in kind and in degree. Whilst, if to the more temporary attractions be added features in their existence which possess a higher importance, the story and present position of these sacred buildings assume an aspect which before was wanting to them. The churches of Rome, then, it will be allowed, deserve and will repay, from many points of view, long continued and patient study. It was the writer's privilege, many years ago, during more than a single winter spent in the centre of Christendom, to be enabled to devote a certain amount of time and some attention to this many-sided and exhaustless topic, as an amateur student. Under such a condition, the result of his studies could not fail to be superficial; yet even a superficial view of such a subject, if entered upon with proper dispositions, is productive of benefit to the mind of the student, and may be made of some interest to others, if it be supported by authorities. It is not impossible, therefore, that in conjunction with the professional leading of an expert and master of the power of the late Mr. Fergusson, and of ecclesiastical specialists of the position of Monsignor Montault and of the late Dr. Donovan—in those portions of their several works which treat of the topic in question—facts and opinions, judgments and memories, may be made from rough notes, or may be repeated from more polished pages, which may prove acceptable to the reader of the following lines.

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* *A History of Architecture in all Countries.* By James Fergusson. Third edition; vols. i. and ii. London: Murray. 1893.——*Rome, Ancient and Modern.* By Jeremiah Donovan. In four volumes. Rome. 1842.——*L'Année Liturgique à Rome.* By X. Barbier de Montault. Fifth edition. Rome: Spithover. 1870.——*Diario Romano.* Rome. 1879.

THEIR DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER.

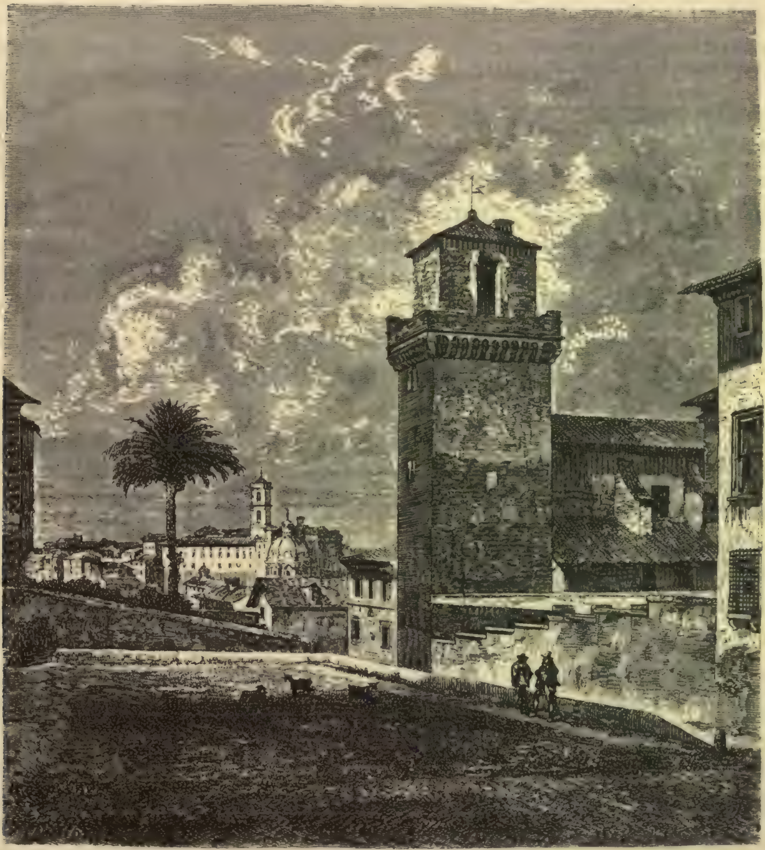
One preliminary thought may be dwelt on for a moment. The churches of Rome, as a whole, enjoy a special peculiarity over those of any other modern city. Individual temples elsewhere in Italy may surpass any given sacred edifice in Rome—always excepting St. Peter's, which stands alone—in their design or execution. The cathedrals or churches at Ravenna, Venice, Florence, Milan, Siena, Padua, Perugia, Assisi, Bologna, Verona, Pisa, or Pavia, to name no more, may be able to boast of special ecclesiastical attractions incomparably grand or beautiful or rare or precious, in comparison with any other building in the civilized world. Older and more magnificent mosaics, a larger number of pictures and frescoes of note, finer marbles or more delicate inlaid work, richer and more curious painted glass, more elaborate tombs and sculpture in stone or metal, handsomer and completer exteriors or nobler and more impressive interiors, higher or more elegant campaniles or more dignified domes, or more aerial cupolas, or edifices with larger conventual or religious or philanthropic institutions attached—these one by one may be witnessed and enjoyed elsewhere than in Rome. But, on the whole, in the combination of varied interests, associations or facts, whether in artistic instinct, intellectual culture, historical memories, or devout use, the ecclesiastical riches of the centre of Christendom are far greater than those of any other single town, or it may almost be said of any other single state. The churches of Rome are unapproachable and unmatched, not without cause and reason, being as they are those of the metropolis of revealed religion. Christian Rome, as remarked by Dr. Donovan, "is pre-eminently distinguished for the multiplicity, magnitude, and magnificence of her churches, in which she far excels all the other cities of the Christian world."

HOW MANY THEY ARE.

Perhaps the first thing which strikes a stranger in a study of the churches of Rome is their number; ancient, middle-age, and now again comparatively modern, by rebuilding or restoration, they seem almost countless. It was formerly a common, though always a hazardous and usually an unverified remark of tourists, that you could see a fresh church in Rome every day in the year. Apparently, there is no exaggeration here. According to the later estimate of Monsignor Montault, there exists, as a fact, not fewer than 433, not including private chapels, and conventual and other oratories, though Dr. Donovan, in 1842, was content to account for only 300. Now, the population of the Eternal City, before its siege and capture by the Italian troops, was calculated at 200,000. Hence, if we adopt a moderate estimate of churches and take a round number for facility of creating an average, we perceive that in the days of its freedom Rome possessed one consecrated temple for every 500 of its inhabitants. These 400 churches are divided amongst 54 parishes, of which 45 are inside and 9 stand outside the walls, under a system finally arranged early in the present century by Pope Leo XII.—an arrangement which, within the circuit of the walls, allots about seven churches or chapels to each parish.

A SEVEN-FOLD ARRANGEMENT.

The churches again are divisible into a seven-fold order: 1. The greater or patriarchal basilicas are so called because they either were originally or were subsequently assigned in honor of the five patriarchates of the Catholic Church, West and East, viz., of Rome, St. John Lateran; of Constantinople, St. Mary Major; of Alexandria, St. Peter's; of Antioch, St. Paul's outside the walls; and of Jerusalem, St. Lawrence, also without the walls. Before the Reformation the King of England was the official Protector or Guardian of the Basilica of St. Paul; but it does not seem that the protectorate descended with the crown, as did, by the irony of fate, that other papal title, granted to Henry VIII. of England in the days of his faithfulness to Rome, but which now appertains to the Protestant Sovereign of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith. The kings of France, also, were designated the Protectors of St. John Lateran; but it is doubtful if this honor has descended to the President of the French Republic, though there be no reason in the nature of things why it should not have so descended, but rather the opposite; whilst, to this day, the King of Spain is the Guardian of St. Mary Major, and the Emperor of Austria nominally takes charge, when nothing has to be defended, of the Basilica of St. Peter. 2. The titular churches are 50 in number. These are the churches whence the cardinal-priests take their name and jurisdiction; they include four of the five minor basilicas: St. Mary in Trastevere, St. Laurence in Damaso, St. Mary in Monte Sancto (Piazza del Popolo), and the church of the Minerva, together with two of the seven stational basilicas, St. Sebastian and St. Cross of Jerusalem. It was more than a happy accident which has allotted to the English cardinal the titular church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill—to the head of that "Italian Mission" whose duty it is to reclaim for the second time the nineteenth century nation to the obedience of Peter. It may be added, that the cardinal-priests in their several titular churches are privileged to wear the same sacred insignia that bishops wear in their dioceses, the mitre, pectoral cross, episcopal cross, gloves and sandals, etc., and can bestow solemn benediction with an indulgence of 100 days. 3. The capitular churches and collegiate churches are 16 in number. They include three in each of the first two ranks, churches already named, together with St. Mary in Cosmedin, of the second



CHURCH OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA.

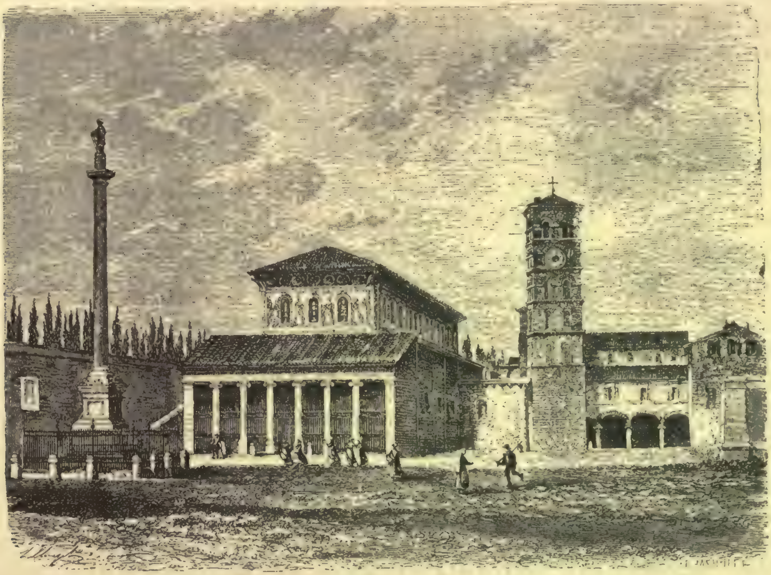
rank, and nine other collegiate churches, or capitular churches of the third, or lowest rank. The number of ecclesiastics who are attached to the three greater capitular churches is noteworthy. In addition to a College of Penitentiaries in each case (Minor Observants, Conventuals, and Dominicans, respectively), and also many chaplains, St. John Lateran numbers 52 priests, St. Peter 93, and St. Mary Major 48. The clerical staff of St. Peter's is described as follows: a cardinal-archpriest; an episcopal vicar; 20 senior canons; 35 beneficiaries; 26 beneficiary clerks; together with, as before said, chaplains and conventuals. 4. The parochial churches, 54 in number, have already been named; and are divided into 22 parishes under the care of secular priests, 22 under religious priests, and 10 suburban district churches. 5. In the year 1870 not fewer than 89 religious orders, of men and women, were in this relation represented in Rome. The churches belonging to these houses are termed Religious Churches, and they number about 187 in all. 6. There are 28 national establishments in Rome, using the word in a liberal sense to denote natives of other localities, whether civic or national. These 28 establishments represent 47 churches, which are attached to cemeteries, hospitals, and colleges, religious houses and convents, and confraternities and congregations, whether priestly or secular—*e.g.*, the corporation of German bakers. Two American colleges, and one English and Scotch and Irish college, are included in this division. The inhabitants of Bergamo, Brescia, Florence, Genoa, Lucca, Siena, and Venice amongst cities; and Armenians, Germans, Spanish, French, Greeks, Poles, Portuguese, and Swiss amongst the people of states not before named—are also represented. 7 and lastly: Churches and oratories of confraternities and guilds; but it is not needful to consider this class of minor temples. The statistics of the clergy who minister in these seven-fold description of churches may here be summarized. The 200,000 souls in Rome are spiritually served by nigh upon 1,500 priests—including clerks, bishops, and cardinals—or one priest to about 130 to 140 of the faithful. This does not include, however, 3,000 religious, divided amongst 50 congregations of men, many of whom are in holy orders. Whilst it may be added, in speaking of the population of religious in the Eternal City, that there are upwards of 2,000 nuns, distributed among 72 convents, in 40 of which solemn vows are taken; whilst there are 800 seminarists and collegians to recruit the ranks of the priesthood as the clergy, aged or otherwise, pass one by one to their reward.

THEY ARE BUILT IN MOST OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

The next thing which attracts the observation of the Catholic student is the local position of the churches in Rome. Whether from an architectural or from an engineering point of view their locality is most varied, in some cases is almost unexampled. Of course, a considerable portion of the edifices are placed in positions with which we are familiar in other towns, in the piazza or street, on a hill-top, or in the bosom of a valley, or in any other commonplace locality. But the temples in Rome are often found in any but commonplace localities—they are sometimes built in the most out-of-the-way places. The employment of ancient sites and the utilization of ancient foundations; the adaptation of former buildings, however apparently incongruous; the inequality of levels, high or low, artificial or accidental or natural; and the large tracts of country, cultivated or desolate, enclosed within the city walls—these and many other peculiarities, more or less apposite or more or less discordant with the city and its story, give marked peculiarity and emphasis to the position in which the Roman churches are built. For instance: One church is perched at the summit of a lofty flight of outside marble steps leading to the west front, perhaps 120 or 130 in number; another is reached by a descending staircase, leading into the narthex, of perhaps half as many steps, within the sacred building itself. Some are built so as to afford architectural effect to the general plan of the neighboring streets or houses; others are deposited in spots where these effects are ignored and the public ways have to be drawn to include the church, rather than the church being made to harmonize with the public way. Many are built in places where they cannot be hid; many are hid away in places which are hard to be found. Some are partially buried among the ruins of ancient Rome, or are wholly underground, or are cut out of a hillside, or are levelled up from a lower foundation in the valley. Some are discovered in wild, marshy, malaria-struck wastes without an inhabitant, now or formerly; others were once built or utilized in the midst of a teeming population, where now a few peasants cultivate their fields at the risk of their lives. Some, apparently, have boldly seized upon ancient heathen temples, sprinkled them with holy water, and dedicated them to the true worship of a God no longer unknown; and some have utilized the foundations, façade, columns, or other materials of the earlier building they supplanted, whether an imperial palace, a catacomb, a private dwelling, a bath or fountain, a circus or theatre, a court of law, a public forum, or a common jail. One further point in the locality of the churches of Rome deserves notice. In the new edition of Mr. Fergusson's *History of Architecture* a list is given of the exact orientation of many of the chief early churches—*i. e.*, of those built in the first thousand years of the faith. In upwards of a score of sacred buildings within this limit, two churches only possess a true orientation, St. Paul's outside the walls and St. Peter ad Vincula. Many face due west, or west with an inclination either north or south; and few have any degree or two of east in their bearings. This fact was either first observed, or having been observed previously, was brought more prominently forward by Mr. G. G. Scott in an essay on early English church architecture. The exact orientation (so to say), however, of some thirty principal churches in Rome, being ancient, are given by Mr. Fergusson's editor, and the list is a curious and suggestive one, in view of the strong views sometimes taken by excellent but ill-instructed persons on this supposed law of Christianity, that modern Catholics ought to follow ancient Christians in praying, by the compass, due east.

THE EARLY CHURCHES BASILICAN IN FORM.

Another point in relation to the early churches of Rome seems not unworthy to be repeated here, from the work of an architectural scholar. In buildings erected before the year 1000 for purposes connected with Christian worship, says Mr. Nesbitt in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries in London, in 1865, "Rome, the metropolis of Western Christianity, the centre of civilization, and the seat of the empire, is, as might be expected, unquestionably richer than any other city; . . . and though many examples of the highest interest are to be found as well in other cities, the series is everywhere far from being as complete as it is in Rome. Even after so many centuries of vicissitudes of every kind, Rome retains a series of churches—in many cases of ample proportions and of great magnificence—the original construction of one or more of which may be ascribed to almost every half century between A. D. 300 and 1000; a series extending through a period the architectural history of which is almost a blank in Western Europe." The value of this series of churches, continues Mr. Nesbitt, in an historical point of view is enhanced by the circumstance that we possess an extraordinary amount of information as to the original foundations, additions to, repairs, or reconstruction of these buildings. Of course, these reconstructions more or less complete, repairs, alterations, and decorations have gone far to obliterate all characteristic features. Still, after long continued, repeated, and patient study of almost all the churches which preserve anything of ancient character, Mr. Nesbitt has come to the conclusion that the plan on which Christian churches were built, in the centre of Christendom, "continued to be substantially the same until and even long after the year A. D. 1000, the basilican form having been almost invariably adopted, excepting in a few circular or octagonal buildings." This position he again enforces later on in his lecture. He says: "One striking peculiarity presents itself in the history of Roman church architecture, viz., that in the long period of eight centuries and a half, between A. D. 300 and 1150, one type as well of plan as of style prevailed." And that type was Basilican.



BASILICA AND CONVENT OF ST. LAWRENCE OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

HISTORICAL INTEREST CONNECTED WITH THEM.

The historical and personal interests of the churches of Rome are simply endless. It will be possible only to take the merest and hastiest glance at them in this place. In the cases of Christian temples built on the ruins of ancient Rome the associations are world-wide and carry back the student to times long anterior to the birth of our Lord. In the case of those which have a distinctly Christian and individual origin, the memories are connected with many, if not with most of the great events and the workers in them which tend to make the story of Western Christendom. From the days of the catacombs, to the years of Rome's imperial majesty, to the times of her gradual decline, not to speak of her actual fall, to each century, some would say to every fifty years, may be allotted a share in the creation of church architecture, its growth, its development, its change, if only in regard to the sites and foundations of existing monuments. The apostolic leaders, the sub-apostolic disciples, the Greek-speaking bishops, the early Latin pontiffs, the emperors and popes of the middle age, the public and private builders of the Renaissance, and the debased rebuilders and renovators, the restorers and deformers of the post-Reformation and later periods—all are represented in existing fanes. Some with credit to themselves and their handiwork, and some with discredit and even blame. Amongst all these the late occupant of the Throne of Peter, *Pio Nono*, of pious memory, has perhaps surpassed all his predecessors in the extent, the magnificence, the lavish cost, and, for the most part, the good taste of the restoration of ancient work effected during his pontificate; and the reign of the present Holy Father compares favorably with many another's tenure of spiritual power, by reason of the material additions made to the ecclesiastical architecture of Rome in the nineteenth century.

THEY PERPETUATE NOTABLE EVENTS IN SUB-APOSTOLIC TIMES.

In these historical and personal associations there is no need to travel back to pre-Christian times. Early post-Christian records, to which in the main attention will be drawn, overflow with deep and wide-spread interest. Here we find a church built over the spot where the Prince of the Apostles was crucified, and out of humility and reverence was crucified with his head downwards; here another, where the Apostle to the Gentiles suffered decapitation, the places where the severed head fell and rolled being marked and reverenced; here a third, near the place where the Apostle of Love, martyr in will, not in deed, escaped bodily martyrdom at the Latin gate of the city. Not unnaturally, the houses and resorts and localities honored by the presence of the saints of God even once became sites on which future temples were consecrated for Catholic usage. The house of the centurion where St. Paul lived as prisoner; the house of the senator, Pudens, with whom St. Peter lodged for seven years, and whose two daughters, SS. Pudentiana and Prassede, the saint baptized; the house of St. Prisca, in which the mistress was baptized by St. Peter; the house and oratory of St. Clement, bishop of the city, on the walls of whose church the story of St. Alexius (to whom another temple is dedicated) is told in fresco; the house of St. Cecilia and the bath of martyrdom, with all its touching and tragic domestic and ecclesiastical memories—all these became sites of churches in the first five centuries of the faith. Again, we find a church on the Appian Way to commemorate the spot where Christ met St. Peter fleeing from persecution and replied to his servant's question, "Domine quo vadis"; another commemorating where St. Lawrence, the deacon, (1) distributed alms, (2) was tried, (3) suffered execution, and (4) was buried; a third where Costanza, daughter of Constantine, was both baptized and buried; and two more where St. Agnes, the child of fourteen summers, was burnt alive, and where she now reposes, and where to this day two lambs are offered yearly on her festival in her honor. Nor are these all that may be named whose memories are venerated and honored by being mentioned in the canon of the Mass—*e. g.*, SS. Cosmas and Damian, physicians who suffered under Diocletian; SS. John and Paul, not apostles, but court officers, done to death by Julian the Apostate; SS. Nereus and Achilleus; St. Chrysogonus, and St. Anastasia—names each one which bring to mind some sacred shrine with special memory and peculiar outline as they are repeated in divine worship.

AND LATER ON.

Descending the stream of time, we find a church built on the site of the abode of St. Paula, who hospitably entertained St. Jerome in 390, when he was called to Rome from the East; a church on the site of the house of St. Gregory the Great, from the steps of which St. Augustine of Canterbury took his last farewell of the pontiff, and another which contains the chair from which the same great saint was wont to deliver his Morals on the Book of Job; a church dedicated to St. Augustine of Hippo, late indeed, but commemorating an early saint, which contains the remains of the devoted mother of a devoted son, St. Monica, who died at Ostia. Later again, we find churches or chapels in memory of the two saintly brothers who rivalled each other in their work for souls, SS. Dominic and Francis, founders of the preaching and mendicant orders of the thirteenth century; in the gardens of the convents of St. Saba and of St. Francesco are orange-trees said to have been planted by these saints, and in a chapel of the former the two saints passed the night together in prayer. Later again, there is a church founded by the comparatively modern saint, the gentle, loving, and devoted Philip Neri, in the sixteenth century; there are churches which form or did form the headquarters of the Company of Jesus, the Gesù, and St. Ignatius, with many memories enshrined in them; there is an early church rededicated to that pious lady and matron and very interesting character, St. Francesca Romana; and there are three or four connected with that great saint and bishop, restorer and administrator, the founder of the Congregation of the Oblates whom the late Cardinal Manning was instrumental in introducing into England—St. Carlo Borromeo.

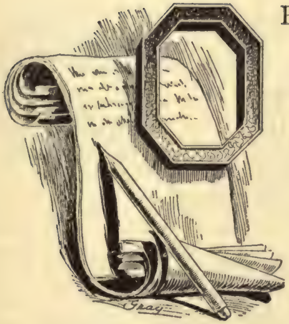
Of necessity, no allusion has been made or can be made to the personal or historical associations of the five great patriarchal basilicas. Time and space would fail even to summarize them—St. John Lateran, the mother and head of all churches, as it proudly and truly calls itself; St. Mary Major, perhaps the completest specimen of a Christian church in all its details; St. Lawrence, with its many features of an early basilica church, including its triforium galleries, most if not all of which have been restored with judgment and taste; St. Paul without the walls, the finest modern specimen of a basilica church with monolithic columns and four aisles; and the present representative church of the Roman See and Pontiff, with all its memories of the Papacy from early times to the present day—the church of which it has been premised that nothing shall be here said, its size and its wealth and its relations and its story being all too vast to be compressed—St. Peter in the Vatican. Of this wonderful and unique fane perhaps no truer or nobler words have been written in verse than those of one who knew more and better than he either did or said—Byron:

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
  Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
  Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
  Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
  Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled
  In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

TO PHIDIAS.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

I.



O PHIDIAS! thou may'st chisel all the lines of grace:
There's no skill in limning but dull Time will efface;
Not bronze nor close-grained granite doth retain
A single marvel wrought by thy inspired brain.

But comfort thee, O limner! though in primal dust
Man's workings weak or mighty soon encrumble must,
On Time itself, destroyer, through its flame,
See! carved, reflect for ever, thy immortal name.

On Time itself, dissolving as it slowly goes
The monument most ancient and the last blown rose,
Retinted rests the handiwork of each,
Succeeding eras all its beauty still to teach.

Yea better than thou knewest, mark, the deed is done
E'en as thy chisel listless dropped at set of sun:
Its disembodied purpose doth survive
To keep the mem'ry of thy fame through age alive.

II.

Hewing, thou seemed but shifting from their anch'ring-place
Aimless atoms, wind-blown to waft away apace:
Cleft by thy magic, lo! there stood revealed
An immortality which now to thee they yield.

For thou hadst rent in cleaving, oped to human view,
A drapery of the Beautiful which peering through,
Irradiant hence whatever else betides,
Upon each sculptured deed of man since then abides.

To thee as to a few that highest gift was given:
Thou didst transplant to earth a particle of Heaven;
Though all things fair evanescent perish,
Once known for ever Beauty's self we encherish.

So thus, though lovely things in turn will pass away,
If all material figments did on earth decay,
Thou own'st a name among the chosen few
Which love-lorn loveliness would syllable anew!

III.

As erst upon the waters did the Spirit breathe,
And, from abysmal chaos surging, life did seethe,
So now to human sprite doth God impart
A measure of the magic of creative art.

To breathe in matter meaning, the mute mass transform
And with perennial purpose its still lips inform—
To mould a divine image out of clay—
Seems of omnipotence but a diminished ray.

O Art! of Spirit and of Matter marriage bells!
The mystery of their union artist high-priest tells,
Sings, paints and pictures to his fellow-men,
Who whisper wonder-stricken evermore, Amen!

Their happy marriage bells, ay! their love-words he spells,
While the great human heart a-billowing upswells
To meet him and to greet him, and it sighs
As Time on-speeding past returns him to the skies.

IV.

Ah! better yet, great Phidias, brightly as to thee
To all of us betokened, let the lesson be:
The work may die, the doer and the deed
Own measure none but worth; and that immortal meed.

Aback concealing crust creation through, each-where
Its Maker hath inlaid the true, the good and fair,
That man may yearning strive with high design
And with his own-made fabric earn the goal divine.

Nay more; to modest merit also as to great
Th' inspiring promise holds of God's designing fate;
The soft word told, the cup of water given,
The curtains of the skies have evermore up-riven.

And thus surviveth Spirit; and its slightest breath,
Imperishable, knoweth never aught of death:
The humblest deed, to-day enshrined in tears,
Endiamondèd will shine through all th' eternal years!

AN INCORRIGIBLE RECIDIVIST.

SEMPRONIA," said Mr. Willard to his wife, as he entered the breakfast parlor, "I have to insist that you shunt that obstinate, stupid girl whom you will persist in having about the place. She is the plague of my life."

"Do you mean Nora Bailey, Ezra?" queried Mrs. Willard sharply, as she looked up from the morning paper and removed her gold-rimmed glasses to get a better look at the partner of her joys and sorrows. He was, truth to tell, not very much to look at. A very attenuated man of medium height and no appreciable breadth, white-haired and very straight at that, and very hard and sour-looking and furrowed and channelled as to face. She herself was the reverse of this, in many particulars. She was tall and robust in figure, but angular and sharp in feature. The severity of her face showed a woman born to command and to see that her commands were respected as well.

"Nora Bailey I mean, and, seeing that she is the only woman help about the place, I wonder you can feel any doubt about the identity," Mr. Willard retorted with precision and asperity.

"Then, Mr. Willard, I have to say that I shall do nothing of the kind," the lady rejoined with unbending dignity. "Nora Bailey suits *me*, and suits our financial circumstances, which I cannot describe as exactly princely, owing to your peculiar ideas on domestic economy," she added in a tone which could hardly be mistaken for that of tenderness.

"Well, then, since you must have her, let her be kept out of my dressing-room. I cannot go fooling around every day looking for my shaving things, which she cannot be got to leave where I put them, just to humor your predilections or her ideas of location," snapped Mr. Willard, as he planted himself at the table and prepared to swallow his ire along with his morning meal.

The Willards lived in a handsome house at Riverside, by the Hudson. The house was a detached one. It stood in the centre of a little plantation, on the plateau of a broad boulder of that brown-gray gneiss out of which the modern New York uptown has been tunnelled. From its windows a couple of forlorn and ramshackle squatters' shanties were visible. One such shanty had been levelled to make room for the Willard mansion, which bore the lordly title of "The Giralda." And hereby hangs a tale. For it was from the family of the dispossessed squatter that Nora Bailey came. Her mother had died from exposure and grief after the eviction; her father had disappeared, nobody knew whither. He had been at the best of times but an idle fellow, leaving to his wife and little Nora the cultivation of the vegetable patch on the vacant lot which had been the main support of the family. Whatever money he got now and again for odd jobs he generally invested where the family would get no good from it.

Nora was running wild when Mrs. Willard picked her up. That good lady was an active member of a rescue society, a strict church-goer, and an uncompromising advocate of perfect equality for her sex. Moreover, she was the owner of the house in which she and her weaker half resided. She had built "The Giralda" with her own money, but ere doing so had taken all the necessary steps to prevent its alienation under any pretext from her own grasp. She named it "The Giralda" because to call mansions after foreign places and persons is considered a distinctively American evidence of good taste and cultivation.

Mrs. Willard did not claim to have a prophetic soul in embarking on this transaction. Had she had any misgivings about Ezra Willard's permanent financial security she would have sacrificed her affection on the altar of duty, and remained Miss Sempronia Smith. The sacrifice might have been made without much risk.

The dawn of a new enlightenment has effected a change in many things. The foolish rule of the heart which enslaved the world so long has given place to the rule of the head. Mrs. Willard was one of those women who would never become a slave to her own inclinations. A strict New England Puritan, she admired Mr. Willard because he was an eminently respectable man and a pleasing talker, and one who was well-to-do. But she would not have married him were not the latter condition existent; for with all her notions about perfect equality of the sexes she deemed it to be a man's duty to maintain his wife in suitable state and dignity.

She had an annuity as well as a solid sum. These safeguards against poverty she took good care should be hers whatever way the wind blew. She had read law and knew exactly what her status as a married woman was; and that status she was just the sort of woman to maintain.

One day there came an awful crash in Wall Street. "Cordage" went by the board, and numbers of big firms went with it. Mr. Willard and his partner were principal sufferers. Next morning a notice was affixed to the door intimating to all whom it might concern that the estate was in liquidation. Mr. Willard emerged from the liquidation minus everything but his good name and an insurance policy which secured him a thousand dollars per annum after he was past sixty. He was now past sixty, else he would not have had a cent to live on.

In these circumstances Mrs. Willard showed herself a true heroine. She saw the path of duty clearly. She was enabled through her foresight to offer Mr. Willard a permanently sheltering roof when he had none of his own, and afford him the pleasure of seeing that his wife was above the reach of want. Her annuity went, after she had provided for her wants in the way of dress and miscellaneous matters, into the bank with its accustomed regularity.

On the shoulders of Mr. Willard now devolved the onus of maintaining his establishment and demonstrating some important problems in domestic economy. A consequence of this demonstration was a reduction of the retinue of the establishment to one permanent help and a woman who came in once a week to chore and "fix up things." The permanent help was little Nora Bailey.

Nature had been kind to Nora, if the fates were not. Only for the color of her hair, which was a decided shade beyond the Titian auburn, she would have been considered a comely little maiden. She was blue-eyed and rosy-lipped, and had a delicate, semi-transparent skin. She was at times all gaiety, at others all sulks. When sulky she was dogged, and when dogged immovable in her purposes—to do or not to do, as the occasion demanded.

Nora had been brought up in all the errors of Popery. This drawback had given Mrs. Willard some trouble at first when she brought her to her own fashionable church and got her placed among the Sunday-school children. Nora proved fractious, but a judicious course of candy and admonitory lectures, with threats of being put out on the streets, served to overcome her obstinacy in the end.

It is but just to Nora's spirit of obstinacy to interplead that it had not at this period attained its full maturity, else the threat might hardly have availed. She was barely seven years old when Mrs. Willard first picked her up, and her opportunities for acquiring religious knowledge had been few indeed. She had never been sent to school, and what notion she had of spiritual things was derived from the crude teaching of her mother, who, poor soul! was not the best-instructed herself and had little beyond her simple piety. Hence Nora was a comparatively easy conquest for Mrs. Willard, although she sulked and looked savage when she found at first that she must not make the sign of the cross or say the "Hail, Mary" when in the Sunday-school.

But soon the friction died away, and as the years went on Nora grew quite accustomed to her new cult, and nearly forgot all about her old training.

Such was the position of affairs when a new parish was formed in the district, owing to the growth of the Catholic population, and a zealous young levite, Father Devereux, was given it in charge. He was returning one evening after making a sick-call when he was attracted by the vehement actions of two individuals who stood talking and gesticulating under a lamp at the very end of the street, away down at the Riverside Drive.

One of these was a man; the other a girl. The man was speaking loudly; he was violent in his gestures, and he had hold of the girl by the arm. She was endeavoring to break away, and her voice, though not loud, betrayed excitement and passion.

Father Devereux stood at the corner of a cross-street watching them, fearful lest there might be some necessity for his intervention; but this did not prove to be the case. The girl at length shook herself free and walked swiftly away, and the man, seeing the priest step out into the light only a few yards ahead, stopped short and turned back towards the river.

Father Devereux waited for the girl to come up. Then he spoke to her in a voice so full of pity and sympathy that she was at once drawn to him. "Be not afraid to confide in me, my child," he said; "for you see I am a priest. Tell me what is the trouble."

A flood of early recollections seemed to sweep over Nora Bailey's mind—for it was she—when she heard the tender invitation. All at once it rushed on her that she had been taught by her mother that a priest was one to whom anything could be confided in the certainty that never would it be disclosed to mortal ear, if given under the seal of confession. She determined to confide in Father Devereux; she could not have resisted the impulse if she would. In a few words she told him of her desire, and he at once brought her along to the presbytery and listened to her story.

"Go back now, Nora," he said when all was revealed; "return to your duties, and stand fast by your master and mistress. But on no account ever again attend their Sunday-school or their services, but come to me and I will instruct you in your own religion. Do you promise?"

"I do," replied Nora, "and I will keep my promise if it cost me my life."

Such was the position about a week before the brief dialogue noted at the outset took place between the sleeping and the working partners in the Willard establishment. The subject of the rencontre appeared just as Mr. Willard had saved his honor in capitulating by burning his last cartridge. She had come in obedience to Mrs. Willard's summons to wait at table as usual.

Bright and neat in her dress as on other mornings, there was yet something about Nora which the keen eye or the unaccountable instinct of Mrs. Willard at once detected as an unwonted symptom. She thought there was the faintest sign of a lurking trouble, a secret of some kind, about the corners of the mouth and the trend of the curved brows. Nora was always reserved, though cheerful, while going through her daily duties, only speaking when she was addressed, though when in her own room she was often heard singing as gaily as a linnet. This gave her a serious expression. But to-day Mrs. Willard thought she perceived a deepening of the tone by several shades.

She made no remark about this just then, but she only postponed what she considered the exercise of her legitimate right as a sort of guardian *ad litem* in regard to her maid-of-all-work until after Mr. Willard should have departed for his favorite haunts in the precincts of Wall Street. For though he had no longer any veritable business in this region, he could not tear himself away from the spot, but hovered around it like a disembodied spirit.

Mr. Willard was one of those double-action ruminants who satisfy mind and body at breakfast-time. He preferred to hold converse with his newspaper rather than with Mrs. Willard, and the boorishness had a negatively beneficial effect at times. It made him forget his previous asperity, whenever this did not happen to have taken an aggravated shape. On this occasion he had not been many minutes plunged into its maddening vortex of spicy headlines ere he uttered a semi-profane exclamation and laid the paper on the nearest vacant plate.

"A burglary last night at 'The Willows'—that's a close call, Sempronia!" gasped Mr. Willard with the face of a man beholding the opening of the Seventh Seal.

"Mercy me, Ezra, but it is—sure!" echoed Mrs. Willard, likewise forgetting in her alarm the strained relations which only just previously had been informally established. "What did they lose, I wonder?"

"Plate, jewelry, and other valuable things, valued at eleven hundred dollars," answered Mr. Willard. "The police are, as usual, on the track of the burglar—and there they'll remain, I guess," he added with an air of triumphant irony. "They're in the swim themselves, more likely, and they're hardly going to 'peach' on their partners."

"How dreadful! What if they should break in here?" gasped Mrs. Willard.

"Well they can't get much worth removing here, only your bank-book, and they do not handle that line of goods as a rule," sneered Mr. Willard.

"But they're not to know that. They must be under the impression that the house contains the usual stock of valuables," pointed out Mrs. Willard. "Oh! if they break in they might be tempted to murder us if they could not find anything to carry off."

"If you think so why not draw some money and lay in a stock large enough to satisfy the reasonable expectations of people of enterprise?" suggested Mr. Willard. "Either that, or sell out the place and let us take a flat over at Central Park."

"No," said Mrs. Willard, thoughtfully. "I do not think we need resort to such desperate alternatives. Mrs. Marks has a very ferocious bull-dog which she would like to get rid of. I'll take the brute from her and let it roam about here at night."

"A ferocious bull-dog! Mrs. Willard, are you becoming insane? Who is to be the keeper of such a dangerous brute? Who is to tie it up and let it loose and look after it? And what is to prevent it attacking us as well as the unsuspecting burglar?" catechised Mr. Willard in spasms of utter amazement.

"Well, this is a little difficulty, certainly," conceded Mrs. Willard. "I had not quite foreseen these possibilities. You of course would not like to undertake the responsibility; and Nora, I suppose, knows nothing of the care of bull-dogs. But it may be got over. There's Dennick, the milkman. I'll speak to him. He brings a large dog in his cart, and he must know something of these matters. Yes, I'll have a talk with Dennick."

Here this important matter rested for the time being. Mr. Willard soon afterwards set out for the platonic haunts of his day-dreams, and Mrs. Willard sought out the cool shades below where Nora was busy with the daily work of the household.

Mrs. Willard was hardly able to resist the impulse to tell her handmaiden about the burglar. Only the fear that it might impel Nora to run away prevented her, but it was a great effort. About the bull-dog it might be necessary to say something, she thought, and what that something should be was a matter of difficulty. She determined to rely on the system of approach by covered way.

"It has just struck me, Nora," she began, "that I missed you last Sunday at church. Were you there?"

"No, ma'am," Nora faltered, coloring and averting her head slightly. She was not quite prepared for such a sudden onslaught.

"I suppose you weren't well enough to go, but I didn't hear you complain of anything. I wish you would tell me whenever anything is the matter. It does not look well for regular church-members to absent themselves without assigning cause."

"If you please, ma'am," replied Nora, facing around with a set look on her face, "I wish to say just this: I hope you will excuse me—"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Mrs. Willard, "of course I will. I don't want to talk any more about that just now, but I wish to ask you—are you afraid of dogs—bull-dogs, for instance?"

"Bull-dogs!—yes, ma'am; I'd run ten miles from a bull-dog. But as I was saying about going to church—"

"Yes, but if the choice were between a bull-dog and a burglar what would you do? Suppose you knew that a burglar was preparing to get in here, would you not like to have a good fierce bull-dog to protect you?"

"Lord save us, ma'am! sure one is nearly as bad as the other," faltered Nora, turning very pale. Fearful lest her mistress might misconstrue this sign of agitation, she by a violent effort mastered herself, and went on:

"I wish to say right here, ma'am, about going to church—"

She paused, half-frightened at the temerity of the step she was about to take.

"Well, what about going to church, girl? I wish you would get through with that, for I have something to say—something very particular—on the subject of a bull-dog as a watch for this house."

"Well, it is just this, ma'am," replied Nora desperately. "It is not my intention to go to that church any more."

"Indeed! And why not, pray? I guess you'll go to the church I tell you to," observed Mrs. Willard promptly. "What objection have you taken to it?"

"Well, it isn't a Catholic church, ma'am, and I'm a Catholic," answered Nora bravely. "Whenever I go to church in future it will be to a Catholic church."

An announcement that the Statue of Liberty had jumped from Bedloe's Island into Central Park could hardly have worked such a miracle of wonder as this declaration of war on the part of Mrs. Willard's "help." The good lady was positively stricken speechless for several seconds—a thing unprecedented in her waking hours. She looked at Nora as though she were the Medusa.

"A Catholic church! Well, if this is not brazen impudence and black ingratitude—a Catholic church, no less! And after all I've done for such an outcast!"

"I'm very sorry, ma'am, for indeed you have been good to me; but—" began Nora.

"No 'buts' or 'becauses' for me, you little ingrate! Either you go to church where I tell you or you pack up your traps and march as soon as I've got another girl," stormed Mrs. Willard imperiously. Burglars and bull-dogs were now quite forgotten. They were only trivial things; here was a tremendous imperial event—the first of the kind ever known in the Willard household.

In strong contrast to this excitement was the manner in which Nora heard the announcement of her punishment. Now that she had blurted out her resolve, a dead calm succeeded her trepidation. She replied almost cheerfully:

"Very good, ma'am, I'm ready to go whenever it suits you; but I'm not going to give up my religion to suit anybody. God would not pardon me if I did."

"And when did you make this discovery, pray?" sneered Mrs. Willard, changing her tone and condescending to argue. "When did you find out that the church and the religion that are good enough for Mr. Willard and me are not good enough for you?"

"I did not know much about it until lately, ma'am," answered Nora quietly; "but now I know that it is neither you nor Mr. Willard that God will hold accountable for my salvation, but myself, now that I have been shown that I have not been going the right way."

Mrs. Willard bit her lip to stifle her chagrin. Truth to tell she was at a loss for a satisfactory answer to such a plea as this. The right of individual judgment was the strong plank of her own creed. How, then, could she consistently debar her "help" from claiming the same right for herself?

"Well, you are hardly old enough to judge properly," she answered after a pause. "When you are of age, of course—that is, if you remain with me—you are at liberty to go where you please to worship. But inasmuch as you have been brought up, as I may say, in this family, you ought in common gratitude to go where I wish you."

"I would do anything else you wished me, ma'am," replied Nora, "to show that I am not unmindful of what you've done for me—anything in reason. But my first duty is to God, and I can't do as you ask me."

Mrs. Willard could not trust herself to hear more. She swept out of the room in a towering passion. Soon she left the house, and before evening returned, bearing the tidings that a new girl was to be there in the morning and Nora was then to get her tiny stipend and go.

Homeless once more! Homeless!

When she was a morsel of unthinking humanity, a mere giddy semi-savage waif, eight or nine years before, she hardly knew the meaning of the word. She got a crust and a drink here and there, and often slept as well curled up under the stairs in some hallway as the lady in her bed of down. But now she was a growing girl, and had begun to think and get a glimmering of the meaning of life. Now, indeed, it was no laughing matter to find herself without a home.

There was but one being in the world to whom she could now turn. Father Devereux had urged her to come and seek his counsel if she ever found herself in trouble. The trouble was nearer than he or she deemed. But she determined to seek him, and, oh! how fervently she thanked God that such a resource was open to her.

She slipped out after her day's toil was over and sought the good priest. His heart was deeply touched when he heard of this sudden trial of poor Nora's constancy, but he cheered her up and bade her be of good heart; he would see that she was placed with decent people until she got another situation.

Thus encouraged, Nora now looked her fate bravely in the face. It was sweet to have the consciousness that she was doing something for conscience' sake—something also for her own independence.

Next day the new girl came, and in the evening Nora took her departure. Mrs. Willard in the coldest and most formal manner paid her the trifle she owed her, and did not say a single word in the way of farewell—a fact which cut poor Nora, well as she knew the reason, to the quick. After so many years, she thought, she might at least have said "good-by" in kindness.

Next evening, after dusk, Father Devereux, who had been very busy in his church all the afternoon, called around to see how his little charge was faring in her new quarters. He met her at the corner of the street, walking very rapidly, and a single glance at her face, as the light of a lamp fell on it, revealed the fact that she was laboring under some great excitement. In answer to the good priest's anxious query she gasped: "Oh, *he* has been around again, Father Devereux! I met him near the old place this evening, and he is bent on something wicked. I must go and warn the Willards, no matter what comes. I cannot forget that they have been kind to me so long in the past. O father! will you not pray for me?"

"With all my heart I will, indeed, my dear child," he replied. "You are right to do your duty, no matter what the consequences. May God watch over you!"

It was pitch dark when Nora reached "The Giralda." The house was approached by a short avenue that curved around the mass of rock on which the building stood. A high paling surrounded the place, enclosing a considerable-sized shrubbery as well as a grass-plot and garden. The lights were all out, for Mrs. Willard was a rigid economist now, and nine o'clock was the latest hour a glimmer was to be seen about the whole place.

How to gain admittance or make known her mission without attracting too much attention was now the crux for Nora. She had not sufficiently thought of that. Moreover, there was another object to be accomplished which rendered the task she had undertaken peculiarly difficult and hazardous.

Whilst she stood outside the gate, irresolute and doubtful what course to take, she heard a noise as of some one climbing the palisading at the side, and straining her eyes in that direction she dimly discerned a moving mass which she knew must be a human figure creeping cautiously over the barrier. Then she heard the thud of feet on the grass as the figure dropped to the ground on the other side.

Knowing now that there was not an instant to be lost if she would carry out her purpose, she scrambled lightly over the low gate in front and began to run swiftly up the little avenue.

All at once she was startled by hearing the sound of something plunging heavily through the bushes, and then there was a half-smothered cry of pain and rage and an oath of a horrible kind. The voice was that of a man.

Then there came a series of scurrying, tearing sounds as if a tussle for life were going on in the shrubbery.

"There, take that, you brute!" the man's voice broke in savagely. "If you've got a piece of my leg, I guess you'll never get another."

A horrible sound, half bark, half howl, broke forth as he spoke. It was the first sound that made itself audible, and in a moment a light appeared at one of the windows and streamed out upon the scene.

Nora looked up. She saw Mr. Willard stretching out of the window with something in his hand. The light fell upon the place where the struggle was going on. It showed the form of a man grappling with a huge, savage-looking white bull-dog, that still held its grip tenaciously despite the blood that leaped from its neck in great spurts.

As the light struck the scene of combat Nora saw Mr. Willard raise his weapon. With a shriek she rushed forward within the circle of light, and called out:

"O Mr. Willard! do not fire, for the love of God. I will get him away if you leave him alone. Oh! don't, please—"

But she had spoken too late. The weapon was levelled almost before she had begun to speak, and the shot struck, not the burglar but her who pleaded for his life! A gurgling sound was heard in her throat as she sank to the ground. The dog had fallen too, dying from loss of blood. Released from its deadly grip, the marauder sank on his knees beside the wounded girl. Then, flinging his hands wildly to heaven, he poured forth a torrent of maddened imprecations upon his own miserable soul. He cursed the hour that he was born, only to be the murderer, as he regarded it, of his own child.

"Oh, don't, father! Thank God, rather, that you have been spared to get away and repent. Oh, if you would only repent, how gladly would I die!" gasped the girl. "Go now, while you can—they will soon be after you if you do not fly," she urged.

But she pleaded in vain. He seemed deaf to all she said. He could only gaze at her white face as he tried to stop the flow of blood from her lips with a rag of a handkerchief, and continue to heap despairing maledictions on his own head.

Thus he went on, while Nora, with her fast-ebbing strength, implored him to seek his own safety, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the light of a policeman's lantern flashed into his face.

Other figures then emerged from the gloom—passers-by who had been attracted by the shot. They bore the wounded girl into the house, and the policeman followed with his prisoner, that he might hear what she had to say, should she recover the power of speech.

She had swooned away and lay for a long time unconscious on a seat in the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Willard, who had hastily dressed themselves, stood by wonderingly.

At length Nora opened her eyes and seemed to realize how events had gone. Then she spoke; the words coming from her lips in gasps and after long intervals.

Mrs. Willard's heart seemed somewhat softened at sight of the girl's pitiable plight.

"I came here to warn you," she gasped, in reply to Mrs. Willard's queries. "*He* let me know that he was going to—to rob the house, thinking I was still here, and that I'd be too frightened to refuse to let him in when he tapped at my window. But I was determined to save him from the crime and you from the danger—if I could. Be merciful to him—for he is my father. May God forgive him too, and open his heart to repentance!"

Father Devereux soon arrived on the scene. Nora had requested that he be sent for, and the Willards, little as they liked the sight of a priest, had not the bad grace to refuse him admittance. How great a shock he sustained when he saw his poor little *protégée*, whom he had only a little while before seen so full of life and hope, was known only to himself. He consoled her as best he could, and smoothed her passage over the great chasm with beautiful reminders of God's promises to the pure and the dutiful.

"You will pray for my poor father, and try to get him to give up his bad life, will you not?" she asked.

"Yes, my child; but you will pray for him better. You will be able to pray to God himself face to face, and the angels will join in with you," he replied, stroking her trembling hand and smoothing the disordered ripples over her pallid brow.

She thanked him, not in words, for she had spoken her last, but with a look that spoke of infinite gratitude and peace of spirit, and then, with a faint gasp and a sigh, the head sank upon his shoulder whilst the soul winged its way to its Maker.

"She was not so incorrigible as I thought," whispered Mrs. Willard in awe-stricken tones to her husband, as the priest gently closed the girl's eyes and crossed her fingers over the crucifix which he had at the last moment pressed to her lips. "I fear I was wrong to send her away."

"I always said so," he replied shortly. "She was a good girl, and her religion was her own affair entirely."

BETTER THAN A TRIP TO EUROPE.

BY HENRY HEDGES NEVILLE.

WHY go to Europe? So questioned my friend when I told him of a projected trip abroad during which I was to enjoy my vacation. Better, said he, take a run through the North-west, which you know somewhat and upon whose beauties you so constantly harp. You are seeking rest as well as pleasure. Why go gadding through picture-galleries; poking about in the hotels of the Continent, whose rooms are stuffy, whose beds are musk-smelling, whose furniture is old and rickety, whose hangings are dowdyish and reek with the smell of a century's use, where you will find no rest and but little pleasure? Seek the great open of the glorious far West to the north, where there is sunlight and air, and the sense of freedom, and cooling breezes, beauteous scenery, and all else that can give rest and pleasure; where nature paints for you a picture so wondrously beautiful that no man can reproduce it on canvas.

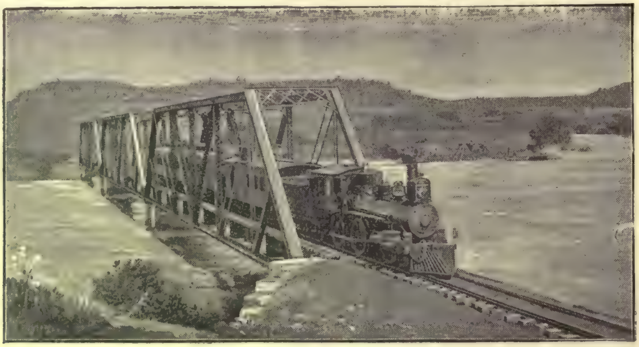
Why go to Europe? The question turned itself over and over in my mind, and so in the end I sought the North-west and now wish to tell you of my trip.

A railway journey from New York to Chicago to one who travels a great deal is apt to be uneventful. You take your place in the sleeper; open your hand-grip; get out your novel and travelling-cap; securely place your hat on that brass contrivance above, which you may reach if happily you are six feet tall with a long arm, otherwise you climb for it; take the daily papers from your overcoat pocket and arrange them with your new magazine and the novel you intend to read on the seat in front of you; take a survey of the car and its occupants, and—well, you are in Chicago presently.

The same smoke-blown Chicago. The same great wondrous town, with its rush, its mud; its palaces and hovels one against the other; its abominable streets; its magnificent boulevards; its great hotels fronted and made shabby by that park of railway switch-yards directly facing them, the ugliness of which even the beautiful lake beyond cannot compensate for. But you rest well, for they know how to take care of you in those great hotels by the lake-front, and how to feed you, and how to make you feel at home, too; calling you by name before you register, for you have stopped here on other occasions. At your direction they have purchased your ticket and berth on sleeper for the North-west and charged the same on your hotel bill, and have checked your baggage from your room, and have your cab waiting for you at the right moment, and speed your parting with as much courtesy as though you were indeed a guest, and not a veritable bird of passage using their great caravansary with all its comforts and luxury for a very short period of rest. You pay for it of course, but it is all worth every dollar you spend.

UP THE RHINE OF AMERICA.

Your trip from New York to Chicago, uneventful, will have its counterpart from Chicago to Omaha, though it will not prove quite so dull. In the first place, your companions of travel are more inclined to conversation, though strangers to you. In the second place, when you have retired, you find an electric light just over your pillow and you may indulge in the luxury of reading as you recline in bed; and you sweep into Omaha before you have finished your morning toilet because you were very late in turning off that electric lamp and so had not sleep enough, and in consequence late in getting up. But you are done with the railway world for a time—you are in Omaha. Stately Omaha! well built, well paved, beautifully situated. City of glorious days of sunshine, of luminous nights, of bracing breezes, neither hot nor chill, that soothe and allure you, that invigorate and refresh you. Golden Omaha! the very heart of the great commonwealth of Nebraska. The gate beautiful through which to enter into the land of freer life and splendid energy. A city of great hearts and great intellects—newspapers edited by brainy men; libraries well filled and temple-like as to the buildings that house them.



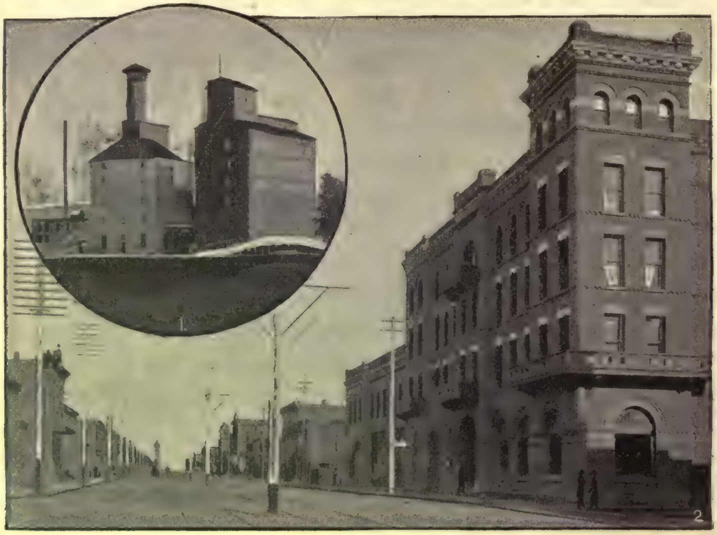
AWAY TO THE WEST.

A city of great industries, chief among them one sustained and carried on by Irish-American energy and thought. And what a pleasure to meet these gentlemen when you, an open-eyed tenderfoot devoured by curiosity, arriving at their office in the firm's carriage, sent to fetch you, find them so courteous, so painstaking to show you their food-producing mart, as if the day, any and every part of it, was at their disposal for you. Golden Omaha! so instinct with Catholic life; so nobly provided with churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, and lands for future sites of religious temples. Guided and ruled as to its

Catholic life by a broad-minded prelate who loves the great North-west as he loves life itself; seconded by a noble clergy, young indeed, but whose very youth is an index of what opportunity has done for them as they bent their energy to the work. Golden Omaha! It was like a golden city on a golden hill lifted on a golden plain. The ripened corn was yellow, covering a thousand fields round about it. The stubble-fields were yellow where yesterday had waved the golden grain. The pasture-lands were yellow where nodded the golden-rod and sunflower. The great river on whose banks the city stands is a yellow stream where it kisses the banks of the golden bluffs, yellowed by their clay. And all made golden by the yellow sunlight that glints and flashes, and warms and makes soothing the sweet winds that come south from the Black Hills or east from the Rockies. And it is here you linger for days trying to imagine, midst all this quiet and genial sunlight, midst these nights so like the nights on the gulf coast of Texas or Mexico, with their beautiful starlight, which even the gleaming moon shuts not out; vainly trying to imagine that this is the place of blizzard and ice and snow and winds that blow as flashes of lightning. They will frankly admit to you, these honest people of this North-west town, that they do have blizzardy winters; but they come not till after the Christ Child's birthday. The 3d of last December we drove from the extreme north end of the city south to the lately established house of the Good Shepherd nuns and back again—some fourteen miles, we think, going and coming—without top-coat, and were sorry when the beautiful drive was

ROUNDING THE LAKE.

ended. 'Twas like an October day on the Eastern Shore in Maryland, only it was more life-giving.

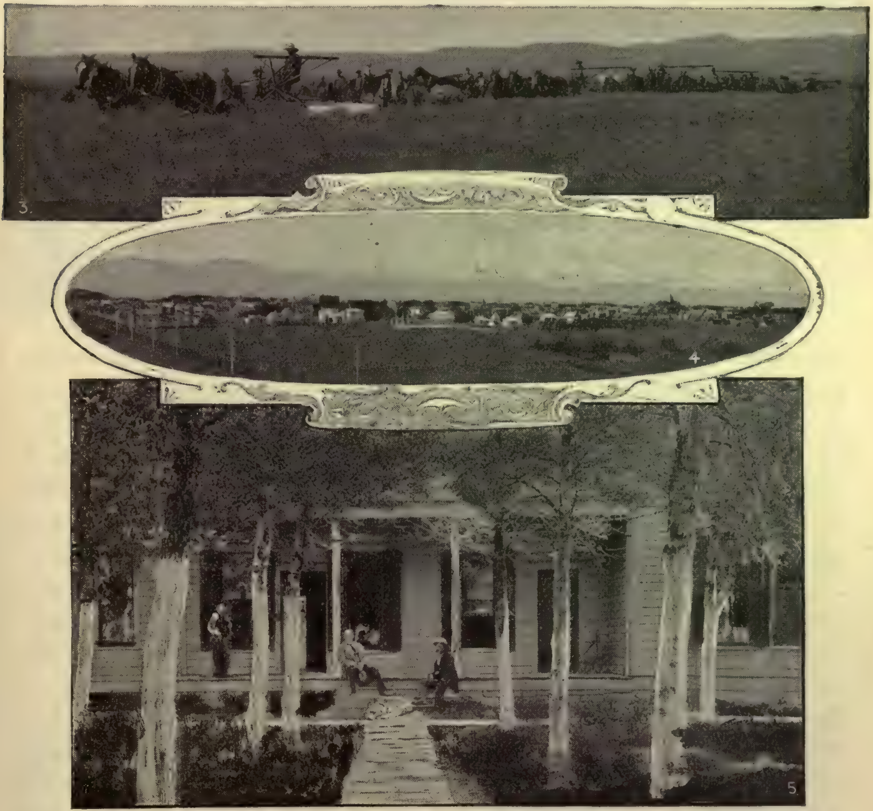


The Gate beautiful into a Land of freer Life.

It was with great reluctance that we turned away from the golden city of Nebraska and set our faces towards the east and north that early September day, seeking the region of the upland hay there where Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota come together, in those bygone years the home of the pintail-grouse, known through all this region as the prairie-chicken, for we were to camp-out there and gun for a season. Our stopping-point was a mere hamlet, since grown to a thriving city with a bank, a hotel, a Catholic church—three important factors—where we arrived at 3 A.M., perfect strangers as we were, with only a letter to the bank people. The hour of our arrival was not particularly a convenient one, for there was no 'bus nor agent of the hotel to meet the train. Then we had with us some four hundred shells for our warfare with the birds, two guns, two dogs, blankets, and other impedimenta to handle. But the expedition was not a novel one to us, nor were we at a loss what to do. While one—for there were two of us—guarded the dogs and baggage, the other made for the village to look up the hotel people. Ye gods of sleep! how propitious you are to mine host and his satellites of a village inn at 3 A.M. By pounding, banging, calling, a stolid Dane, a stableman—for it was he who guarded the office as night-clerk—was aroused from his sleep and let us in. He knew no English, we no Danish.

By signs he offered his lounge till day-break; but this did not fall in with our notion. The proprietor was aroused; a man sent after dogs and baggage and the other hunter on guard at the depot. Rooms were opened and we to bed at 4 A.M. At 8:30 we came down to breakfast, and a fine one too, and soon after we presented our letters at the bank, established our credit, engaged a wagon, and by 10 were off to the grass-fields to camp-out with the hay-makers.

The rolling prairies of these regions are a perfect scene of beauty if the grass is uncut. It is like the sea as the wind sweeps and turns it, changing the color of the long grasses as they show the under side, just as the wind will change the color of the water as it tosses it up and away. We had driven far from the railway and the sun had set long before we came in sight of the camp. But at last we saw the smoke curling from a long, low, half-tent, half-sod house. We had passed



THE RIPENED GRAIN WAS YELLOW.

many such on the way, but they were empty; the smoke from this one telling us that here were our friends. And what a sight as they came over the roll that had hidden them were those hay-makers! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—how many more?—nine—ten! machines, two horses to a machine and a man to manage them; one following the other laying low the sweet, long stems of these wild grasses.

Away in the distance, where yesterday or the day before cutting had been done, were the rakers. Here at hand were the baling machines; and yonder in the distance were the ricks of baled hay with their white canvas covering to protect them from the rain, looking for all the world like a scattered camp of soldiers.

We came not unexpected here, for the mighty lord of these thousand rolling acres had sent on word to the men, who when they saw us unhooked their horses and in a short time a tent was erected for our accommodation.

The "camp-fire" was of short duration that night—not much longer than it took to smoke a pipe, tell the recent happenings in the great world outside of those silent prairie-fields—and so good-night!

Oh! the charm to roll one's self in a blanket and turn to the open tent-door and gaze on those moonlit waves of waving grass; to smell of the sweet perfume of curing hay; to sink into a dreamless, refreshing sleep. Nowhere is the coming day so mysterious in its birth as here on these unbroken plains. There is a hush, a silence so deep, a darkness so profound that it seems to have swept away the very earth, and awes you with wonder and fear. Nor does the dawn, so sweetly beautiful in the east, gray now, and white, now roseate, now red, now white to flame color, seem to come to earth. It is there in the east, on the horizon to be sure, but darkness hides the earth. Then come the great bands of light, striking high to the zenith and trembling and waving—the day is in the very throes of birth; and earth seems again somehow to have come back from death and darkness, and you are startled from your waking dream to find a shadow athwart your tent door, and then old Don bounces in and on you, licking your face and entreating by every sign of dog-language for you to come away to the fields. They have just unchained him, and lo! here he is your slave, your companion; handsome, faithful, intelligent, wonderful Don. May I tell you of his forebears—his noble ancestry? I will tell you as it was told to me. In the year

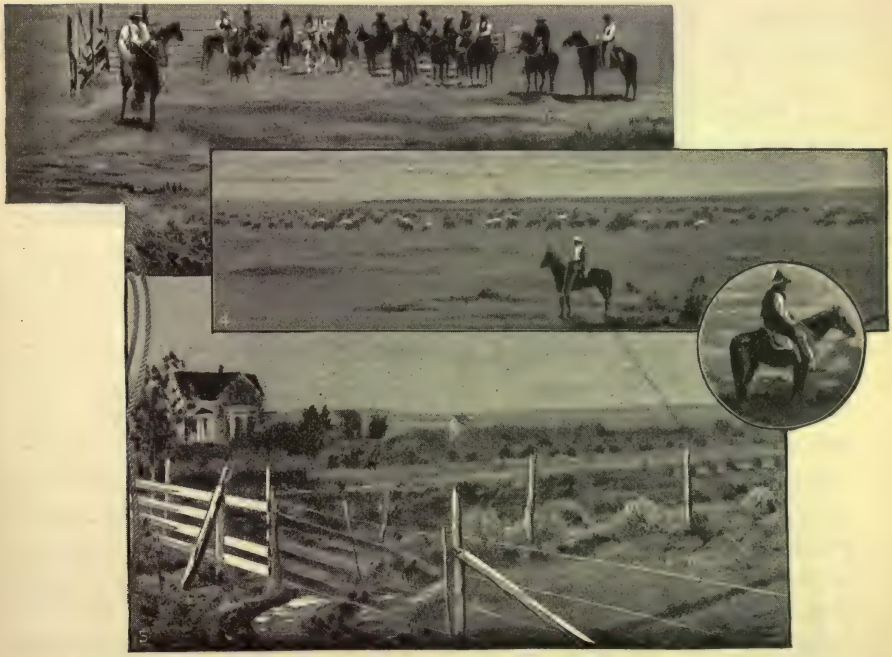
1860 the Prince of Wales visited the United States. For a time he was the guest of an English gentleman in Illinois, and while there he was entertained by grouse-shooting. There had been brought out from England a whole kennel of bird-dogs for the Prince's use in whatever hunting expedition he might wish to indulge in. Most of Livingston County, in Illinois, was in 1860 an unbroken prairie, and it was there the Prince enjoyed a few days at grouse-shooting. Many men were employed as beaters, for you know a prince must have his game at hand and not go tramping about looking for it. Among these beaters were some who envied the Englishmen their fine dogs, and thinking they would never be missed, and thinking too that the Prince had more dogs than he could possibly use, and knowing his Royal Highness for an open-hearted fellow, two of the finest dogs were *lost* from the pack and never recovered till the Prince had left for home. From these two in direct descent came Don. Be this as it may, Don was beautiful enough and intelligent enough to have been the prize dog of any prince royal. And what days we had there in these never-ending hay-

TENTING ON THE ROLLING PRAIRIES.

fields of the North-west, my companion and I, following Don and Fannie as they covered those haunts of the prairie-chicken, coming back to camp late at night so tired, dog as master, that nothing, not even a pipe, intervened between him and bed when supper was eaten! Of course I know that dogs, as a rule, do not smoke. But Don did. At least, if I lit my pipe and sat down to chat, he whined and tugged at his chain till I would let him loose, and he would come and place himself on the lee-side of me to enjoy the aroma of the tobacco. Don covered the field on a run, while "old Fannie," his mother, as more became her age and wisdom, did her work on the trot.

One day we were beating up a particularly tangled and wild bit of prairie, and by reason of our destination hunting with the wind. Don was far ahead, hidden for the most part of the time by the tall grass. Fannie was nearer at hand and taking it unusually easy, and with a care that showed how difficult it was to take the scent working with the wind. Suddenly she showed a point—dead on, as the hunters say. We stood to look at her, and just then Don caught sight of us and noticed that we had stopped. Back he came on a run, and was directly in line with Fannie and the pointed birds. We were too far away from Fannie to get a crack at the birds when Don should flush them, as flush them he would in his mad run. I threw up my glove to attract his attention. He saw it and stopped. He raised himself on his hind legs and saw Fannie at point. Back he went, and, making a wide circle, came up behind Fannie and, slowing to a trot and then to that trembling, creeping walk when the scent is hot, backed up her point! It was a beautiful sight, and a wonderful bit of dog instinct.

How short those five days were and how quickly they passed! And the hay-makers, ten of them, alone on the wide, wide fields of grass, all day mowing, or raking, or baling—fine fellows all of them—offering us a generous hospitality; taking care of us; enjoying our society as much as they did the best of grouse and rasher of bacon and splendid coffee which the man cook, a Frenchman from Canada loaned us for our outing by the hotel people, prepared with a skill worthy of a great *chef*. I had slightly sprained my ankle in alighting from the wagon the last night we were to be in camp. One of the hay-makers, a handsome fellow, six feet and over, but withal not much more than a boy, had been very kind about it, and bandaged it and "fooled with it," as he said, so that in the morning I hardly had a bit of pain in it. In acknowledgment of his good offices I had given him a briar pipe I had with me. We bade them good-by and had started, when my tall friend called after me to wait. Alas! I said, I have offended him by giving him the pipe and he is going to ask me to take it back, for I had noticed that he had not thanked me when I gave it to him, but stood fumbling in his side pockets with both hands. He beckoned me to get down from the wagon, and I did so and went back to meet him. Blushing like a girl, he handed me a letter, saying: "It's for her; will you put it on the train when you get over to the railroad?" And without waiting for a reply he bolted back to his machine. I understood then why he had fumbled in his side pockets when I presented him the pipe. He wished to entrust this message to his sweetheart to me then and there, but was ashamed to do so before the other men.



It was for this He had turned Ranchman.

Back to the village, a good rest in a regulation bed—for we campers on the hills, by the lakes, along the rivers, in shooting-boxes, and where not besides? admit to ourselves, but only to ourselves, that a regulation bed with sheets and pillows is the place to really rest in—bills paid, tickets secured, traps packed away, dogs looked after, and we were again on the rail bound for St. Paul, that New England town away there in the North-west; and from there to a great cattle ranch to spend a few days with an old college chum, turned cow-puncher; and in his company "to see the Yellowstone Park and the wonders of the farther North-west on yonder side of the Rockies," as he wrote me. Railway travel may be dull between New York and Chicago, but how describe it when your route is across a flat prairie country? "Such a trip," said the judge who was on the train with us, "is murdered time."

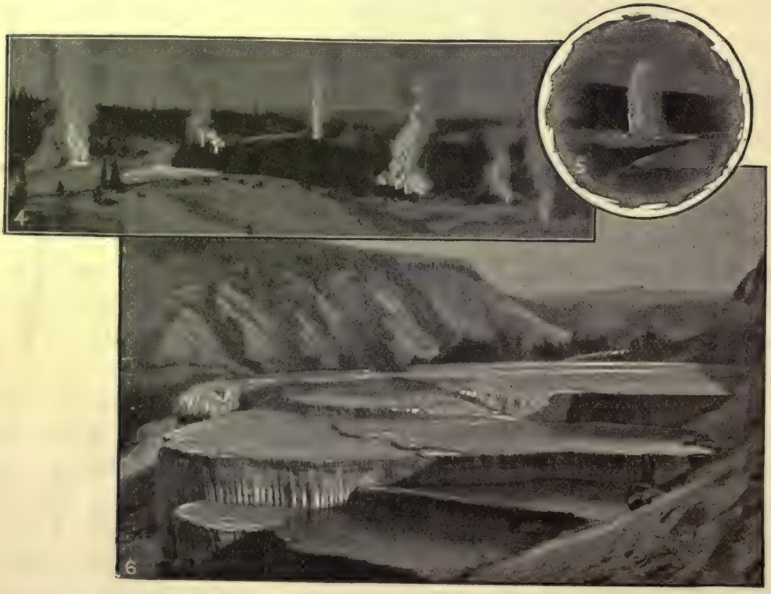
St. Paul has much about it that reminds you of a New England city. There is a general neatness of streets and stores and houses; an adornment of yards and lawns; an energy of enterprise in business; a reserved coldness of manner quite unusual in a Western town; a style of dress to be observed among the men of the streets that bespeaks good bank accounts as well as good taste; an architectural ambition displayed in church and school buildings and hotels; an indescribable something that says Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut to you at every turn. And yet the great city has a personality quite Western withal; and what is said of St. Paul one may say more particularly of Minneapolis, for in spite of all you may hear out there of what St. Paul has that Minneapolis has not, of what Minneapolis possesses and St. Paul lacks, the cities are virtually one and the same town, "the one of which is t'other of the other," as the boy says. And very beautiful cities they are too, with their stately homes, their broad and well-kept streets, their great marts of business; very interesting to Catholics because of the active Catholic life everywhere in evidence; very bright and health-giving, as they are swept by those refreshing breezes from the northern plains; interesting to a degree to us, coming as we did from camp among the hay-fields of the south and west of them. We met a party of friends from St. Louis the very day of our arrival, and before we retired that night a drive had been projected for the next day. 'Twas a day of bright sunshine and cool breezes. The youngsters of the party had somewhere secured a tally-ho, and shortly after breakfast we were off for the day behind four spanking horses, bound for Fort Snelling and Minnehaha Falls—which falls existed we were told. When we got to them we found them a diminished brooklet cascade before the great flouring-mills took all the water. Anyhow, they gave us Longfellow as a topic of conversation for the rest of the drive; and then to one of the fine hotels at Minneapolis for dinner, where we met a great party of New York people, among whom were some we knew. They were a part of those delightful railway excursions from the East to the North-west. Away we went again, with no little reluctance, bidding good-by to the hotel people, who had taken

He wore a broad Sombrero.

such good care of us, over to look at the great flour-mills, and then home along a beautiful boulevard passing the Catholic Ecclesiastical Seminary, then a modest brick building situated in the midst of a great park, and so to St. Paul.

That night the youngsters went to the opera, while we more sedate ones smoked our pipes and lounged about the hotels and planned our trip, for we were to take next day to Duluth. We heard the youngsters chatting away in the parlor long after we had gone upstairs, and from the balcony of our rooms, whither we had gone for that night-cap smoke usual to all foolish slaves of the weed, there came up to us snatches of song, joyous, youthful laughter, and the babble of young voices in lively conversation. Given youth and health, given a day in the open in sunshine and breeze, given an hour or so at the opera, given above all that starry, perfect night in this great quiet metropolis of the North-west, and what could hinder, who would wish to, the flow of joy and mirth and innocent amusement of those happy youngsters down there below in the parlor? Anyhow, I heard them say their good-night before twelve, and retired thinking of St. Paul as a fair city on a fair hill, starlit and beautiful, the home of youth and joy and innocence.

After seven hours of good sleep and a good breakfast we were off for Duluth, a city projected across and over a beautiful lake bluff. Procter Knott's great speech of this city is coming to realization. At least so we thought as we climbed the streets over this great hill and saw the harbor, the shipping, the mighty unsalted sea, so cold yet so beautiful, as it was storm-tossed by a north breeze; saw the city of West Superior lying yonder, with the cloud of smoke crowning its high chimneys; saw that newer Duluth down there below us, with its iron foundries and we know not how many other industries. So we thought, too, when asking the cost of a lot here on the top of this bare hill where we are standing—a lot 50x100, nothing but bare rock, mind you, and the city to-day down there below—and were told "$2,000, and dirt cheap at that." "But the hill-cables are soon to come," said our informant, "and then these hill-tops will be the very heart of the residence portion of the city." They have far-reaching eyes, have these Western people!



Dedicating this Wonderland to public use as a Park.

Next day we took a little steamer and went through the harbor, passing on our way one of those strange-looking whale-back grain-boats, destined to cross the ocean from out this very harbor, and up the river to Spirit Lake, where some capitalists were projecting a summer-resort and pleasure-grounds. Right royal fellows we found them to be when we met them at table at the little hotel where we dined; showing us their maps and plans, and, wonderful to relate, not asking us to invest in a lot or shares.

A row on the river, a swim, and we were back for the steamer and soon again in Duluth.

Next day we strolled down to the harbor, and seeing a fine sailing-boat at the dock, I fell into conversation with the man in charge of her. "Could I have her for a sail?" "Why certainly if I would ship her crew," he answered; so my friend and I, engaging the sailor and his boat and his two sons, young fellows seventeen and nineteen, put for the open lake, going through that narrow little cut in the arm of land that extends out from the shore and curving about makes the beautiful harbor. And what a sail it was! The wind was on the beam and steady, the sky without a cloud, the air bracing and filled with ozone, the sailor—an old tar from the coast of Maine—replete with yarns, the two lads enjoying our pleasure as much as we did the sail. We thought our trip to Duluth worth taking as often as we recalled that sail.

That night we were aboard our sleeper, bound for the farther West to meet an old college friend, and go for a few days to his ranch to see something of ranch-life, and in his company to visit the Yellowstone Park. I had not seen him since he had left school, and was disappointed on reaching our station on the Northern Pacific to find he had sent his man with horses and a polite note saying that he could not come himself, but hoped to return to the ranch-house that night. But any disappointment was greatly compensated for by the beautiful mount he had sent for my accommodation, a perfect Kentucky-bred single-footer. It was a great joy to vault into the saddle after the long, weary railway trip and to find that your horse was to be ridden only after you proved yourself master. Nor was my companion less well mounted. The ranchman who had come for us rode a sorry-looking broncho; but do not judge a broncho by its looks. It is neither gentle nor sad-hearted, nor tame, nor tired, nor hungry, nor thirsty, nor stumbling, nor slow, nor anything else it looks, but just a broncho—a cross of every strain of blood that horseflesh knows; a horse that you cannot describe save in a general way. There are three things to be said of it, however, which are absolutely true. It has the ugliest head, the gentlest eye, and the most stubborn nature of any animal that walks on four legs. Our traps were brought along on a buck-board drawn by two burros, and driven by a black boy who had the wonderful name of Melting Snow-ball. "How did he get that name?" I asked of the ranchman who rode with us. "I am sure I don't know, stranger," he answered; "but it's a good name for him; he's so lazy that he is likely to melt clear off the earth at any moment." Later on I learned that the companion to whom I was talking had a name of his own likewise. At the ranch they referred to him as Lost-Eyed Bill. Not but that he had two eyes, but one of them had a cast, and when he was excited the bad eye nearly disappeared from view. As we three rode forward Melting Snow-ball was left far in the rear. Indeed I began to

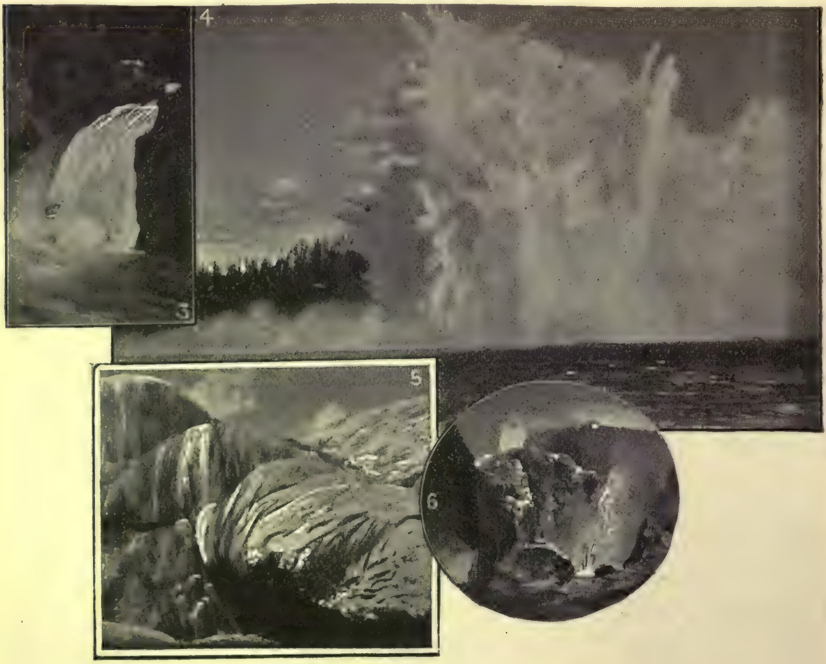
"Each succeeding Wonder seems more beautiful than the last."

fear that the direful prediction as to his probable fate had really come true, for we had reached the ranch-house, had supper, had our smoke, and turned in for the night, and Melting Snow-ball had not shown up with our traps. However, next morning Melting Snow-ball was agreeably in evidence, for we sat down to a dainty breakfast prepared and served by that worthy himself.

The ranch-house was a low, two-story building with a broad, rudely-constructed porch about two sides of it, very irregular in shape because of the many additions made to it, reminding one of some of the older Virginian forms of houses of ante-bellum days. It was roomy and airy and withal very comfortable, and, in the face of the fact that there was not a woman about the place, exceedingly neat and well kept. In the front part of the house, just off the porch, was a large square room; and judging from its furnishing, it was the office, parlor, library, and lounging-room of my friend the proprietor. Low book-shelves were about three sides of it, well stocked chiefly with works of fiction. The walls were covered with Chinese hangings very artistically arranged. Pictures abounded in profusion here, there, and everywhere, ranging from prints taken from *Puck* and *Harper's* to paintings in oil—one at least, a painting of Lake Tahoe, by a distinguished artist. Easy-chairs were scattered about, and the floor was covered with rugs. To one side a roll-top desk, with bills and receipts and account-books. An open fireplace with a mantel in hard wood from floor to ceiling, adorned with bronzes and china. Opposite on the other wall a pin-glass, and stuck in between the frame and the glass a fringe of cards, letters, and photographs. The fact is my friend had transferred his college quarters to these Western wilds. In the middle of the room was an oblong table of hard wood, and on it the latest magazines. There I discovered, too, a letter addressed to myself. It ran thus:

MY DEAR BOY: You own the ranch. Take possession and make yourself comfortable. Urgent and unexpected business called me to the South ranch. A thousand apologies. Will be with you as soon as this business is transacted, as fast as Plevna can bring me. Yours, ———

The information conveyed in the last line of his note was not exactly clear, for who or what Plevna might be was not easy to guess. We were sitting on the porch after our breakfast, talking and smoking, when a cowboy rode into the corral. He was the very picture of grace as he swung into the yard at full speed. He wore a broad sombrero, was in shirt-sleeves, a sort of armless jacket over his shirt, a bright silk handkerchief about his throat. His top-boots, into which his trousers were thrust, and his hat, above all the trappings of his broncho with its Mexican saddle, its bright metal about the bridle, the great coil of lasso at the pommel, gave the rider a decidedly Spanish appearance. His jet-black hair and moustache only heightened the effect. He had evidently ridden far and hard, for his broncho showed her fatigue. The rider was easily six feet and heavy of build, and inclined to be stout. Fancy my surprise to have him shout my name to me across the corral and ask how I was! It was my old college friend himself. Here was a transformation—from the delicate consumptive college graduate, the Greek-prize taker, the poet of our class, the strummer of banjos and mandolins, the exquisite of the whole lot of us, turned cowboy and grown to a wonderfully hearty and strong man! But it was for this that he had turned ranchman, and he had attained his end.

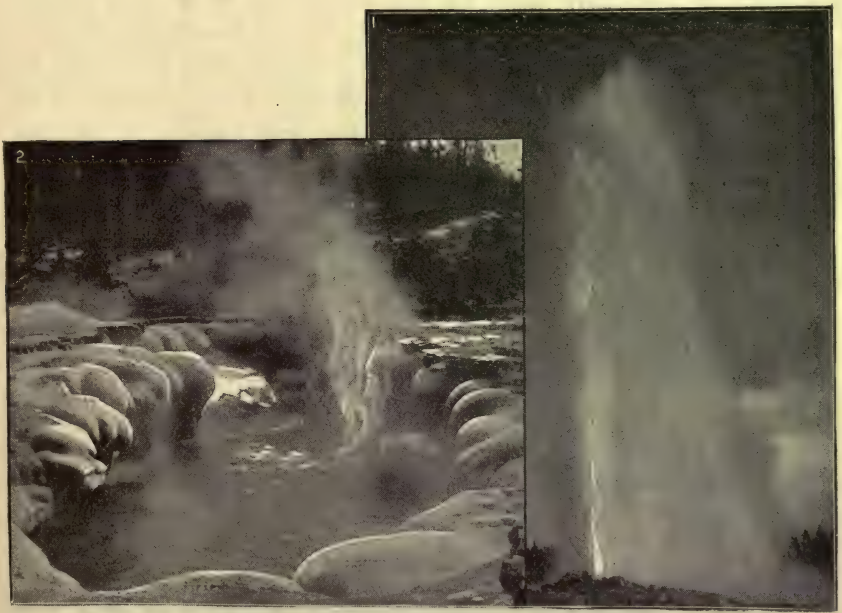


Still the Wonders multiplied.

What glorious rides we had across those plains together! camping out with his men, joining in their pastimes and work. "But why do you call your broncho Plevna?" I asked. "Because she was conquered only after a very long siege. I selected her from a pack of wild horses and broke her myself. She came within an ace of breaking my neck a dozen of times. But I conquered, and now I have the best horse on the ranch."

The few days of our stay slipped away all too fast, and it was with regret I heard the order given to Melting Snow-ball to go on ahead with our traps to the railway, that he might be on time. He was given ten hours' start ahead of the rest of the party.

Again on the railway bound to the West; but the trip seemed a short one, for old college-days was a theme of conversation positively enchanting to both of us, and we hardly realized the time passing, though it was for hours. We sped along till we alighted at Livingston, and thence to the Monmoth Hot Springs Hotel, in the park. There are no words to describe the beauty and wonder of this region. The glorious drive from the hotel around and through the park is one succession of pictures, so vast in extent, so warm in color, so astonishing in contrast, so amazing in



THE SPOUTING GEYSERS.

formation, that one is awed into silence and contemplation. Whether it be cañon or plain, whether it be park or geyser, each succeeding wonder seems more beautiful than the last. It is a perfect pleasure-ground on a magnificent scale, a place for those who seek rest and health. When the Honorable Cornelius Hedges, of Montana, projected the scheme of turning the paradise into a natural park, his desire was better than he knew.

It was in camp at the Lower Geyser Basin that the thought came to him of setting this wonderland aside from private occupation and ownership, and dedicating it to public use as a park. But what wonder that so noble a thought should have filled his soul here in the midst of nature's grandest achievements? He must be a soulless man who can gaze on this panorama of beauty and wonder, and not have his whole being lifted up into ennobling thought.

We had hastened none too soon to the park, for the last ten miles of our drive back to the hotel was in a snow-storm. I parted with my friend at Livingston, on the Northern Pacific; he retiring to his ranch and I on to Spokane and Olympia, to that very wonder of beauty of the North, Fort Townsend at Puget Sound. I was still then, in late September, in perfect weather; nor did I turn my face southward for many days, seeking lower California and a homeward route through Mexico and the Southern States, of which journey I hope to tell you at some future time.

A SEEMING LIBERAL CHECK IN ENGLAND.

BY QUASIVATES.

ONE of those fortuitous occurrences in politics which by the inexperienced are often mistaken for deeper manifestations has temporarily placed the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists in power in Great Britain and precipitated a general election. As a consequence, the reactionary party is jubilant, and the friends of progress are in a proportionate degree depressed. It is premature to allow either feeling to prevail just now. Only this general principle may be accepted by way of consolation, in case the Liberal party be defeated at the polls by the forces of the new coalition—that all legislation passed by the Lower House of the Legislature, no matter how often impeded by the House of Lords, eventually found its way to the statute-book. There is no reason to believe that the legislation of the past couple of years is to form a precedent for the reverse.

SOLID WORK OF THE LIBERAL MINISTRY.

Deprived of the enormous prestige of Mr. Gladstone's leadership, the Liberal party had fared better, all things considered, than most onlookers ever expected it would under new and untried direction. Mr. Gladstone's majority, when he took office three years ago, was barely forty. When the Liberal Ministry surrendered its trust into the hands of the sovereign, it could still muster up a majority of more than half that number. Many of its friends maintained that it showed a lack of moral courage in giving up the fight under such circumstances. There is no doubt that in doing so it acted precisely as the Tories and Liberal-Unionists wished it would. These coalitionists were naturally in favor of an immediate dissolution, while the country is coldly affected toward the Liberal party by reason of its want of a spirited leading, and while the coalitionists may take advantage of this disposition under the old unreformed franchise. Had the Liberals been able to retain office until the Registration Bill had been passed into law, some hundreds of thousands of votes must certainly have been cut off from the

Tory side. This one measure alone would have been worth every sacrifice a ministry could in honor make. And it is herein that the charge of moral cowardice on the part of the late ministers has some real weight. They were not defeated on a vital measure; only a question of military detail. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the late minister of war, happens, however, to be a very sensitive man, and he insisted on resigning when his estimates were challenged in one item and a snatched vote of seven against the government was recorded. The ministry had the alternative of replacing the item on the estimates and subjecting it to the vote of a fuller house. But they chose rather to play into the hands of the opposition and allow it to choose its own time for the inevitable appeal to the country. This never could be said of a Tory ministry. Such a government never resigns office until it has got the notice to go in a way which cannot be misunderstood.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN A HOODOO.

The effusive welcome with which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was received into the coalition will not blind any one to the fact that that gentleman is the most unfortunate of statesmen. He has put forward scheme after scheme for the settlement of the omnipresent Irish difficulty, for the settlement of the social difficulty and various other difficulties, but history fails to record his success in a single one of them. He has been a disastrous failure as an international arbiter between Great Britain and the United States. He may be set down, in short, as what is termed a "hoodoo" in politics. His presence bodes no good to any coalition. The chief ground for despondency on the part of the Liberals is the unreliability of Lord Roseberry as a leader. It was a most unfortunate thing that the man chosen to succeed Mr. Gladstone at this particular juncture of affairs should be a member of the Upper House. That House and the English people are now at odds, and it does look a little anomalous to find a peer leading the forces intent on the destruction or reduction to impotency of that headstrong and seemingly irreclaimable oligarchy. This anomaly has hampered the action of the Liberals in a very serious way. It prevented the passing of a resolution demanding the abolition of the Peers' power of veto at the Newcastle convention, and so has estranged the powerful Radical section of the party. It seems to have entered into the calculations of the coalition that the dead-weight of this contradiction must still make itself felt whatever else betide, and make the masses of the people forget the real issue before them when they are asked to decide between the Newcastle programme and the Tory or coalitionist want of one. For such, in truth, is the state of affairs with regard to the latter party. They have nothing to propose to the people but just to leave things as they are.

THE LORDS GONE MAD.

There was never a period, when a dissolution was forced upon the country, at which so singular a state of affairs existed with regard to popular legislation. At the doors of the House of Lords lie the corpses of three great measures slain by them, namely, the Irish Home-Rule Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Voters' Registration Bill. Two other great popular measures were almost through the Lower House when the ministry resigned. These are the Irish Land Bill and the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Had they passed the Lower House before the collapse, they too would undoubtedly have been tomahawked by the Tory Lords. The final act of the drama, on the eve of the dissolution, was the contemptuous rejection by the Peers of a small but useful popular bill for Ireland, the Municipal Franchise Bill, which the Commons had just passed. This bill only sought to place municipal voters in Irish towns on the same level as parliamentary voters. But the Lords rejected it by a solid Tory vote, scarcely deigning to give any reason for their action. Hardly one useful scrap of legislation has been suffered to pass since the Liberals were returned, owing to the antagonistic policy of the Upper House. The Peers have wasted, practically, three whole sessions of Parliament, and brought the work of the empire to a standstill. And it is for an endorsement of such a policy the coalition ministry ask the British electorate, and feel justified in anticipating a favorable answer. This may be only British phlegm; to outsiders it certainly appears the sublimity of profligate effrontery.

COALITIONS DESPICABLE AND DISASTROUS.

All lovers of constitutional rule regard coalition governments with repugnance, and very naturally so. The term itself, as understood in a parliamentary and political sense, is a sinister one. It means the temporary abandonment of fundamental principles by two great parties, for the purpose of circumventing honest opponents of political chicanery in either camp. The history of coalition governments in England is not only the record of the worst periods of shameless corruption in the public service as well as in Parliament, but the chronicle of alliances conceived in dishonor and ultimately ending in disaster. These compacts have always been made for the defeat of measures which the honester men of either party know to be inevitable. Hence the friends of progress ought rather to take heart from the formation of this new coalition than to indulge in gloomy forebodings.

IRELAND MOST CONCERNED.

To the people of Ireland more than any other section of the British Empire the collapse of the Liberals bears a painful significance. The fortunes of the country were largely bound up with the Liberal cause. It was this ministry which carried the Home-Rule Bill; a measure hardly less momentous was the Irish Land Bill, which had passed through most of its stages when the government passed in its seals of office. This bill, if it had been passed into law, would have been of enormous benefit to Ireland. It proposed to complete the work of the former Land Acts, providing such safeguards for the security of the tenant-farmers as to place them entirely beyond the power of land-valuers or land-judges favorable to the landlords' side and providing such machinery for the legal adjustment of rents as could hardly fail to command general confidence. This bill had the warm approbation of the Ulster farmers in especial, and seemed destined to bring general contentment to the great body of Irish agriculturists. It becomes, of course, a dead-letter now, to be reintroduced by the Liberals if they be returned to power, but certainly not to be adopted by the coalition, at least in its most beneficial shape, should the ballot-boxes decide in favor of these reactionaries. What the coalition has in view to offer in its stead has yet to be learned. Some rumors credit Mr. Balfour with the design of introducing a vast scheme of land purchase for Ireland, as well as a liberal measure of local government, amounting almost to a scheme of Home Rule. But it is only a very short time since that gentleman himself declared in the House of Commons, during the debate on the repeal of the perpetual Coercion Act, that his views on Irish policy had in no material respect altered from those he held five years ago, and these, as is well known, might be summed up in the formula, coercion pure and simple, tempered by a mild dash of light railway development. There is no decent excuse for coercion at present, it is true ; but this is a state of affairs that would not require much to alter. Ireland is profoundly tranquil from end to end, thanks to the conciliatory rule of John Morley, and the expectation of great remedial legislation. The installation of a reactionary ministry, with a revival of the old policy, might transform the scene like the touch of a harlequin's bat, were not the people held in check by the sanguine hope that the obstacle was only temporary and the triumph of the Liberals only a question of a brief interval.

TRAITORS IN THE CAMP.

This is indeed the hope which has sustained the country all through the past couple of years. It was in the assurance that the Liberal policy must ultimately win that the people calmly looked on at the vetoing of the Home-Rule Bill by the House of Lords, and the taking up of English and Welsh questions by the House of Commons instead of at once picking up the gage of battle thrown down by the insolent Peers. The Liberals still hold the winning cards in the game, if they but play them judiciously. They would have been triumphant now had but the whole Irish vote, on the Nationalist side, been with them all through. But unfortunately the mischievous knot of malcontents led by Mr. John Redmond chose to go into the lobby with the opposition or absent themselves on some important divisions lately, in pursuance of some unintelligible subterranean policy, and to this cause the Liberals undoubtedly owe their downfall.

The chief concern of Ireland must be to prevent, if possible, a repetition of this disastrous mismanagement or duplicity. The constituencies are bound to put forth all their strength to crush out this spirit and restore discipline in the Parliamentary ranks. There is good reason to believe that the Redmondite representation can be reduced to four or five, whilst there is also a sanguine hope that five seats can be won from the Tories in Ulster. When Ireland has thus put her own house in order, she may await developments. The seeds of disruption, undoubtedly, will be in the coalition ; for, apart from their agreement in opposition to Home Rule, Tories and renegade Liberals have nothing in common except a deep-rooted and traditional mutual hatred. The chiefs of the parties—notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain—regard each other with a deadly jealousy ; and the subordinate characters on the stage will fight like brigands over the spoils of office. The Liberals will merely have to adopt a Fabian policy for a little while, and these jealousies and antipathies will certainly do the work of regular assault or blockade.

ARISTOCRATIC INSOLENCE.

Whatever be the direct outcome of the general election, we are not far from the determination of the nicest constitutional question with which England has had to deal since the abdication of James II. The practical issue before the people is the maintenance, reconstruction, or abolition of the Hereditary Chamber. This is the issue upon which the Liberals will fight, and before they can ever attempt any legislation in accordance with their title and their historical records that issue must be decided. The House of Lords blocks the way, and the coalitionists ask the country to give them a mandate to tell the House of Lords to continue blocking the way. They seem to have deluded themselves into the belief of poor Lord John Manners, who put himself heroically on record *à la* Dogberry:

> "Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die,
> But spare us still our old nobility."

The most curious feature about this absurd position is that the Lords have not a word to say why judgment should not be passed upon them. They are completely without apology or defence. They simply say in effect: "We have vetoed everything you desired made law, and we are prepared to go on vetoing as long as we are permitted to enjoy our constitutional privileges; and on that account we ask you to return Tories and Liberal-Unionists to power." How, in especial, the party known as Liberal-Unionists can be found endorsing this programme of retrogressive feudal insolence is one of the most astonishing enigmas of modern politics. It is so flagrantly at variance with the elementary principles and the very idea of Liberalism, that the mass of Liberal electors ought in all reason to revolt from it and teach their recreant leaders a useful lesson. However, in politics, it is the unexpected which is always occurring; and we can but await the outcome of this singular political tangle with patient curiosity. The answer may come ere this article goes to press, and then we shall be enabled to see our way more clearly.

TURKEY AND THE ARMENIAN CRISIS.

BY THEODORE PETERSON, B.D.

THE old game of procrastination is being resorted to by the Sublime Porte with regard to Armenia. No longer is there any pretence at denying the barbarous outrages lately perpetrated in Sassoun. The commission has inquired into the matter on the spot, and despite the strenuous efforts of the Turkish functionaries to hide the truth, the case against the Kurds and the government troops has been fully proved. It is too horrible to be put into print. Action has been taken by the European powers concerned in the treaty of Berlin. Reforms in the administration of the country, including the appointment of a high commissioner for Armenia who shall be approved by the European powers, have been recommended to the Porte, and as the Porte shuffled as usual, orders were given for a naval demonstration in the Bosporus. Then the Porte backed down, and a little more time has been given it for consideration. Meantime events are moving rapidly outside. The tide of Moslem fanaticism is rising, and the massing of a Russian army corps on the borders of the disturbed province shows that at least one European power may be depended on to take a bold step for the protection of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, should such an extreme measure become necessary.

TURKISH REGULAR.

In speaking of the Armenian outrages Mr. James Bryce, M.P., lately said: "What do you expect from a country where one-half of its population calls the other half 'dogs' and treats them as such?" It is unquestionably true that there is no security of property whatever, no redress for loss, no punishment for the guilty, no justice for the Christian, no respect for the honor of Christian women, no safety of life; but a reign of terror everywhere, and robbery—official and unofficial—plunder, pillage, outrage, violation, desolation, perpetual poverty, and an everlasting famine in a beautiful land. This is not all. There is the fear every moment of a wholesale massacre.

The empire is rapidly going down, and its inevitable fall is simply a matter of time; no effort is made to stop the corruption that has stricken it from the crown clear down to the sole. If the Turkish sovereignty would exercise the energy that is displayed to suppress the truth and influence public opinion to reform the present administration, it might perhaps become a good government; but things are otherwise, and the government is encouraging the corruption and hastening its own destruction. The high honors conferred on those connected with the late massacres, and the public thanks given to the Turkish troops, have impressed the officials everywhere with the idea that the more they persecute, plunder, and slaughter the Armenians, the more rapid will be their decoration and promotion.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Yet this is not all. Add to it, if you please, the tribal hostilities dating centuries back, the religious hatred and the Moslem fanaticism, and we have the nameless atrocities and oft-repeated massacres. When the fanaticism of the Turk is excited he is as barbarous as his ancestors under Timor the Tartar, and there is no atrocity of which he is not capable. He freely massacres the defenceless women and the little ones and the wounded; even the death of the unbelievers, or Christian dogs, does not satisfy him, and he delights to mutilate the corpse.

The reports of consuls, as well as of travellers in Armenia, even before the recent horrors, show the condition of the land to be intolerable. This state of things comes to us from ages back. "The history of Christians under Moslem law," says Van Hammer, "is only an uninterrupted scene of tyranny, violation, and slaughters." It is carried on by the functionaries as the only means to strengthen and perpetuate Moslem supremacy. Nejib Pasha of Damascus said to a confidential agent of the British consul in that city: "The Turkish government can only maintain its supremacy by cutting down its Christian sects"; and we heard later on the sickening tales of the Damascus and Lebanon massacres. The grand vizier says: "To get rid of the Armenian question is to get rid of the Armenian people"; and we have a series of Armenian massacres, among which is that of Sassoun, which drew the attention of the civilized world. The following figures give but a faint idea of the desolation caused by the Turkish massacres during this century:

1822—In Scios Isles, 50,000 Greeks (Lathem, p. 417).
1850—" Mosoul, . 10,000 Armenians (Cont. Rev., p. 16, 1895).
1860—" Lebanon, . 11,000 Syrians (Churchill, p. 219).
1876—" Bulgaria, . 14,000 Bulgarians (Schuyler).
1877—" Bazarid, . 2,400 Armenians (Norman, Armenia, p. 273).
1879—" Alashgird, . 1,100 " (Armenian Patr. Const.)
1892—" Mosoul, . 2,000 Yezidies (Perry's Rep. to Brit.)
1894—" Sassoun, . 12,000 Armenians.

Victor Hugo has truly said: "If a man is killed in Paris, it is a murder; the throats of fifty thousand people are cut in the East, and it is a question." Unless a check is put upon the lawless band—unfortunately called the Turkish government—the atrocious procession will steadily and surely go on to its goal—the annihilation of the Christian element. A check upon the Turk means but one thing—the withdrawal of those provinces from the control of Moslem fanaticism. It is noticeable that the greatest number of these horrors have taken place in the reign of "the most merciful," "the most good-hearted," and the most polite and gentlemanly Hamid II., whose praises have poisoned the air of this land of the free. The Sultan is not to blame; he is a typical Moslem, and the most faithful ruler that ever came to the throne of the empire. He is but doing what Mohammed has commanded him to do in the forty-seventh chapter of the Koran, where he says: "When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads until you have made a great slaughter of them." Who, then, is responsible for the blood shed? We do not hesitate to answer "England," who has pledged before God and man to protect the Christians there. Now then, since England comes not forth to fulfil her pledge, and since the Christians have been voted to a wholesale slaughter by the Prophet and his followers, what comes next?

The next thing, in order to escape a wholesale massacre, is a wholesale emigration. This scheme seems to be the natural consequence of conditions in Armenia, and it is also strongly advocated by some of our papers here, which say: "Let him alone and let him come out of his dominion, if the Armenian does not like the Turk." One might think this advisable for the Armenians, as they can find security of property, and safety of life and religious freedom, elsewhere, especially in the neighboring provinces of Russia, where are millions of their brethren, as well as the Catholicos, the father of all the Armenians, of whom it is said that he is about to make an application to the principality for a large tract of land on which to settle the emigrants. Yet it would, of course, be ridiculous to plan such an undertaking. The temptation is very dangerous, both for Asiatic civilization and for the Turkish Empire itself.

TURKISH BASHI-BAZOUK.

Those who have travelled in Turkey, or who reside there, and those who study history and are interested in ancient civilization, will agree that the Armenians were in the past better civilized and farther advanced in art, in commerce, and in literature than the Turks of to-day. Their progress, in the past and present, in spite of endless obstacles, is not surpassed by that of any race in Asia. The richest and most fertile provinces in the world, once possessed by them, are to-day a desert, where the foxes and jackals howl and wander among ruins whose desolate columns stand as monuments of an ancient prosperity, and which are an eternal reproach to that Turkish rule of which it has been truly said that "The grass never grows where their horses have trod."

Are not the Armenians to-day the most intelligent, loyal, industrious, enterprising, and moral race in the empire? Are they not the better civilized people, the Yankees of the Orient, the far-advanced in art, in architecture, in science, and in all departments of life? We are told that the Armenians, numbering three millions perhaps, have more than thirty periodicals; while the Turks, numbering over fifteen millions, have about twenty papers, and that even these are managed by Armenian editors.

To expatriate such an element from a country is a vital blow to the civilization of that country. Will the lovers of civilization and the leaders of progress, while striving in the darkest parts of the earth to liberate mankind from the chains of ignorance and the degradation of slavery, allow this already civilized and elevated race to be wiped out by a diabolical machine, and stretch not out a helping hand in this critical hour? We hope not. There seems to have been a purpose in the preservation of this long-suffering people through ages of blood and fire. It is not too much to say that they, having done so much for Christianity in the past, will surely have a large share in the future in civilizing and Christianizing the neighboring races. God has chosen this enduring race as an instrument in his hand, and preserved it as a leaven in that vast land, and the future is theirs.

Their extermination were fatal to the empire from a political stand-point, though the Turks do not appreciate this fact. It is an unquestionable fact that the Armenians are superior to their masters, as were the Greeks of old to their Roman masters, in political, commercial, and governmental affairs, whenever a chance is offered to them. Not only they, but the whole Christian population, are far in advance of the Mohammedans, and if an equal footing in the administration had been granted them, the empire would be much richer and larger than it now is. Christians are excluded from the army because they are considered infidels and it would defile the Mohammedan soldiers to come in contact with them. The army is a religious band and its soldiers must stand for and serve the Moslem faith. If the sultans were wise enough to see their interest, and had courage enough to liberate themselves from the superstitions characteristic of the orientals and predominant among the Turks, they would admit the Armenian youth to the military as well as the civil services. They would then have generals like Loris Melikoff, who was about to introduce a constitutional administration in Russia had not the Nihilists killed Alexander II., and who is the conqueror of Kars, the key of the Sultan's Asiatic provinces ; Lazaroff and Gugassoff and many others, Armenians by birth and most distinguished in the Russian army; also capable statesmen like Nubar Pasha—another Armenian—the prime minister, and, as he has been truly called, "The Grand Old Man of the Egyptian politicians," the originator of the International Tribunal of Egypt. These are Armenians and they could give to the world others of like character had not the world declined to give them the privileges to which they are entitled.

To compel a people of such rare endowments to leave their needy country is more than foolishness ; it is a crime for which there is no atonement in the world of civilization. This ancient people, whether for the love of humanity, or for that of the rocks and hills of their fatherland, affections equally noble and sublime, do not dare to commit such an inexpiable crime as the evacuation of the land. They love to sit on the banks of the sacred Euphrates and Araxes and to repeat their sweet old melodies, and to add their tears to the waters crimsoned by the blood of their children ; and those who have been compelled to leave for various reasons look back with longing eyes from every part of the world, and with hopefulness and sympathy. Since, then, their patriotism is so strong, and their removal so dangerous both to civilization and to the Sultan's government, no one, except the Turks, could conscientiously think of their emigration. This being the case, the question still confronts us —what is the alternative? To change their religion. Some think this would end all the trouble ; but some still believe that it

ARMENIANS TAKING TO FLIGHT.

would make no difference. The maltreatment and torture of Turkish and Kurdish peasants is as bad as that of the Armenians. No doubt there is some truth in this, and we sadly acknowledge that the lower class of Turks are also molested and robbed by the common enemy—the officials; but it is not just to say that the Moslems are treated with such cruelty as the Christians, for that would be placing the two sects on an equality which is utterly impossible in the Mohammedan world, and contrary to the immutable teachings of the Koran and the infallible will of the sultans. If we can lift the veil of this mystery and penetrate to the depths of the question, we shall see it in an altogether different light. It is true the Turks and Kurds are imprisoned, and they rightly deserve it as a wild, cruel, and criminal class; but the Armenians are imprisoned and tortured because they are educated and refined and have the Western civilization, and above all are Christians. Their wives and daughters are violated and made booty of by all believers of the Koran; but we have never heard and will not, so long as the Crescent reigns, of the ill-treatment of the wives and daughters of believers by a Moslem. The harem is sacred to every believer of the Koran.

GROUP OF ARMENIAN "REBELS" NEAR SASSOUN.

We have heard much of life imprisonment and death punishment of Christian students, of teachers, of preachers, of priests, of bishops, and of archbishops; moreover we have seen dozens of Christians suffer capital punishment, lifted up to the guillotine or beheaded publicly; but we have not yet heard of a Mohammedan preacher or priest who was sent to life imprisonment or received the capital penalty. Why? Is it because the latter class is better than the former? No, by no means. It is simply because the one asks the blessing of Heaven in the name of Christ, while the other asks it in the name of Mohammed and carries out the command of his book, to make "a great slaughter among the infidels." Not only are they not punished—they are encouraged and decorated by the successor of the Prophet for their aggressive projects. It is stated by those whose names, if attached, would give weight, that the Mufty of Moosh, a theologian and commentator of the Koran, made the following address: "To violate the wives and daughters of Christians—dogs, infidels—is just; to ruin their churches is a virtue; to plunder and pillage their property is the command of God; and for every Christian whose blood is shed by a Moslem the reward is a nymph in God's paradise"; and he was decorated by the Sultan as an honest and faithful servant.

Now we reach the bottom of the mystery, and it is clear, from the Mohammedan point of view, that it is a religious fight, a "holy war," and if the Armenians were kind enough, or wise enough, as some say, to change their creed, they would be allowed to live. In this free land of ours even Christians have confidentially said that it is not worth while to die for a religion—even for Christianity it is foolish; they might embrace the Mohammedan faith in public and serve Christ in secret. To do this would be actually impossible for the people of Ararat. Centuries of cruelty, of oppression, of the most odious tyranny, have failed to shake the faith of the Armenians; and although their country has been depopulated by the most ruthless massacres, and although the infamous policy of their conquerors has driven them out like hunted animals to seek refuge in distant parts of the earth—in India, the Island of Java, Europe, and America—they have always preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of Mohammed.

We are told by students of history that the Armenians were the first to embrace Christianity as their national religion, 302 A.D., and the first to lead a campaign against the religion of Zoroaster, which threatened the whole of Asia Minor with its fire-worship in 451, at which time the cross was victorious. From that time on they have been marching through blood and fire for their belief and adding to the long list of their martyrs. I do not permit myself to enter into a description of the campaigns of the crusaders, when the service rendered by their co-religionists was very great, and for which it is said they lost their small independence in Cilicia; but this much can be said—that they have suffered more than their share and done more for Christianity than Christendom seems likely to do for them.

At the present time we have the statements of eye-witnesses to their faithfulness to Christianity. We hear of one woman who, after witnessing a heartrending scene and realizing that there was no hope of escape—unless to change their religion—nor any hope of mercy from the enemy, steps out on a rock and cries: "My sisters, you must choose to-day between two things, either deny your holy religion and adopt the Mohammedan faith, or follow my example." Then, lifting her eyes to heaven, she dashed herself from the rock into the abyss below, and others followed her. A proposition was made to some of the more attractive women to change their faith, in which case their lives might be spared. "Why should we deny Christ?" they answered; "we are no more than these," pointing to the mangled forms of their brothers and husbands; "kill us too"; and they were killed. Every true-hearted Christian ought to be filled with admiration for such brave answers, and moved with sympathy for that unfortunate people whose lot has been cast among thieves.

AN ARMENIAN FAMILY OF THE BETTER CLASS.

We see that the suggestion that they change their religion fails of accomplishment, for they would rather die than give up their faith. But supposing they should be driven to this, will Christian people allow it and not come to their rescue? I do not mean the statesmen of Christendom, but the Christians who sing "The world for Christ!" who spend millions and send their sons and daughters to evangelize the world—will they not raise their united shout and make it audible in the ears of him who keeps his head in the sands of the Bosporus? Indeed, if they remain silent, the angels from above, the inhabitants of hell beneath, and the Sultan with his hosts on earth will shout, "There is no more Christianity in the world."

These suggestions failing, we see before this people a perpetual struggle, endless bloodshed, and now and then extended uprisings which will not deserve the approval of any who might consider themselves friends of the Armenians, and which means for them but to beard the lion in his den. I doubt if the Armenians would entertain such a reprehensible idea. We have heard of occasional outbursts, but they indicate the despairing struggles of those whose burdens have become intolerable. It is safe to say that they ask but security of life, of property, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and to educate their children in the Christian faith, to which every person is entitled by the law of God, of humanity, and of civilization. Yet the Turks are not inclined, and obviously never will be, to grant these fundamental rights of humanity, until a pressure is brought upon them from without, or a general uprising combining the different elements from within. Should there be no outburst of general indignation from an outraged humanity, we shall be unfortunate enough to see still further tragedies.

The Armenian question is certainly the burning question of the hour, and its sparks must sooner or later inflame the so-called "peace of Europe," that has thus far been maintained by shutting ears and eyes to the horrors endured by the Asiatic Christians. It is the question for all, and must be solved once for all. We have to consider whether the Turk shall be compelled by the powers, especially England—for unless forced by England he will never do it—to grant without delay the graciously promised but shamefully ignored privileges of equality for all subjects in the administration of the empire without discrimination as to creed or race, and to keep the agreement made by the Sultan in the Berlin Treaty and at the Cyprus Convention for the protection of Christian subjects; or whether certain provinces, inhabited by Christians, shall be annexed to Russia; or shall the Turks be allowed to exterminate these Christian people? This question should be kept before the world in its simplicity until it is solved in one way or the other.

Who is responsible for the shedding of this innocent blood? It is England. Why? Because if England had not opposed the treaty of San Stephano, agreed upon between the Sultan of Turkey and Alexander II. of Russia, the reformation in Armenia would long since have been introduced. The world is about to record in its history some such item as the following: "There was a small but goodly civilized and Christian people in Asia who became victims of the selfishness of England and were exterminated in this most enlightened age." Would the English people like to have such a blot upon their history? I think not. The prompt action of Great Britain, or of any other power, depends on the support of public opinion. Since this is so, there is a power that can overcome any obstacle that stands in its way, namely, the people—the ministers of justice and the guardians of humanity. The indignation and sympathy of the civilized world is almighty, and the Armenians ask nothing to-day but the aid of that power. They do not cease to hope for it.

Let the Powers understand that outraged humanity cannot endure any more, or permit such carnages to be repeated over and over again. If it be true that of one blood God made all the nations of the earth, to dwell on the face of the earth, then when our brothers and sisters are outraged and slaughtered and despoiled of all that makes life worth living, we cannot help but wake to sympathy with them. It is enough that the cursed demon of might has lived for centuries on the blood of the innocent children of our God. "A government which can countenance and cover the perpetration of such outrages is a disgrace to civilization and a curse to mankind," is the belief of the Grand Old Man. It is time that a universal shout of indignation be directed against the Monster of the Bosporus, the author of nameless fiendish deeds. Our liberty is indeed but nominal if it does not make us the missionaries of liberty. The English-speaking people have been accustomed, in the

MEAL-TIME IN AN ARMENIAN HOME.

time of crises like this, to say to the oppressed: “Be of good cheer; we are not dead; the spirit of our fathers is alive within us.” If feelings of humanity and pity still exist on the earth, there is no need of argument to be persuaded that the Armenians are subjected to a diabolical treatment and condemned to annihilation for their religion. If we could realize the extent and intensity of their suffering, we should be stirred to action if we have not lost our chivalrous impulses and the sense of justice and freedom.

The Armenian crisis is an established fact. There was no need to wait for the commissioners' report. Eight months have already passed and nothing is yet done.

THE DOG WATCH.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

UNSPEAKABLE the majesty of night,
The waning moon slow westering the sky,
The brooding depths, the vaulted heavens high,
The gleaming stars that shed their drowsy light
And make the solitude of silence bright,
The mirrored stars that in the ocean lie,
And coruscating billows rolling by,
And here and there foam splashes, dully white.

The one thing felt is silence, deep, profound,
Eternal, but for touch of wind and sea;
A primal world that man has never trod,
Unmeasured, save for the horizon round,
And beams of sun and moon—eternity!
Infinitude of space and peace and God!

MORE LIGHT ON "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

BY REV. R. M. RYAN.

THE words, the exploits, the foibles of Napoleon have too long occupied the attention of the reading public—or rather have been too long foisted upon it; for there is no reason to believe that the world is in any way more concerned about him for the past two years than it was during the preceding twenty. Subjects much more interesting and fruitful now demand notice. The war just ended has drawn all men's minds to the countries engaged in it, and, as a result, curiosity concerning their religion, manners, customs, social life, in fact, everything pertaining to them, has been excited, and will not be allayed until the whole truth about them has become common property. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will naturally turn to its pages for exact and reliable information on the first-mentioned topic, a subject more specially pertaining to its sphere, and one, of all others, which is either more frequently misrepresented or less fully and accurately treated than it demands and deserves. If Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, or Llamaism fare no better than Catholicism has hitherto done at the hands of non-Catholics, no reliance at all can be placed on what unfriendly writers say about them.

FAIRNESS OF CATHOLIC WRITERS TO OUTSIDE RELIGIONS.

To the indisputable credit of Catholic writers, it must be conceded that no wilful misrepresentations of others' beliefs or practices can ever be attributed to them. It is a fact not sufficiently emphasized, that our historians, as well as theologians and polemical writers in general, are entirely free from the bigotry, intolerance, and untruthfulness so often characteristic of those who oppose or differ from us. The beliefs of Japan, China, and Thibet will meet with equal justice at our hands; and, to insure it here, the very words of accredited exponents are quoted in evidence rather than the suspicious second-hand sentiments of others.

There are many reasons besides those adverted to, that make an account of the religious systems of the countries named specially opportune just now. One is, the singular interest manifested of late for Theosophism, which is really only a newly coined name for Buddhism, the basis of nearly all the various Eastern religions.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

From the following it will be seen that not only Theosophy, but most of the more recent revivals of ancient superstitions, are traceable to common sources, namely, perusal of Eastern literature, and the tricking-out of the old Pantheism, Gnosticism, demonology, incarnations, possessions, ancestral worship, and cataleptic fits with the new names of "Christian" Science, spiritism, telepathy, clairvoyance, mediumistic séances, and Mahatmic communications. Amongst the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans they all flourished, only under different names, pythonism, magic, necromancy, oracles, etc.; but, obviously, as will appear, they meant the same things. Towards all such a Catholic's course is clear: to cling to the infallible teachings of the church, "the pillar and the ground of truth," rejecting what she condemns, avoiding what she prohibits. Up to date she has made no mistakes in dealing with such things; she will not begin now. But as this does not suffice to satisfy or recall an erring brother, it is wise and proper to seek out the exact truth, not indeed by investigating phenomena, or speculating on results—both of which abound in delusions—but in coolly and cautiously inquiring into principles and well authenticated historical and other facts. This is what is aimed at in the following, which pretends not, however, to an exhaustive treatment of a very extensive subject.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF TERMS.

A difficulty is encountered at the very outset, that must be at once removed. When Oriental writers speak of "religion," "morality," "holiness," "cultus," "purification," "salvation," etc., they mean entirely different things from what Christians understand by these terms; just as the "Christian" Scientists' *Christ* and "prayer" and "confidence" differ, *toto cœlo,* from what we Christians—or at least Catholics—mean by these expressions. Similarly the "God" of Buddhism is not only a different being from our personal God, but is a something very hard to define. However, before entering on this, it is well to have a correct notion of Buddhism itself. And first, it is to be understood that it is not a religion at all in our sense of that word, or indeed in any sense thereof. It is rather a kind of philosophy, without principles or system, made up of many wise deductions, good counsels, singularly clever guesses, and a measureless quantity of platitudes, incongruous divisions and intellectual nonentities, that, by baffling the power of any well-balanced mind to either realize or unravel, supplies an exhaustless store of mental pabulum for the meditative Eastern mind to cogitate upon "all day long and far into the night." Herein consists one of its most fascinating features, not only for Orientals but for that large class of Occidentals adrift outside the Bark of Peter, recognizing no divine and unerring authority to guide them rightly. For nearly three thousand years the Orient has had this conglomerate sheaf on its mental threshing floor, and not one bushel of nutriment—of anything but chaff—has it been able to beat out of it. The more it is winnowed the less grain remains.

PERSONALITY OF BUDDHA.

Strictly speaking, Buddha was not the founder of what is now called after him; he was only the collector, methodizer, and formulator of whatever wise or ethical thought existed in his time. Nevertheless his was a transcendently great mind and great work, relatively to his time; still he could hardly be considered equal to many of the ancient Greek philosophers. The wisdom and knowledge of Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and many more far exceeded his, not alone in extent but in profundity. They were argumentative and always logical; he was neither. They were brief, clear, and well defined as polished diamonds, both as regards matter and manner; he was obscure, prolix, and circumlocutive in the extreme. Take as an instance, Hesiod's reference to the consequences of ill and well doing; the very point for which Buddha has received most praise. The latter employs almost as many discourses as the former uses sentences, although Buddha lived five hundred years after the Greek poet, who was the contemporary of Homer, who also far excelled the Hindu sage in sagacity, if not in virtue. Hesiod in his *Works and Days* says:

> "Wrong, if he yield to its abhorred control,
> Shall pierce like iron to the poor man's soul:
> Wrong weighs the rich man's conscience to the dust
> When his foot stumbles on the way unjust.

Far different is the path, a path of light,
That guides the feet to equitable right.
The end of righteousness, enduring long,
Exceeds the short prosperity of wrong.
The fool by suffering his experience buys;
The penalty of folly makes him wise."

Moreover, there are thousands now living who, if possessed of the Buddha's extraordinary gentleness of disposition, contempt for worldly goods, compassion for suffering, love of retirement and contemplation, with only a scintilla of their present Christian lore, could, if as desirous of their fellow-mortals' welfare or their own fame, evolve a philosophic or "religious" scheme incomparably superior to his. This, however, in no way diminishes his merit, which, in some respects, is beyond all praise. Rising superior to the gross, sensual, and cruel customs of his race, he inculcated many noble virtues, such as peacefulness, meekness, the restraining of carnal propensities, good will to all, and boundless philanthropy, regardless of race, color, caste, or anything else. This constitutes another great fascination for creedless and credulous but kind-hearted and liberty-loving nineteenth century men and women.

Introspection in silence and abstraction, abstemiousness and retirement, he both inculcated and practised in an eminent degree. No one can deny that, for an evenly balanced mind, these things are highly conducive to the acquisition of wisdom and contentment, and he deserves great credit for his insistence on them. The countless thousands belonging to the Catholic Church who in every age have made meditation the leading exercise of their daily life, and the many others also who find in it their chiefest soul-food, besides the myriads of her cloistered children in every age, testify to their appreciation of this scrap of Buddhistic wisdom, inherited from an entirely different source.

BUDDHA'S BIRTH AND LIFE.

But we have not stated who this "Buddha" was. Let Mr. H. Dharmapala, of Ceylon, one of the leading scholars and the chief official dignitary who represented Buddhism at the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, tell us: premising that his testimony as to dates is accepted by European scholars generally. Amongst these stand conspicuous James Princep, who in 1837 deciphered the rock-cut edicts of Asoka the Great, at Girnar and Kapur-da-giri; Eugene Burnouf, who published in 1844 a complete account of Buddhism; M. Turnour and Dr. Rhys Davids, who translated the Pali inscriptions and many ancient MSS. discovered in the temples of Nepal and Ceylon.

Five hundred and forty-three years before Christ, Siddratha, called also "Gotama" or "Gaudama," his family name, was born of royal parentage in Kapilavastu, India. He is also known by various other names in different countries, some of which, however, are rather titles expressive of his greatness. Of these that of "Buddha" stands pre-eminent, being the most common, and signifying the "Most Perfectly Enlightened One." The story of his birth, the details of his life up to his twenty-ninth year, his ascetical works, "renunciations," and final "enlightenment" are embodied in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia.* He claimed to be the great teacher of mankind, the establisher of universal peace and brotherhood; in fact, the deliverer of the race from all its defects. His wisdom is embodied in the 84,000 discourses delivered during his ministry of forty-five years, and which constitute with their commentaries the Buddhistic Scriptures; of which Professor Terry says: "Every important tribe and nation which embraced Buddhism seems to have Buddhist scriptures of their own. A life-time would be insufficient to explore them thoroughly."

In these words the Buddha commissioned his disciples to establish his "Kingdom of Righteousness": "Go ye, O Bhikohus! and wander forth for the gain of many, in compassion for the world, for the good, for the gain, for the welfare of gods and men. . . . Preach ye a life of holiness, perfect and pure. Go then to every country, convert those not converted. Go, therefore, each one travelling alone, filled with compassion. Go, rescue and receive. Proclaim that a blessed Buddha has appeared in the world, and that he is preaching the law of holiness." How this commission has been fulfilled needs no comment. Asiatic deadness and barbarism ever since testify in unmistakable terms. It is not a little strange that a perfectly enlightened one should seem to know so little about the teachers or the general human kind. With endless circumlocution he says "Go teach," seemingly oblivious of the teachers' need of credentials and of the world's necessity of proof before acceptance. Of these there is not a shred in Buddhism, and nothing so embarrasses a Buddhist as a modest request for some little other than his own fancy supplies. Hence, notwithstanding all its prettiness and philanthropy, it never was received by a race that did its own reasoning. Its indefiniteness and inefficiency are still further exemplified in what is called "The essence of the vast teaching of the Buddha. It consists in:

1. The entire obliteration of all that is evil.

2. The perfect consummation of all that is good and pure.

3. The complete purification of the mind"; without, of course, anything being hinted as to how these very serious and weighty works are to be accomplished. After explaining, in ten times more words than are necessary, that other sectaries held sixty-two different views from his own, but that his alone were correct, he thus proves their methods wrong—with what lucidity let the reader judge for himself:

"Brethren, all these modes of teaching respecting the past or the future, originate in the sensations experienced by repeated impressions made on the six organs of sensitiveness. On account of these sensations desire is produced, in consequence of desire an attachment to the desired objects, on account of this attachment reproduction in an existent state, in consequence of this reproduction of existence, birth. In consequence of birth are produced disease, death, sorrow, weeping, pain, grief, and discontent." If this means anything, it implies, *literally*, that those born into this world have an inheritance of sorrow; and, *figuratively*, that other teachers imagined—from using their senses—then took a fancy to their doctrines, then conceived reasons for them, and finally gave them forth. They were doomed, however, like the new-born babe, to die, but that he had his, as he states, "by his own wisdom," and of course, etc., etc.

"In the religion of Buddha," we are told, "is found a comprehensive system of ethics and a transcendental metaphysics, embracing sublime psychology," and (if the whole truth be told) an untenable, as well as unintelligible, cosmogony. But, unfortunately, the first mentioned are superlatively *ignis-fatuus* commodities; they can never be come up with.

BUDDHA'S GOD AN IMPERSONAL DEITY.

"Speaking of Deity in the sense of a Supreme Creator, Buddha," says Mr. Dharmapala, "teaches *there is no such being.* He, moreover, strictly forbids inquiry into the subject, as being useless. But a supreme god of the Brahmans and minor gods are accepted; but they are subject to the law of cause and effect. This supreme god is all love, all mercy, all gentle, and looks upon all things with equanimity. There is no difference between the perfect man and this supreme god."

Theosophist advocates have used up so much eloquence in proclaiming the grandeur, sublimity, and perfection of the religious sentiments contained in Buddhism, that it becomes important to know exactly what it holds and teaches regarding this great fundamental truth of all religion, *God*. Of this its exponents leave us in no doubt whatever, as Buddha's own words show. It is simply godless in the truest sense of the word, as the following extracts will more clearly demonstrate:

Swami Vivakananda, another Buddhistic exponent and a learned Brahman of Bombay, thus speaks of God: "He is everywhere, the pure, the formless one, the almighty and the all-merciful. He is to be worshipped as the one beloved, dearer than everything in this and the next life." A little farther on, however, he declared that "Buddhists do not depend upon God, but the whole force of their religion is directed to the great central truth to *evolve a God out of man*." After declaring all religions the same, God being, according to his philosophy, the inspirer of all of them, he asks: "How can the Hindu, whose idea centres in God, believe in the Buddhism which is agnostic, or the Jainism which is atheistic?" Of course we can only answer: Nobody knows.

Manilal N. D'vivedi, another scholarly Brahman, said: "God, in the sense of a personal creator of the universe, is not known in the Veda; . . . he is to be seen in all that is."

Mr. V. A. Gandhi, a Hindu lawyer, said that Jainism, which he represented, with its faith—professed by 1,500,000 in India—was older than Buddhism and similar to it in ethics, but differed from it in its idea of God, which he defined to be: "A subtle essence underlying all substances and the eternal cause of all modifications—but not personal."

Rev. Horin Toki, of Japan, a Buddhist priest, made the matter more complicated by trying to explain, that although Buddhism does not admit a Creator, it does not deny a God. Obviously, then, such a god must not have ownership of creation unless he either usurped or purchased it. If the latter, he must have *stolen* or *created* something. Therefore, etc.

Professor Valentine, who made an exhaustive study of the "Harmonies and Distinctions of the theistic teaching of the various historic faiths," is inclined to the view of those who doubt the totally atheistic character of Buddhism. He claims it as certain that its teaching was not dogmatic atheism. Whether this be so or not, enough has been said to show that confusion and doubt predominate on this first and most essential point of religion. With the foundation tottering how is a structure to remain stable?

OTHER DOCTRINES OF BUDDHA.

Of the other doctrines of Buddha it is difficult to give a clear and sufficiently brief account. Excepting a few truisms, which anybody using their senses and ordinary intelligence could equally well conceive and give forth, the others are so commonplace as not to need reference, or so obviously absurd and contradictory that no half-educated American or European would concern himself about them at all. When one turns to those carefully prepared papers of professors and official spokesmen to find out the precise peculiarities of Buddha's teaching, he becomes utterly bewildered. Take, for instance, that of the "Right Rev. Banriu Yatsubuchi," of Japan—evidently an able and well-read man in Buddhistic lore. Any one that could make anything out of it, other than rhapsody pure and simple, must have powers of comprehension and interpretation of no ordinary kind. It is in vain that one reads it over and over again in hopes of making out something definite or consistent. Here is the most intelligible paragraph in the whole paper: "*Kukyo Soku*—the situation of one who can leave totally original ignorance and witness the ultimate stage of enlightenment. Although there are six differences, in order to show the difference of depth of shallowness, enlightenment, and ignorance, yet they have the same thing or instinct through all. Spirit and matter, or mind and object, occupy the Truth. When they come together they make out two works, the transitive and intransitive. . . . So, if one does not neglect to purify his mind and to increase power of wisdom, he may take in spiritual world or space, and have cognizance of past, present, and future in his mind" (*The World's Parliament of Religions*, vol. i. page 717). In other words, he can become as good a fortune-teller as the other fellow for his pains. No wonder that the catechism now used in the Buddhist schools of India was written by a Yankee.

The fact is, Europeans and Americans with "itching ears" (and palms?) know more about this unknowable nonsense than those to the manner born, and there is no good reason why they should not.

Turning to Mr. Dharmapala, already quoted, and who is the most coherent of the expositors, we find him familiarly quoting the German, French, and English agnostic philosophers, as if seeking in their teachings for some correspondence with those he found (or thought he found) in Buddhist literature. Of course he succeeds. He would find such anywhere, because it is plain—and this Buddha in so many words asserted—you can take whatever meaning you please out of what he (Buddha) teaches; as he asserted the enlightened would take one meaning and the others another, and both be correct; thus showing he was an adept in modern sophistry, which practically claims that truth is subjective, not objective. Hence we find "evolution" attributed to him, the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, the impalpable virtues of Freemasonry, the realization of the unseen, "thought transference, thought reading, clairaudience, clairvoyance, projection of the subconscious self, and all the higher branches of psychical science, that just now engage the thoughtful attention of psychical researchers" (page 870).

THE MORAL SYSTEM OF BUDDHISM.

Mixed up with all this there are, nevertheless, some excellent recommendations. However, they can hardly be called peculiar to Buddhistic teaching, inasmuch as all men at all times admitted and adhered to them as truthful and admirable, if they did not individually practise them. These are amongst the best: "A man desiring to be happy abstains from theft, passes his life in honesty and purity of heart. He lives a life of chastity and purity. He abstains from falsehood and injures not his fellow-man by deceit. Putting away slander, he abstains from calumny. He is a peace-maker, a speaker of words that make for peace. Whatever word is humane, pleasant to the ear, lovely, teaching, reaching to the heart—such words he speaks. He abstains from harsh language, from foolish talk, intoxicants, and stupefying drugs." Quoting these as Buddhistic is an insult to one's intelligence, for do they not constitute the moral code of "every nation, tribe, and tongue under the sun" that ever pretended to any morality or civilization? Were they not known and practised by the human race from the beginning, and formally proclaimed by divine authority nearly 2,500 years before Gautama was born? Have they not also been universally acknowledged up to date by those who never heard of Buddhism. What new lights, new motives, or new impulses does Buddhism impart to them?

It is inculcated as a "higher" morality to forsake home, cut off one's beard, be clothed in orange-colored robes, and go forth into a homeless state. Further, "The Realization of the Unseen" is promised to such as lead an absolutely pure life. Of this Buddha says: "Let him fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone. Fulfil all righteousness for the sake of the living and for the sake of the beloved ones that are dead and gone." For the sake of the dead too!

NIRVANA.

"The Ultimate Goal of Man" is eternal peace or rest—*Nirvana*, as it is called—which in the Buddhist sense is hard to understand to be other than a kind of annihilation. Preceding it, and in purchase of it, a never-ceasing process of birth, death and rebirth, must go on until perfect purification eventuates; when this "Nirvana" is attained, which is possible even here on earth. The physical death then supervening ends all, and there is no other birth in an "objective world. The gods see him not, nor does man." This is analogous to the dream so fondly cherished by many pagans at the dawn of Christianity, and believed in, or at all events talked about, by pantheists still, who try to give consistency to their unphilosophic systems by asserting that the "all is God" and "God is the all."

This leads up to another dogma of Buddhism—*Metempsychosis*—for which, it need hardly be stated, there is not offered a shred of evidence that one freely using reason could accept. For Buddhists to assert as proof of it, that *they* remember incidents of previous incarnations, is making a demand on credulity that no one west of the Euphrates and Tigris will concede. In that fruitful source of curious fancies, the cranium of a Hindu poetaster, the idea, doubtless, originated. To the mystic and the story-teller what charming fields it affords for fervid fancy to roam over in following out the details of one's imagined life, it may be as the terror of the jungle a thousand years ago, or as a great ruler of nations ere falling from grace! No wonder it should be cherished with a fondness only paralleled by a Christian's tenacious adhesion to the sweet and consoling doctrine of an everlasting reward full and overflowing for even the least action done for Christ! Then, too, it so softly panders to the pride of the wise and good man who has advanced to the very threshold of Buddhaship itself; for this is the hope and aim of those holding to it.

A MECHANICAL UNIVERSE.

With a reference to one more dogma reiterated in season and out of season by Buddhist expositors this sketch may close, namely, that of "Cause and Effect," that is—expressed according to our matter-of-fact mode of speech—"Every effect has a cause to which it is proportioned." This simple physical law Buddha pushed over into the moral order, to the extreme of fatalism, which saps the foundation of all personal responsibility. But this latter is even paraded as the grand liberty-imparting doctrine of the whole system, whereas, if carried to its logical consequences, it would be its utter destruction, as any reasonable mind will perceive by a little unprejudiced reflection. Anyhow, the thing is not Buddhistic at all, no more than breathing, thinking, walking, and other human actions are Asiatic, rather than European.

In conclusion, what judgment are we constrained to pass on this long and much-talked-of *religion of the East?* After giving Buddha, as we have done, all the credit he is entitled to, but one remains—namely, that *Buddhism, at its best, is no more than Buddha and his ablest apologists claimed for it,* A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, and, as we have shown, a very sorry one at that; that it is not, either in fact or effect, a religion at all; and that by no possibility could it be made a substitute for real religion. What, then, must be thought of the ignorance, stupidity, or perversity of those modern savants who persist in so miscalling it, and using it as an *argument* against Christianity, to disprove the universality of the latter, by claiming that its adherents are outnumbered two to one by those of Buddhism? How preposterous this is will appear more fully when we come to consider the endless contradicting sects existing, each claiming to be the only simon-pure Buddhists.

FROM DOUBT TO FAITH.

WHEN asked to tell how I was led from ultra-Protestantism into the Catholic fold, it seemed my experience must be so nearly like that of many others that it was altogether unnecessary. Yet there would always be variations on some minor points, and no one can tell what word of theirs is being inscribed on the phonographic roll of some person's mind, to be re-echoed throughout all their lives.

While recalling the words of others which have had the most influence over my own inner life, I found it was often some chance expression, probably forgotten in the moment of its utterance. It is with the sincere desire that something of this may be permitted to help in making clearer the pathway of another, that I tell how I was guided through the valley of Doubt to the highlands of Faith.

One who can accept unquestioned whatever they are taught regarding the creation and destiny of the human race, must find life easier than those who seem born only to doubt and question. I cannot remember the time when I was not always asking "How?" and "Why?"

My parents (both New England people) were members of the Methodist Church, but were more attentive to carrying out the principles of Christianity in daily life than a mental acceptance of any creed. During the conflicts of later years, when the world seemed to be ruled by a power that brushed aside or crushed the obstructions in its way, as unheeding of human suffering as the railroad train, two passages in the Bible stood out as in letters of light against the blackness. One was "God is Love." However, this did not bring him very near to the heart which felt the need of a personal sympathy; but when I read that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," I could come nearer to understanding what his love meant, for my personal experiences had taught me what a father's love was.

Self-sacrificing at all times, my loving watcher in sickness, my sympathetic friend in every-day life; if God was like this to his children, he could not permit anything to befall them which was not for their good. This held me for years, while everything else of Christian creed or church dogma was vague, unsatisfactory, undefined.

At the age of fourteen, feeling the responsibility for a moral and religious part of my being that demanded some action on my part towards its cultivation, I made a public move in that direction at a camp-meeting. The satisfaction that, I think, will always result from conscientiously trying to perform any duty was mine for a time, and, at the wish of my parents, I united with the Methodist Church. In trying to bring my life up to a Christian standard I found that it was not so easily done as I supposed. I had an idea that after what they called "conversion," I would find right-living comparatively an easy thing. But when these exalted feelings left me, as the outgoing tide leaves the vessel resting in the mud, instead of floating over sunlit waves, something had to take the place of them. There seemed to be nothing left but trying and failing and trying again; as I knew that even earthly happiness could never be found by allowing my worldly nature to subordinate the higher.

Attentive to those helps offered by the church (class and prayer meetings), I drifted along, sometimes, during special services, regaining the old feelings, and the rest of the time lived about the average life of ordinary people. All this while I was never satisfied with the doctrinal teachings of the church as expressed in the Discipline and taught by the preachers; who, by the way, contradicted each other on some points which now began to press very closely upon my attention. The orthodox teaching as to the fate of those who died without any outward demonstration of faith in Christ, or "making a profession of religion," seemed to be, that they were hopelessly lost, although in many respects their lives might be better examples of heroic self-sacrifice than those of some of their judges, who were "members of the church." As this was during the Civil War, such doctrine I could not endure. How did these teachers know what the inner lives of such might be?

One preacher told us that he did not doubt there were "souls in eternal torment to-day because some in this congregation have neglected their duty" (he was urging the claims of missions).

The idea of such injustice, as the everlasting punishment of one person for the sin of another! The feeling of unrest was not made any less by these teachings, and afterwards, on becoming acquainted with the doctrines of the Baptist Church as to "believer's baptism," I performed what I believed to be a Christian duty, and was received into that church. I had always questioned my infant baptism in the Methodist Church, and, as they administer the rite, it seems to me now wholly without meaning. They say that baptism is the recognized mode of entrance into the church, but they never consider baptized infants as members.

As to the most of the church creeds and doctrinal teachings, I forgot them all I could, and found much pleasure in listening to the preaching of those who took broad and deep views of the provision God had made for the moral welfare of his children, and did not listen to any other when I could help it. Both my parents having died during this time, I was free from any home duties, and went to live in a large city. I was received into one of the churches there by letter, and enjoyed the intellectual provision furnished by the city pulpits; heard most of the eminent preachers of the day, and learned much of what was taught by the different denominations, both orthodox and liberal. Of course I could not help noticing how widely they differed on what they considered essential to a Christian Church, while each professed to find its creed in an infallible Bible. I had often wondered how the Bible came into existence in its present form, and after awhile I found out. This, together with the revision it was being subjected to at that time, did not tend to increase any respect which I might hold as to its authority, and placed it more than ever in need of an unerring guide to explain its meaning. I saw also that, so far as being considered an infallible guide to Protestants generally, the idea of its infallibility was *undermined* long ago by the more liberal scholarship of their own faith. Most of those whom I questioned on the subject seemed to think that it could be best treated by a good deal of discreet silence. During this time my attention was not given exclusively to religious teachers, and I found much that was interesting and helpful in such authors as Herbert Spencer and many others of that class, but I did *not* find a resting-place among them all. On speaking of these things to those who perhaps might help me, I was told that "there is enough plainly revealed to help us to live right, and one must believe what they can."

Thrown back upon myself, I found that to follow this out to its logical result would be to reject the Bible altogether, as of any especial authority except as it commended itself to one's own judgment, like all other books. Indeed, this was the substance of a reply to some inquiries on the subject that I sent to a prominent clergyman of the city:

"So much of the Bible is inspired for *you* as inspires you to a more helpful, loving, earnest life."

One thing remained of my past, and that was a belief in an omnipotent Ruler of the universe, who was also wise and good; but of any personal relation to this power I had almost no consciousness, although I never quite lost the feeling that some outside influence was affecting my life, in various ways. Some works of a psychological nature, also some on mental science, which I read about this time, helped to strengthen these impressions. Near the close of this period the shadows deepened and darkened over all my outward life, from day to day, and a storm was arising in the distance which was to test my endurance to the utmost when it came. I thought all that it was possible to live under was there before, but this was like being plunged into the ocean in the midst of a storm, with no help in sight.

I was scarcely sure at that time whether I really believed in a God or not, but felt utterly helpless. I had no resource except to call, if perchance there *was* any one to hear and answer.

Sending the message forth as I did, there was necessarily an implied promise on my part to trust in the help if it came. I could imagine no possible way in which it could come, but in less than two days (to continue the simile of an ocean storm) a life-preserver dropped near me almost as miraculously as if sent from the skies. That kept me afloat for a few days, after which a life-boat came in sight in which I could safely remain until the storm was over. During the previous five or six years I had often thought about the Catholic Church and tried to find out more about it, but as I had never met any of that faith except uneducated people, did not make much progress in the investigations. The usual Protestant prejudices, arising from such books as D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation* and some sensational books and newspaper stories on the subject, did not encourage me to go very far in trying to find out what that church really did teach, and I supposed there was not much to learn about this, except what I already knew. Yet I tried several times to see the priest who had charge of a large church near us, and whose reputation as to Christian and personal character had won the respect of all who knew him, irrespective of creed. He was not at home when I called, and I let the subject drop.

If any one ever feels the need of some one who takes an interest in their well-being, and to whom they can go for counsel and sympathy, feeling that their trust is not misplaced, it is a stranger in a large city. The thought often occurred to me—if the confessional *is* anything more than a mere form, the fact that there is some one to whom they can safely confide their inmost thoughts and needs of the soul, must be a strong hold on the Catholics. The doctrine of "Purgatory" did not seem as unreasonable to me as it would to many, for on this subject I was not an "orthodox" Protestant. The doctrine of "Transubstantiation" seemed not more difficult of acceptance than those held by all orthodox Protestants as to the "Miraculous Conception" and "Resurrection."

But that it was impossible that the Pope should do wrong, or even make a mistake (for I thought that was what his infallibility meant), seemed too absurd for any person of intelligence to believe. I supposed the principal teachings of that church were, to obey the priest, pay all one could afford towards the support of the church (and probably a little more), say certain prayers regularly, and go to confession.

During the last year or two I remained in the city several things occurred which convinced me that the ideas I held about the Catholic Church would bear revision on several points.

The action of the Pope's representative in America in regard to a number of cases referred to him for settlement, and his public speeches on several occasions, tended to keep this subject of the Catholic Church prominently in mind, and also gave me to understand that I was farther than ever from knowing what expressions of opinion by prominent authorities in that church were of the nature of *essential Catholic doctrine*, and which merely expressed the *personal opinions* of their authors.

About this time I left the city, to live in a new part of the country; but before I left found that "Papal Infallibility" only meant that the head of the visible church was divinely guarded from error when defining, in his official capacity, "any doctrine of faith or morals." This seemed a little more reasonable, and only according to the promise that the Holy Spirit would be with the church, "guiding into all truth." Thus one thing after another continued to upset all my preconceived opinions as to what the Catholic Church really was, and I felt more inclined than ever to find out if possible. It seemed like a hopeless undertaking, so far from any public library, or any person to whom I could go for help in my inquiries. The local Catholic organization was principally composed of people speaking another language. The services consisted of Mass and a sermon, once a month, by a priest who came from a place two hundred miles away, and who was only there over that one Sunday. As I lived some distance from town, my prospects for help in this direction did not seem to promise much.

A quotation from Cardinal Manning in one of our papers led me to again take up the subject, and write to the editor of the paper containing the quotation. He seemed to understand what I wanted, and said he would select some book for me if I wished to leave it to his judgment. I was very glad to do this, and sent an order to him asking him to send, with the book, a copy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, as I did not know where it was published, but had seen a quotation from it in one of the reviews and wished to read the whole article. Cardinal Newman's *Sermons to Mixed Congregations* was sent, also a copy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD containing the article I wanted to read—"The Essential Goodness of God," by the Rev. A. F. Hewit. I read it, wrote to its author for further information, and then gave attention to the "Sermons" of Cardinal Newman. They did not seem to give any very definite answers to my questions; but one day while reading the sermon on "Doubt and Faith" the question suddenly came to me as distinctly as if some one had been in the room asking it: "If you should find *this* to be the truth, are you ready to follow it?"

I said to myself, "What a question! There is no probability that I'll find the truth among all these things, that now look so unreasonable." "But," the questioner said, "that is not the point at all; are you willing to follow it, if you *do* see it to be the truth?"

There was nothing for me now but a plain "Yes" or "No"; for I had always believed that the truth could never be found if searched for in any other spirit than a willingness to follow it *when* found, *wherever it might lead.* I now became aware of the fact that I must stop just where I was, or go on until I had followed this out to some conclusion. The very hesitation I felt in answering showed me how far I was already on the way to Rome, for unless I had been conscious of some undercurrent tending in that direction, I could have answered the question at once.

I knew there was nothing to be gained by stopping where I was, and decided to go on; for, after all, this committed me to nothing, unless I was convinced that *this* way was the *right* way.

I had yet many questions to ask, many objections to overcome, many things to learn, and many doubts to solve; but having given this proof of my sincerity in the search, help came to me from unexpected sources.

In his reply to my letter of inquiry the Rev. A. F. Hewit recommended some books, for which I sent to the Catholic Book Exchange. There was a slight omission in both order and the return from the Exchange, which made one or two letters necessary. In one of mine I said, in effect, that I hoped the books would help to settle some of my doubts, as there was no one here to whom I could apply for such assistance. Within a week or so I received a letter from some one connected with the Exchange, asking me to communicate with the writer in regard to any questions I might wish to have answered on this subject. The very help I most needed, but saw no way of obtaining!

Among the books sent was *Catholic Belief*, which cleared away a great deal of the rubbish that I had always taken for granted was Catholic teaching, because I had always heard it quoted as such by those who presumed to know.

My friend at the Book Exchange sent several little books that I found helpful, especially Cardinal Newman's on the *Pope and Conscience*, which was a great assistance in clearing the way. Except, however, for the more definite and personal help he gave by way of explanations and counsel, I do not know how much longer I might have remained "almost persuaded." He directed me to the Great Teacher for help, and was not slow in assuring me that he was making my needs a special subject of prayer every day. The consciousness of this helped me, perhaps, more than anything else could have done.

On Easter morning, as I sat in church, I was suddenly conscious that all opposition had given way, and I was willing to *be* anything or *do* anything that God required. The next week a letter from my friendly helper told me that he had made an especial request for me, to that effect, *while celebrating Mass on Easter morning*. ("And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and *while they are yet speaking I will hear*.") During this time I had met the priest in charge of the local church, and he was willing to receive me into the Catholic Church whenever I was satisfied that I understood its requirements and was ready to comply with them.

A few months previous to my reception into the church, on meeting one of that faith who was well educated and intelligent, I improved my opportunity of asking some questions about the teachings of that church; but, trained from childhood in that faith, my friends had not paid much attention to such problems, and I did not find much help in solving them from this source. A few spare moments in intervals of business were all I had for such questions as they could readily answer; but I saw that if they could not formulate a reason for the faith they held, it was *their* faith, in very truth. After a time they seemed to understand that I was not asking questions simply to gratify an idle curiosity, and on one occasion (perhaps soon forgotten by them, but never by me) they referred me to the Blessed Virgin, to whom they alluded as their "dearest and best friend," saying "I think it will help you; I *know* it has helped me."

Something came into my life then that has never left me since; I have had an abiding consciousness of especial help and guardianship from that hour. This incident may be one explanation of an "undercurrent" to which I have alluded. There has been an unusual proportion of things to depress and discourage, occurring since that time; but they have not had power to do this, only for the moment. A sense of personal help in my every-day life has become an ever-present consciousness.

It only remains now to tell of my final submission to the authority of the church.

Thoroughly convinced by personal experiences of many things utterly beyond the power of human reason to explain, I saw that faith must enter into the problem *somewhere*, if one was ever to find rest. It appeared to me that the faith demanded by the Catholic Church was no more in conflict with reason than the daily miracles going on all around us, which we *must* accept or deny our own existence.

Thus, as expressed by the pen of another, I "found the light after dreary years of struggle, and peace to the soul after the battle of contradictory opinions; faith came to rule, and tired reason thanks God for the end of the conflict."

When asked if I believe in miracles, I can only say, that no miracle could astonish me any more than the unaccountable change that has taken place in my own mind and heart. If questioned as to the way in which it was accomplished, only the language of the blind man whose eyes the Master opened occurs to me in reply: "One thing I *know:* that whereas I was blind, *now* I see."

Reason did her work thoroughly up to the verge of the chasm, over which no bridge can ever be constructed except by Faith.

SALVE.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

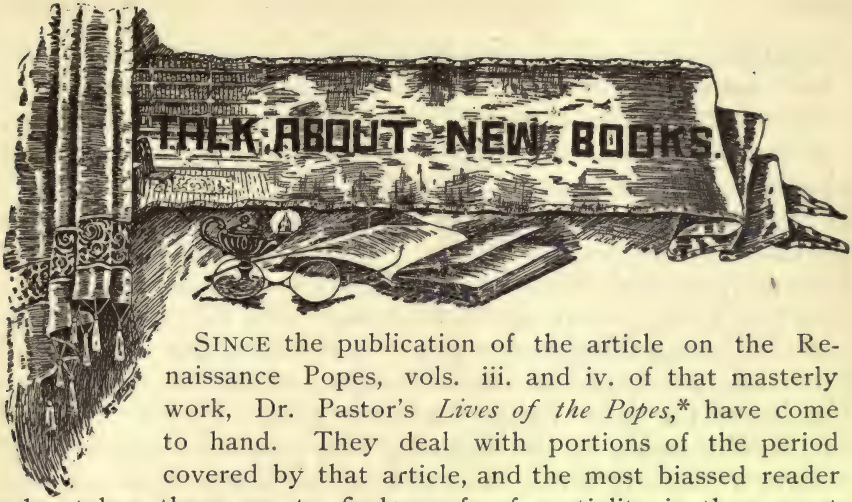
A SPARKLING flagon of new wine now breaks,
Drenching the enraptured land and sea:
The wine of welcome, flowing forth to thee,
The draught that even sober Nature takes
Out of my brimming spirit; and awakes,
Within her own, my pulse of ecstasy.
She sheds her smiles and music over me;
Out of my mood a glowing summer makes.

Whence flows the wine that can intoxicate
The long familiar scene, with grace unknown?
It gushes forth, as comes the hasty dawn,
When tardy clouds withhold the Eastern gate:
Comes with a sudden melody—thy tone
Upon the breeze, thy step upon the lawn.

VALE.

O Nature! turn the bitter cup away.
I drink the darkness of thy sullen hours;
The deadly draught thy kindly sense o'erpowers:
And all the earth is drunk with my dismay.
Steeped in my joy the happy landscape lay.
Farewell! The frost upon the trusting flowers,
The scene is black beneath the blighting showers
Of Farewell—and Farewell! that still I say.

Farewell! I taste the potion that must all,
With its own bitterness, inebriate.
In its dark dregs it quenches all the light.
I feel each drop with cruel burning fall,
As fades, upon the distance desolate,
Thy voice—as faints thy step upon the night.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

SINCE the publication of the article on the Renaissance Popes, vols. iii. and iv. of that masterly work, Dr. Pastor's *Lives of the Popes*,* have come to hand. They deal with portions of the period covered by that article, and the most biassed reader who takes them up to find proofs of partiality in them must admit that nothing has been extenuated if naught has been set down in malice. The popes whose lives are dealt with were pontiffs of great eminence—namely, Pius II., Paul II., and Sixtus IV. Their lot was cast when Europe was in a peculiarly transitional state, and when all the East was convulsed with the havoc wrought by the Turks amongst old-established systems and dynasties. An impartial study of Dr. Pastor's work will show that two at least of them were men of extraordinary eminence as statesmen, while all three were men of exemplary piety and zeal for the interests of religion and reformation of the abuses which had crept into the religious life of the church. The most scrupulous care is seen to have been exercised by the author in the weighing of testimony for and against the subjects of his memoirs. The authorities on both sides are cited in every case, and the opinions of the most trustworthy experts and commentators are also put in evidence. Much of the historical data is drawn from the secret archives of the Vatican, other portions from the private collections of documents of the great Italian families. The literary method of Dr. Pastor leaves no ambiguity. He never generalizes or moralizes as Ranke does, but presents his case with all the precision and minuteness of a lawyer preparing a brief. Against one of the three popes named several Italian writers, notably Infessura, had circulated terrible charges, only one of which, viz., that of nepotism, Dr. Pastor finds well founded. Infessura was a virulent partisan of the Colonna, who were incessant in hostility to Sixtus IV.; and other writers who endeavored to implicate him in the Pazzi conspiracy against the Medici were equally rabid partisans of that faction. Dr. Pastor finds, with regard to this conspiracy, that although the pope knew that it was being hatched, he set his face against it; and indeed the evidence of the chief witness, Montesecco, fully bears out this verdict.

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* *The History of the Popes, from the close of the Middle Ages.* Drawn from the secret archives of the Vatican and other original sources. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor, Professor of History in the University of Innsbruck. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

The great dream of his life, with Pius II., was the overthrow of the Mohammedan power in the East, and especially in the Holy Land, and he labored night and day for many years to promote a great crusade for that purpose. He only partially succeeded, owing to the duplicity and selfishness of the Venetian government, but he died at Ancona, at the head of a considerable expedition which he had got together to make a last effort against the Turks. He was broken down by bodily infirmities when he undertook this onerous and hazardous enterprise, yet the courage and perseverance he displayed all through were heroic in the highest degree. There is something profoundly pathetic in the time and manner of his death, when, after many grievous disappointments and delays, he seemed to be on the eve of witnessing at least a partial realization of his great life-dream. Pius II. belonged to a family distinguished for many centuries in Catholic annals. His name in the world was Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. His pontificate lasted from August, 1458, to August, 1464. He was the only pope who personally led a crusade.

The successor of Pius II. was Cardinal Pietro Barbo, a Venetian prelate, whose mother was a sister of Pope Eugenius IV., and who had himself enjoyed that pontiff's supervision in his student days. He was a man of the most generous and lovable disposition, and was the idol of the populace because of his unbounded charity and the personal attention which he bestowed on their physical ailments, he being skilful in medical pursuits. He was hardly installed in the papacy when he was called upon to take decisive measures against the leaders of the Pagan Renaissance, who had hatched a conspiracy for his destruction and a general revolt against Christianity. In this crisis he acted with great foresight and firmness, and did not allow his indignation against the spurious learning to prejudice him against the claims of genuine scholarship. After his death a number of foul statements were circulated concerning him by Humanist libellers, chiefly Platina; but no historian has ever attached the slightest credence to these attacks, so plain was their malicious intent.

The character of Sixtus IV. has been assailed by the English historian Roscoe, but the authority on which he bases his worst charges is now rejected by every decent historian. Schmarsow, De' Conti, and Tiraboschi bear testimony to this Pope's kindliness, generosity, and care for his subjects. But he was, unfortunately, too much dominated in his policy by two of his kinsmen, Pietro and Girolamo Riario. These two men, despite the fact that they were ecclesiastics, were mixed up with most of the political and financial intrigues of Italy at the time of their uncle's pontificate, and he often weakly allowed himself to play into their hands. This is the utmost that can be alleged to his disadvantage. In summing up his review of his pontifical career Schmarsow says:

"When we remember that this man was a poor friar, suddenly transformed into the mightiest pontiff of his age, we are struck with astonishment at finding nowhere in him the least trace of the straitened surroundings of his youth and early training. Instead of the narrowness and pettiness we should expect, we find him entering into the spirit of the past, and making the magnificent taste of the day his own to a degree that no other pope had done. We see him vying with the most renowned Italian princes in raising his capital from the dust and degradation of centuries of ruin to be a seat of splendor, a worthy and beautiful abode; endeavoring not merely to place her on an equality with the greatest cities of Italy, but to make her once more the intellectual, literary, and artistic centre of the world. Noting all this, we are filled with respect for a man so capable and so powerful, in spite of some violence in his temper and inequalities in his character. Notwithstanding all his faults, there is something imposing in the first of the Rovere popes; we are constrained to admire him, and without hesitation place him on a level with his predecessor, Nicholas V., and his nephew and successor, Julius II."

We are indebted to the courtesy of the officials of the Charity Organization Society of New York for copies of the sixth edition of their valuable *Directory to the Charitable and Benevolent Societies, Institutions, and Churches* of the city. Looking cursorily at the contents of this guide-book, we should say that the functions of the society are no mere sinecure. The compilation of the book alone, as we learn from the preface, was a task involving many months of weary labor. Eleven different classes of charities are categorized in its table of contents; showing a total of sixteen hundred and ninety-five institutions. This is an enormous amount for one city. It is a fact which speaks trumpet-tongued for the benevolent spirit and lavishness in giving which, without much boasting or ostentation, characterize the wealthy section of New York society.

We cannot speak too highly of the literary excellence of the directory. In this respect there is nothing to be desired. Without the waste of a single line of type, every institution catalogued is described succinctly and with sufficient amplitude for all practical purposes—its accommodations, objects, management, rules, and resources. There is, besides, a list of the other leading charity organizations in the United States and foreign countries, and an exhaustive index of the whole contents. Such are, in brief, the features which render this volume a model directory of its kind.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has developed a considerable degree of energy lately in the field of startling invention. It must be owned that he presents his Munchausen sort of narratives in a much more acceptable form than Mr. Ryder Haggard's meridional visions. The latest effort of Mr. Stockton's is a tale of land and sea in which one Captain Horn * meets some things remarkable enough to be told to "her Majesty's marines." The discovery of the gold hidden by the Incas, brought about in a very surprising way, is one of the leading episodes, and the complications which arise to Captain Horn and others from this piece of strange luck form good exercise for Mr. Stockton's inventive talents. The style of the work is good, and so the effect of improbability in the incidents is sensibly relieved. In literature of this kind our old friend, the immortal Defoe, has left us a model which has never been excelled, and in following this, and not the extravagance of the oriental tale-tellers, Mr. Stockton has done wisely. The last chapter is the only objectionable one in the book. It attempts to describe a Scotch scene and some Scotch characters; and the attempt is as that of one who knew but very little indeed of either.

How large a share the old classic myths of Greece still hold in literature, and how deeply they have affected modern poetry,

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* *The Adventures of Captain Horn.* By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

are not often borne in mind. It is well to be sometimes reminded of our heavy indebtedness to the ancients in this regard. A new book on literary study * by Margaret S. Mooney is serviceable in this respect. The compiler is the teacher of literature and rhetoric at the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y. Her object in publishing the work is to fulfil one of the functions of education in our day—namely, to systematize, to give the most definite idea of an object of study with the minimum expenditure of trouble in the search.

The chief myths of Hellenic origin, or older still, the Indo-Egyptian, are dealt with in this elegant volume, and it will be found helpful to the student to have the best poetical renderings of these by ancient and modern poets grouped together. In this manner the student can achieve a two-fold object—familiarity with the body of the legend and a comparison of the different sets of thought to which it had given rise in the minds of successive lyrists. The selections are made with judgment, and in many cases copies of famous sculptures embodying the ideas presented help out the student's imagination or afford a relief from the process of literary study. The book is beautifully produced, as to letter-press and illustrations, by the publishers.

The false romance of the Indian tribes and territories has been written for us by Cooper and a few imitators; the real romance has yet to be penned. It was enacted long ago by the brave missionary priests who went out, their only weapon the crucifix and their only armor prayer, into the pathless forest and the bleak wilderness to reclaim the children of the setting sun from the paths of animal ferocity. Father Thomas Donohue, D.D., of Buffalo, has given us a new work on the labors of the missionaries amongst the Iroquois † which enables us to form some idea of the character of the sacrifices and sufferings of the early missionaries. He has based his work chiefly on the "Relations" of the Jesuits, and has filled in these interesting accounts with the help of much topographical and documentary evidence procured from various civil and military authorities in the United States and Canada. One of the points most strongly brought out in this useful work is the

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[*] *Foundation Studies in Literature.* By Margaret S. Mooney, Teacher of Literature and Rhetoric, State Normal College, Albany, N. Y. New York, Boston, Chicago: Silver, Burdett & Co.

[†] *The Iroquois and the Jesuits.* By Rev. Thomas Donohue, D.D. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Catholic Publication Co.

frightful obstacle to the civilizing of the Indian tribes which the introduction of strong drink by the Dutch, French, and English always proved. The simple Indians were not subtle enough to understand such a paradox as the advent of the rum-barrel as an adjunct to white civilization, and whenever they succumbed to the temptations of the "fire-water" it had the effect of driving them further and further away from the influence of the priests of a purer civilization.

The ground covered by Father Donohue's book is very extensive. He deals with the labors of many of the more eminent French missionaries, and gives us careful narratives of the conversion of chiefs like Garacontie and other great Iroquois. It is a narrative which cannot be read without emotion. No record of suffering and persecution of any period can surpass it in all the elements of tragic horror and sublime heroism. To the Catholic especially it is a work of the most profound interest. Mournful as its tale too often is, it cannot but fill the mind with that justifiable pride we feel in the heroic deeds of men whom we may claim in a sense as our kith and kin, inasmuch as they are of our own household of faith.

The valedictory triumph of Holy Cross College this year was the presentation of a Greek play. The story of Eutropius and the career of St. John Chrysostom formed the foundation of the work. Starting out, in orthodox Greek fashion, with a prologue, the play is made up of six divisions and four choruses. The libretto or text is entirely the work of the pupils of the college. An analysis and history of the work, together with the text of the English rendering of much of the chorus metre, are given as the college souvenir for this year. Combined with these there are many specimens of the poetical strivings of the alumni, some of which are very creditable, some foolish. These, with a number of photographs of the more striking *tableaux* of the play and portraits of professors and performers, make up a very handsome souvenir volume. Its style and typography are creditable to the printers, Harrigan & King, Worcester, Mass.

The title *Meditations in Motley** would suggest some sparkling setting for pungent truths, but the reader who wades through Walter Blackburne Harte's small volume bearing the name will look in vain for the sparkle in some of the chapters.

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* *Meditations in Motley.* By Walter Blackburne Harte. Boston: The Arena Publishing Co.

It is dull reading very often, of a kind that has been wofully thrashed out, and its generalizations are by no means applicable to any large number of cases, which is the only excuse for generalizations; while its fidelity to Lindley Murray is not at times without suspicion.

No doubt many heads of teaching institutions have often felt the necessity for some definite authority on the important subject of religious vocations, more accessible than the ponderous works of the Fathers of the church. This need has now been supplied, we are pleased to see, by a priest of the Congregation of the Mission. The work takes the form of a catechism,* and is intended chiefly for the use of parochial schools. A glance through the book convinces us that it is well adapted for its purpose. It is not a mere dogmatic statement of a number of propositions, but categorical examinations of such propositions as are deemed necessary for the argument on vocations, and a testing of their logical soundness by the light of Christ's teaching and the interpretation of fathers and councils of the church. Besides these there are many striking illustrations and many practical directions on the methods of ascertaining vocations to the religious life which, without some such help, must, in the vast majority of cases, be entirely overlooked. The little work is one, in fine, that deserves a place in every parochial school, as well as in all other training institutions.

A new work on the Stations of the Cross,† by Father P. E. Fitzsimons, has just been published. It will commend itself to many by reason of its beautifully appropriate prayers and reflections, its large clear type, and the fine engravings which give expression to each of its most tragic stages. These engravings are all taken from the works of the greatest masters, old and new.

Some valuable suggestions on a course of study suited to Catholic schools ‡ are contained in a little book just issued anonymously. The author, it is, however, stated is a school teacher of experience, and the spirit of piety and conscientiousness is visible in the treatment of the subject. The object sought to be attained by the publication of the work is the unification, as far as possible, of the educational methods in the various parochial schools.

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* *Questions on Vocations.* By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission (founded by St. Vincent de Paul). With an appendix on How Parishes may Establish Scholarships. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

† *From the Pretorium to Golgotha.* By Rev. Patrick E. Fitzsimons. New York: S. J. Kerr.

‡ *A Course of Study for Roman Catholic Parochial Schools.* Compiled and arranged by an experienced School Teacher. New York: The Rosary Publication Company.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN ALGEBRA.*

This is, as the name would indicate, really quite a practical and serviceable book, and is the outcome of considerable experience. The authors are teachers in the High School of Albany, the first as professor, the second as instructor. Everything is clearly put, and the directions as to explanation preceding the chapters are well prepared and concise. If any student could fail to master the subject as far as it is carried in this work, which is of course elementary, it would simply be for want of application.

One fault may be found, but it is one almost universal in works of this description. It is that no beginner can possibly understand, from the way in which algebra is presented in the books, what possible use there is for the science. It seems to consist in solving various out-of-the-way problems which no one ever wants or needs to solve. It is a pity that more effort is not made to show that the proper and actual use of algebra is the stating in general formulas of the quantitative relations between quantities which depend on each other, and hence that it is the basis of all investigation of the physical laws of nature. The common notion that it is intended simply to find the value of one or more "unknown" quantities in some particular problem not tractable in ordinary arithmetic ought to be suppressed as near the start as possible.

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NEW BOOKS.

COPELAND & DAY, Boston:
Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore.
Agnosticism and Religion. Dissertation for the Doctorate in Theology at the Catholic University of America. By Rev. George J. Lucas.

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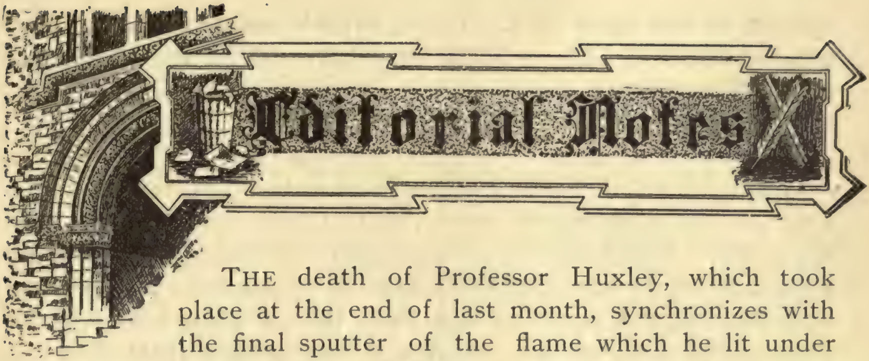
* *Practical Lessons in Algebra.* By Josiah H. Gilbert, Ph.D., and Ellen Sullivan. Albany: Weed-Parsons Printing Co.



Editorial Notes

THE death of Professor Huxley, which took place at the end of last month, synchronizes with the final sputter of the flame which he lit under the name of agnosticism. Following closely upon the passing away of Tyndall and Romanes, it suggests reflection upon the remarkably flimsy and evanescent character of the movement—for it cannot be called a philosophical system—which these scientists sought to found upon the basis of material science and the discoveries of Darwin. It was the most short-lived of all modern cults, because it was simply a destructive system, and, unlike the speculations of Kant or the positivists, offered nothing formative in return. It died from its very dreariness; but before the death of its chief authors one of their most distinguished disciples, Romanes, seceded from its banner and confessed its hopelessness and vacuity. Only one distinguished partisan of the agnostic creed remains to carry on the fight, and he is sorely pressed—Mr. Herbert Spencer. So much for our boasting about the superiority of modern methods. Philosophical systems, in the old world, rose and fell, but their stay was long and their retirement stubborn. In our time no cautious insurance company would issue a heavy policy on the healthiest of them.

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President Faure, the new figure-head in France, has just done a very graceful act. Recently, in a visit to the south, he inspected the civil hospital at Périgord, and found the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul attending some soldiers who had contracted fever in the African campaign. He took his own cross of the Legion of Honor and fastened it to the habit of an aged nun, Sister Josephine, who had worn the serge for sixty-two years, after having warmly congratulated the sisters on their devotion to the sick and the wounded on the field. Then he insisted on bringing her out to the front of the hospital to let the public see her decorated. The President is seemingly not afraid of the opinion of the Paris mob. There, in their insane hatred of anything connected with religion, they have driven the sisters out of the hospitals, to the great loss and sorrow of the poor.

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We have become rather accustomed to the condition of acuteness in the controversy over the Catholic school question in Manitoba. Recently this crisis again developed an alarming stage, and there was much wild talk about appeals to force and secession of the province and so forth. A ministerial crisis in Ottawa was one of the symptoms, but after a little this was composed too, and the government have got breathing-time again wherein to strive for an arrangement. The facts of the case serve to illustrate one oft-repeated fallacy, to the effect that loyalty to the British crown is the great distinguishing trait of the Orange order. Here in Manitoba the whole trouble arises from want of loyalty to an honorable engagement on the part of the Orange majority in Manitoba, and want of loyalty to the crown, as represented by the English Privy Council, in disobeying the order to restore to the Catholics of the province the schools which were theirs, and guaranteed them by the Dominion when the province joined the Canadian Confederation. To take advantage of the accidental growth of their party in the province into a majority, in order to break a solemn engagement, is a striking object-lesson in Orange notions of honor; while to disobey the mandate of the Privy Council that justice must be done is an equally conspicuous illustration of the Orange idea of "loyalty."

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WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

IS AGNOSTICISM ON THE DECLINE?

(*Professor John Watson in the Philosophical Review* (*Boston*) *for July.*)

"THERE are, I think, clear indications that the reign of Agnosticism is almost over. That phase of thought, which is based upon the fundamental contradiction that we know the Absolute to be unknowable, has drawn its main support from a rejection of the preconceptions of traditional theology and an affirmation of the validity of the scientific view of the world as under the dominion of inviolable law. Agnosticism, however, has itself been the victim of a preconception, the preconception that the scientific view of the world is ultimate, or at least that it is the ultimate view of which man, or man at the present stage of his knowledge, alone is capable. It is therefore a hopeful sign that there has recently been so much speculation upon the nature of that Absolute which agnosticism declares to be unknowable."

President Schurman, of Cornell University, says: "Agnosticism is only a transition and temporary phase of thought. The human mind can no more surrender its belief in God, than its belief in a world or in a self. Contemporary agnosticism, strange as it may sound, is in part due to the great advance which knowledge has made during the last half century: it is blindness from excess of light. . . . But the agnostic fever seems already to be burning out. And as reason cannot escape from its three fundamental ideas—nature, self, God—and the development of reason consists in enriching the content of each and adjusting them harmoniously to one another, it cannot be doubled—and the history of human thought confirms the expectation—that reason's next step will be to modify or reinterpret the idea of God so as to inform and harmonize it with the revelation which science has deciphered in the operations of nature and the life of humanity. Nay, has not reason already to some extent accomplished her task? The conception of God as spiritual and not mechanical; as immanent not external; as working by law not by caprice, and with steady infinite patience not by catastrophic outbursts; as adumbrated in nature and revealed in the moral and spiritual qualities of man, who is the goal of evolution and the epitome and abridgment of existence: is not this conception, in combination with the idea of the divine Fatherhood (which is the essence of Christianity), taking possession of the best spirits of the modern world and dislodging the Agnosticism by which it was preceded and by which, in a sense, it was originated? Even the greatest of living agnostics—Mr. Herbert Spencer—while still strenuously denying that we know anything about God, yet advances so far as to posit the existence of God as indispensable first principle both of knowing and of being. . . ."

SOCIETY'S PROTECTION AGAINST THE DEGENERATES.

(*Dr. Max Nordau in the Forum.*)

HE who surveys the harm accomplished by morbid art and literature will surely encourage any counteracting influence on these productions. The question is only this: How shall it be accomplished? Two observations will apply here. Experience has heretofore pronounced cure of the degenerates, more particularly in the worst forms, impossible. I doubt not that the present epidemic of degeneracy and hysteria will end at a given time, humanity either forming some adaptation to the new conditions of existence or subordinating these conditions to the power of its organic control. I have faith in the power of human-kind to self-cure, since I am convinced that its vitality is not yet exhausted. But it must not be prematurely concluded, therefore, that nothing remains to be accomplished; or that the matter may be left to itself. The degenerates, as well as their imitators, open admirers, and such as profess the ideas of this class, are, I fear, quite inaccessible to healing influences.

But to influence uncontaminated youth with any prospect of result heavy treatises must not be employed. A book costs much money and more time. In the best possible case it will be read only by the *élite*, and its influence, I fear, will not penetrate far. Here the newspapers and magazines have an extremely important duty to fulfil. They have much to make good, for they have greatly sinned. The newspapers, professing progression, have given immense notoriety to morbid production. Public opinion has been given to understand that degeneracy in art and literature is synonymous with the greatest advance. Their duty is to spread healthier views. They should cease occupying themselves more with one fool than with ten sensible artists, and they should not stamp all madness with the seal of success.

On the day when newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature, the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested. The masses will not then be penetrated by their peculiar characteristics. Naturally I presuppose that the newspapers and magazines have not fallen into the hands of degenerates and their following. Generally speaking I believe the supposition to be correct. Newspapers do not believe in the Mystics, Symbolists, and the like, to whom so much space is devoted. Rather they give them so much space for the entertainment they afford. Let us hope for a cessation when once the deeply disorganizing influence produced by this entertainment on the public mind and taste has been comprehended. To leave degenerates and the hysterical to themselves, to tell the masses nothing of their insanity, or else strip them of their prestige of progress, genius, and acute modernity, appears to me the most promising method by which society is to defend itself against degenerative suggestions.

A JESUIT CHIEF ON POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.

(*From the Literary Digest.*)

THE Anti-Semitic movement is nowhere stronger than in Austria-Hungary; the people there believe that their poverty is due to exploitation on the part of the Jews, independently of business crises. In Vienna the late supplementary municipal elections resulted in a rise of the Anti-Semitic party from 46 to 62 members, reducing the Liberal majority to 12. It is expected that the Anti-Semites will have a majority at the next election. The success of the Anti-Semites is said to be chiefly due to the attitude of teachers and the official class, who claim that they suffer especially from usury exacted by Jews. They are assisted by the clergy throughout the country. The fact is, therefore, all the more remarkable that a high church dignitary has objected to the methods employed by many of the clergy. Father Francis Xavier Widmann, chief of the Austrian Jesuits, declares in the *Tageblatt*, Vienna, that he has already removed a Jesuit father from his post as preacher because the public should know that the Jesuit chiefs do not approve of politics in church. Father Widmann says:

"I am thoroughly convinced that politics should have no place in the pulpit. The rights of the church are certainly sacred to us, and we mean to defend them at all times, but I will always veto attempts to preach politics from the pulpit, because the priest should stand above all party movements. I also do not like to see Christians judge others on account of their race; to oppose any one because he is an Israelite or a heathen is altogether unchristian. A true Christian will respect the religious convictions of others; the question is only: Who has the true faith? Man is liable to commit errors. We see, for instance, philosophers oscillate between Pantheism, Atheism, Materialism. What we want is the golden middle—truth and God. It is the duty of the priest and the Christian to assist earnest searchers after truth in their endeavors, but it is entirely against Christian principles to hurt the feelings of those who believe differently from us. Israelites and Christians believe in God, and can very well live side by side in peace."

THE GROWTH OF CATHOLIC READING CIRCLES.*

BY REV. THOMAS McMILLAN.

IT is now somewhat over thirty years since Father Hecker, assisted by intelligent workers among the laity, established a Free Circulating Library for the scholars of St. Paul's Sunday-school in New York City. No expense was spared to get the best books. The object kept in view was to provide for the intellectual needs not only of the little children attending school, but also to encourage the love for good reading among the young folks. Library cards, finished on one side with white silicate, were arranged containing fifteen books, of which ten were selected from writers of fiction and five from biography, history, or entertaining books of adventure and travel. At least one book devoted to the life of a saint, or some explanation of religious truth, was assigned to each set. These cards, with the titles of fifteen books and the names of their authors, were distributed on Sunday during the recitation of the Catechism lesson. Under the guidance of the teachers, scholars made a choice of the books. By the aid of a number for each book the librarians easily kept the account of the circulation. For the return of books every two weeks the class was held accountable as well as the individual. This rule directed attention in a public manner to the delinquents, who were promptly admonished by their own classmates.

Not to mention other obvious advantages, it may be claimed that this method of supplying books gave the teachers an excellent opportunity to elicit conversation about favorite authors, and to make the library a potent influence in the mental growth and character-building of their scholars. Each class became in reality a miniature Reading Circle, with the teachers in charge, assisted by the librarians, and under the personal supervision of the Rev. Director. From the graduates of St. Paul's Sunday-school trained in this way during their early days came the first members of a Catholic Reading Circle for women, in the year 1886. It was named in honor of Frederic Ozanam, the gifted friend of Lacordaire, the leader of young men in work for the poor, who won conquests for the faith in the field of literature within the nineteenth century. The object proposed for the Ozanam Reading Circle was the improvement of its members in literary taste by meeting together once a week in an informal and friendly way to talk about books—giving prominence always to Catholic authors—to take part in reading aloud some of the best specimens of magazine literature, and to aid one another by the discussion of current topics. At that time, less than ten years ago, no society could be found in existence intended to provide for Catholic young women equal intellectual advantages, such as were secured for young men by parish lyceums and literary unions. When the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, held January, 1892, in New

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* Under the auspices of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, at Madison, Wis., a conference of Reading Circles was held July 19. An urgent invitation, dated June 24, was sent to the Rev. Thomas McMillan, requesting him to prepare a paper to be read, if he could not be present. The invitation, written by the Secretary, Edward McLoughlin, M.D., stated these topics for consideration—the origin, growth, and achievements of Catholic Reading Circles, and concluded with these words:

"We are in need of light on this very important question, and from your position in regard to Reading Circles we are assured we approach the right person in asking you for information. We also feel confident that you will gladly come to our much-needed assistance by favorably responding to the invitation."

York City, under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, brought together the pioneer workers for the Reading-Circle movement, it was admitted that the Ozanam Reading Circle ranked first in date of formation.

Rumors have been heard that some objection was made to the Reading-Circle movement because of its recent origin. As in the case of the young man who promised to try to get older every day, this objection will shortly be removed by time. The underlying principle of co-operation in all departments of human activity may be traced a long way back in history. No one can doubt that a union of intellectual forces extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa, could develop a bulwark of strength for Catholic literature in the United States. Any one desiring the sanction of hoary antiquity for the modern Reading Circle can find it at the University of Paris in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, when students made notes of his profound lectures and afterwards read them aloud to their friends at the family gathering.

A description of a meeting may give some idea of the work done in the Ozanam Reading Circle. The exercises begin with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. These minutes are not presented in tabular form, but are rather a description of the part each member had in the proceedings. This is followed by quotations containing good, wholesome thoughts that impress the members in the course of their readings; an entire evening has often been devoted to one Catholic author. The readings are selected from the literary standpoint; standard periodicals are frequently consulted. For instance, every month at least one selection from THE CATHOLIC WORLD is rendered. The members subscribe to this magazine and circulate it weekly, so that each member in turn is supplied with a copy. Original writings have taken the form of letters to the Circle, essays, and reviews of popular books, or impressions of particular works. Sometimes the whole time of the meeting has been devoted to one special subject or one celebrated character. All efforts have tended in some way to acquaint the members with Catholic history and Catholic literature. No attempt is made to educate professional readers, but to cultivate expression chiefly as a means of bringing out the spirit and thought of the author.

In the department "With Readers and Correspondents" of THE CATHOLIC WORLD Magazine for December, 1888, appeared an unsigned communication stating briefly the outlines of a society for young women having a mature desire for an advanced course of Catholic reading after graduation. It was suggested that the social element might be eliminated, as the work proposed could be accomplished by interchange of ideas at meetings and by correspondence among kindred minds in different places. This communication was written in Milwaukee, Wis., by Miss Julie E. Perkins. Further particulars regarding her valuable personal service in awakening latent forces for the practical realization of her plan may be found in the "Tribute of Praise" published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD August, 1894, shortly after her lamented death. She had very strong convictions that the Catholic people of high position in social life were in many cases allowing the intellectual opportunities of the present age to be monopolized by shallow, self-constituted leaders. Her efforts to make known the enduring claims of Catholic authors deserve perpetual remembrance.

The request for a discussion of the plans submitted by Miss Perkins was answered by numerous letters from readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, showing that in the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and throughout the immense area of the English-speaking world there was need of a wider diffusion of the best Catholic literature. From reliable sources of information it was estimated that thousands of dollars were annually spent by Catholics, especially in the rural districts, for ponderous subscription books. Unscrupulous agents grossly misrepresented the value of such publications, while enemies of the church were enabled to point the finger of derision at the vulgar display of shocking bad taste in printing, binding, and caricature photographs of distinguished ecclesiastics. Proofs were abundant that avaricious publishers had engaged in the nefarious work of deceiving simple people, seeking to establish the impression that the sale of these books in some way procured revenue for the church. A vast field of activity for intelligent Catholics having wealth, leisure, and zeal was thus brought into public view. The intellectual defense of the truth under existing conditions required an organized movement to secure the best books of Catholic leaders in literature, and banish from Catholic homes the clumsy volume kept on a marble-top table.

In order to establish a central bureau for the guidance of the Catholic reading public, to foster the growth of Reading Circles, and to secure a permanent combination of forces for the diffusion of good literature, THE CATHOLIC WORLD Magazine, June, 1889, announced the formation of the Columbian Reading Union, which was located at the house of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. An appeal was made for the voluntary co-operation of those having a knowledge of books, so that guide-lists might be prepared at small cost for those seeking the information thus rendered available. Catholic writers were especially invited to take part in the new movement; assistance was also expected from librarians and others qualified to make selections from the best books published. Many individuals, as well as those identified with Catholic Reading Circles, gladly donated small amounts of money, besides giving their time and energy to make known the ways and means of extending the influence of Catholic literature, and to secure a place of deserved recognition for Catholic authors in public libraries. Some of the far-reaching results of the movement were indicated by a distinguished layman in these words:

" I see the Reading Circles creating readers and writers and encouraging and aiding our publishers. As it is, the American Catholic literary man has no field—other than Potter's Field. The writer cannot work, let alone live, without a public. At present the Catholic writer is forced to become a colorless, lifeless *littérateur*, or else to follow false gods, become un-Catholic, wallow in the muck of realistic popularity. The evil is greater than we think—a positive evil, and one worth expense and sacrifice and zealous work to remedy. Every thinking Catholic will hail your movement as the first one to give the Catholic writer hope of having a little home in a promised land where he may securely tend the vine and olive and uproot the noxious weed.

" Not only will the Reading Circles and the guide-lists help Catholics, but they will serve our American society at large. The Public Library will learn to know us better than it does. We shall be recognized not simply as readers, but also as the owners and makers of a good, honest, healthy literature—a literature characterized by a just sense of art and by a high claim, clean as well as modern, and covering every branch of literary composition.

" The idea of the guide-lists promises to benefit publishers as well as readers. Here it is, especially, that every one can see the care with which your admirable plan has been thought out. Why should not the publisher be helped as well as the reader? As it is, putting aside the ascetic work, the publisher lacks any safe means of gauging his public. We have no way of telephoning him what we are ready for. The guide-list will serve as a publisher's thermometer as well as a reader's barometer. The readers will know when to come in out of the rain, and our publishers will be able to tell the exact temperature on an abnormally cold day and the point above zero at which we really begin to warm up. We shall have better books with the guide-lists—better in the quality of intellectual material, better in the way of book-making, however good that may be now, and cheaper.

"And our schools, convents, colleges—will not the guide-lists serve them also? In the school the groundwork of a sound appreciation of the value of good reading should be laid. To instil the sense of reading as a duty, and to make it a pleasurable habit, is one of the most important requirements of the most primary education. The guide-list should be, and doubtless will be, a valued school-teacher's guide.

"There are ten millions of us, they say. Were there only a single million we should show more real intellectual life than we do. Is there any one who will dare say that we have not the material of a reading public? With our colleges scattered all over the land, it would be a shame if we had not the material for writers competent and justly ambitious to contend with the vicious talents that so powerfully master the thought of our day.

"Surely you may count on the success of your good undertaking. You deserve encouragement from all classes of men and women. And you will have encouragement, if for no other reason, because you have chosen the right moment to plant a grain of mustard-seed. If properly organized and carefully conducted, the Reading Circles must have a wide influence for good, not on young ladies only, but also on men, young and old, many of whom know very little of the writers of their own religion, or the place of excellence these writers have attained. Instead of gratifying or nourishing ourselves at our own well-filled tables, we contentedly feed on the husks of the prodigal and call our sad meal a feast."

No one watched the beginnings of the Reading-Circle movement among Catholics with greater interest than the highly gifted Brother Azarias. From his own experience he knew the discouraging indifference shown by wealthy Catholics towards writers who gained little or no recompense in acknowledgment of their splendid services to literature. He fully realized the dangers of allowing young people to grow up amid luxurious surroundings having no knowledge of the great Christian masterpieces written in defence of the church to which they belong rather by inheritance than by conviction. Fortunately Brother Azarias was induced to prepare a volume on "Books and Reading," which should be known in every Catholic Reading Circle. It was published by the Cathedral Library, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City, and has reached a fourth edition. Such a book by an author universally praised by the foremost critics of Europe and America should have had a circulation of at least one hundred thousand. This significant fact is an indication that only a small portion of the Catholic reading public has felt the impulse of the new movement for the diffusion of the best Catholic literature.

Compared with the condition of things that formerly existed, the progress of the past ten years is exceedingly gratifying, though much remains yet to be accomplished. The continued existence of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio, is undoubtedly the best evidence that has been given of the energy developed within the Reading-Circle movement. With a noble ambition rarely found among young men, Mr. Warren E. Mosher made heroic sacrifices in starting and sustaining it to the present time. Every one who knows the difficulties he has had to encounter must wish him success beyond his most sanguine expectations.

In many places that cannot be mentioned by name without making this paper too lengthy, Catholic Reading Circles have been most fortunate in getting conspicuous leaders, and in having a number of distinguished authors and speakers at their meetings. To estimate rightly the extent of the influence which has been set in motion, it would be necessary to include a large number of vigorous thinkers and ardent students who live at a distance from the large cities, and are unable to form a Reading Circle. A very large share of the success which has attended the Summer-School at Lake Champlain may be claimed for the members of Catholic Reading Circles. From the circles of the West, it may be confidently predicted, the Columbian Catholic Summer-School at Madison will derive enthusiastic workers, eager for self-improvement and the intellectual advancement of their fellow-Catholics.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ON December 5, 1891, fourteen former pupils of Mount St. Vincent met to form the Reading Circle "Pupils of the Holy See," the object of which was to be a study of the history of the Church, and of Catholic literature in general. At the meetings church history questions are asked and answered, and the new section announced. Besides church history questions, there are distributed general and period questions—the latter embracing the period under consideration. The members answer these at the next meeting. Then the *résumé* of the book of the month, a sketch of its author's life, or both, are read; and some musical selection follows. A novelty is the writing and reading by each member, in turn, of the current events of the previous month, gleaned from a judicious perusal of the daily papers. From this arise discussions on various subjects which occasionally arouse the members to a high degree of enthusiasm.

The first approbation came from his Grace the most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan, who granted the members "forty days indulgence for every half-hour of good reading." Encouragement came from other sources also, not insignificant. During the first year the members met at the house of the President, Mrs. Henry E. Haggerty, but since then, through the courtesy of Very Rev. J. F. Mooney, V.G., they have commodious quarters in the home of the Women's Catholic Union, which is under his direction. The fourteen members soon increased, and a branch was formed in Newburgh, N. Y. Other branches followed, and associate Circles, under the same title, Pupils of the Holy See, now may be found in Savannah, Ga.; Lancaster, Pa.; Middletown and Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The present number of members is more than one hundred and fifty.

As the numbers increased so also did the desire for active literary work. During the second season discourses were given by Vicar-General Mooney, Revs. Thomas McMillan, John Talbot Smith, LL.D., and Joseph H. McMahon. The president, then in office, is a writer of no small note—Miss Agnes Sadlier; and the vice-president, a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD and *Reading Circle Review*—Miss Marion J. Brunowe. Under this guidance the Circle took up the works of such English women writers as Jane Austen and Lady Fullerton. Ill-health caused the resignation of these two literary lights, much to the regret of all the members.

Next came a period in which were studied some Catholic authors of France:

Lacordaire, Montalembert, Lamartine, and Ozanam. This was during the term in which were elected Miss J. I. O'Hara, President, and Miss Caroline Jones (now the Vicomtesse Bénoist d'Azy), Vice-President.

During the past winter the members have been intent upon the Oxford Movement. At this point, during the month of March, the Pupils of the Holy See invited their friends to a lecture on Cardinal Newman, a rare literary treat, delivered by Henry Austin Adams, M.A., a recent convert to the Catholic faith. It was the crowning point of success for the members of the Circle and their friends. There were present about twenty priests, among whom were the Very Rev. J. F. Mooney (who introduced Mr. Adams); Rev. Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn; Rev. J. Talbot Smith; Revs. J. F. X. O'Conor and Fink, S.J.; Revs. Thomas Taaffe, J. L. Belford, H. Farrell, of Brooklyn, and J. J. McNamee, of Mount St. Vincent. Besides these the guests numbered one hundred and fifty.

As the history of all circles, so also the history of this—it has had many obstacles to overcome and some discouragement. But, like the great man who was chosen for the subject of the recent lecture, it has risen above all these. During the coming fall and winter Mr. Adams will deliver to the Circle his course of literary lectures, and the members have the prospect of his guidance, as he has graciously consented to become the Director of the Pupils of the Holy See.

The officers at present are: Juanita I. O'Hara, President; Mary T. Hughes, Vice-President; Cecil Cremin, Secretary; and Genevieve M. Schmitz, Treasurer. The latest approbation is a source of pride to all the members, coming as it did from the great Leo XIII., whose disciples they truly are. His Holiness sent, on the twenty-sixth of December last, his "Fatherly blessing" to every Pupil of the Holy See.

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At the Champlain Summer-School Conde B. Pallen, Ph.D., of St. Louis, gave a course of five lectures on the Philosophy of Literature, which contained many points of interest to our readers.

The subject of his first lecture was Catholic Literature. In discussing a subject so vast the lecturer said he should be permitted to indicate rather than develop its possibilities. In speaking of Catholic literature he wished to be understood in a two-fold sense. In the higher sense he meant Catholic literature pure and simple, as it has been the pleasure and the fruit springing directly and immediately from soil ploughed, planted, and nurtured by the divine life of the Church herself. In the lower and secondary sense he meant the literature of all mankind, in so far as it is the expression of truth.

"Literature is the written expression of man's various relations to the universe and its Creator. In all great questions, be they political, social, religious, or scientific, a great question of theology is involved. 'Theology,' says Donoso Cortes, 'inasmuch as it is the science of God, is the ocean which contains and embraces all sciences, as God is the ocean which contains and embraces all things.' In this do we discover the reason of the Catholicity of truth and the reason why the utterance of all things is Catholic."

Dr. Pallen indicated the essential truths thus contained, although overlaid with many errors in the sacred books of the pagans. Thus, throughout the whole pagan world, we find the recognition of something beyond humanity. It is the broken and distorted image of God mirrored in the life of pagan man.

But among the Hebrews, the chosen people, the Old Testament strikes the gamut of literary art; it is epic, its lyric qualities are unsurpassed, its didactic poetry is unequalled.

In his second lecture Dr. Pallen dealt with the science of literature. When we understand the theology of a people, he said—that is, their conception of their relation to the Divine Being—we are on the way to a proper appreciation of their literary art, and not until we have arrived at an appreciative understanding of the vital relation between religion and art has the philosophy of literature any meaning for us. Where there is no science, using the word science in its full and legitimate sense, there will be no art, no literature.

The amplification of the meaning of art was the subject of the third of his scholarly lectures. Art, he said, is the sensible expression of the beautiful, and Beauty, according to Plato, is the splendor of Truth. He gave an excellent definition of the true critic, who should be, he said "the Conscience of Art." It is a popular error to suppose that the critic's office is that of fault-finding and destruction. He must build up and preserve, not tear down and destroy. When this function becomes negative or destructive, it is only in defence of truth and beauty, only to beat back those that would violate truth and beauty. The widespread waste in the art world of to-day comes largely from the critic's betrayal of his trust. Realism has invaded the kingdom of beauty and usurped the throne. Realism would describe man and nature as Godless. It fixes its eyes on failure and death and calls them reality. But neither nature nor man has been abandoned by God, and the reality is nature and man, filled with the Divine presence. Art pictures the real man, the ideal and the perfect man as he comes from his Maker's hands, and not the fallen, the degenerate, and the ugly man, such as realism would substitute in his place. The true realism is found in Jesus Christ, most perfect in his own incomparable perfection, and as the model for all men, the most ideal—the real in the ideal, and the ideal in the real.

Synthesis was the subject of the fourth lecture. The topic was lucidly treated under these subdivisions: the East; Greece; Rome; speculation, science, and the formula in relation to art; truth and the law; the supreme order; solution.

Style was the subject of the concluding one. The whole course was most instructive, and especially helpful to teachers and beginning literary workers and journalists who had the good fortune to hear it.

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The Ozanam Reading Circle held a public meeting on June 25 at Columbus Hall, New York City. Original papers were read by Miss Helen M. Sweeney and Miss Mary F. McAleer. Contralto solos were given by Miss Wilmur Fenton and Miss Katharine Hughes. The reading from "King Lear" was under the direction of Henry M. Winter. Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., in graphic language described his visit to Pope Leo XIII. The president, Miss Katharine G. Clifton, read the report here given:

In presenting the annual report of this our ninth year of existence as a Reading Circle we are conscious of two notable facts: we have doubled our membership and increased in the same proportion our average attendance. We have thus extended our sphere of usefulness and enlarged our circle of friends and well-wishers. As for the actual work done at our weekly meetings, the following items will testify: Quotations always open the meeting, being taken from various authors met with in our daily readings, except when an entire evening is devoted to one author, as sometimes is the case. We have had a Holmes, a Bryant, an Emerson, a John Boyle O'Reilly, a Brownson, an Ozanam, a Shakspere, and a Tennyson evening. For the Tennyson evening one of the members prepared the programme at the request of the editor of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review;* it was published in that magazine later.

Two evenings were delightfully and profitably spent with Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C.S.P., who gave us a talk on *Longfellow as a Domestic Poet*, and another on *Americanisms, Good and Bad.* Rev. A. M. Clark, C.S.P., read a paper on *Mabel Rich, the Mother of St. Edmund.*

One meeting was devoted to magazines, when we had selections from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Review of Reviews*, *Cosmopolitan*, and the *Reading Circle Review.*

Notwithstanding the large amount of our desultory reading we paid close attention to two eminent works, Allies' *Formation of Christendom*, read and discussed with us by our Rev. Director, Father McMillan; and Spalding's *History of the Church of God*, from which was given a ten-minute reading every meeting.

The following books were selected by the advisory committee and recommended for private reading: O'Meara's *Life of Frederick Ozanam*, *Life and Works of Sir Thomas More*, Cardinal Manning's *Pastime Papers*, Rose Latimer's *France and the Nineteenth Century*, Fénelon's *Letters*, Irving's *Life of Goldsmith*, the earlier novels of Crawford, *The Data of Modern Ethics*, by Ming, and *History of Our Times*, by Justin McCarthy.

Mention may be made of one excellent book used by the Circle almost weekly: *American Literature*, by Julian Hawthorne and Mark Lemmon. This being the first volume we have met devoted entirely to American literature, we gladly availed ourselves of its careful compilation and critical judgment.

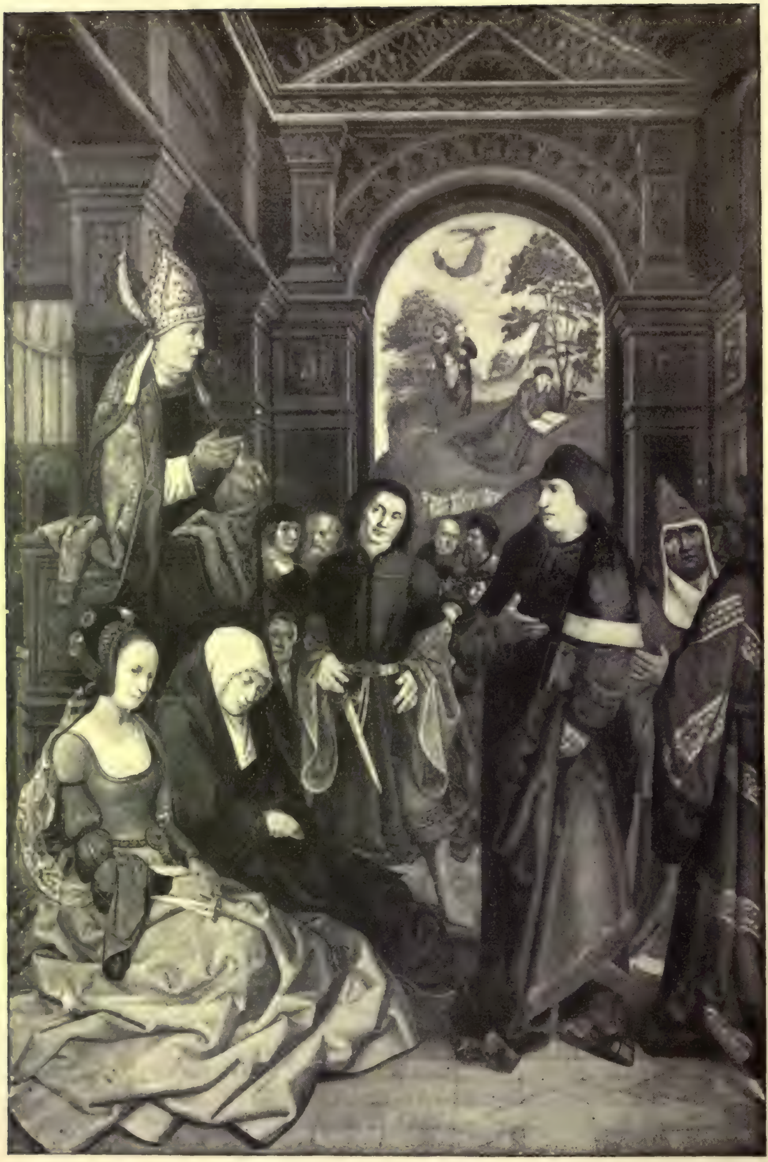
On March 18 was held an animated debate on the question Should a novel be written with a purpose? It shared the usual fate of debates and remained undecided; each member being a woman, "was of the same opinion still."

On April 29, contrary to accepted belief in woman's lack of humor, the Circle held a humorous meeting, devoting attention to other people's humor. Judging from the gales of merriment the evening was a success.

On Washington's Birthday the Ozanam Reading Circle was "At Home" to its numerous friends in its rooms in Columbus Hall.

In closing this brief report of our year's work, allow us one word in commendation of our plan of work. As may be perceived, we have no fixed plan, no cast-iron rules, no compulsory reading, no fines for non-performance of duty. We indulge in what has been largely condemned as desultory reading. Thanks to the forethought of our Rev. Director, whose plan we strive to follow, we have found it after all the best kind of reading. The Circle is not composed of young ladies who have a superfluous amount of time on their hands, but of women into whose busy lives the current of good literature would rarely flow were it not for our weekly meetings. A glance over the record of our readings reveals the best names to be found in the whole galaxy of those whose pens have helped to make the world a better place.

The habit of giving fragmentary thought in the form of quotations has not been highly recommended by more ambitious Circles, but these bright bits form a mosaic upon which we can look back with loving pride and profit to ourselves. Each member thus bringing a thought or two from some well of truth, is giving us a literary taste which is at once one of the most efficient instruments of self-education and the purest source of enjoyment the world affords; it is the "open sesame" to that enchanted land that lies in books. M. C. M.



ST. AMBROSE DISCUSSING THEOLOGY WITH ST. AUGUSTINE.

(*The original painting is in Munich, and is by Bernard van Orlay. For a long time it was put down in the catalogue as St. Norbert refuting a heretic, until a New York gentleman demonstrated to the Munich authorities from the "Tolle lege" on the scroll that it was St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.*)

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SISTER KATHARINE.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

ALL about the high walls of Oakhurst throbbed the busy life of the city; an unending procession of carts and heavily laden drays filling the air with their rumble, while on every side hurried pedestrians too engrossed to notice the rustling trees and the twittering birds on the other side of the wall. With stealthy rapidity the city had grown up to the very gate which once separated the secluded estate from the stretch of lonely country all about; but now the forbidding walls guarded the peaceful convent life from the rude bustle of the outer world.

All day the portress, Sister Katharine, sat in a low chair by the great door, her eyes and hands busy with a web of frost-like lace, setting stitch on stitch with patient care, year after year. She only knew one pattern for her lace-work, but each stitch of that had an individuality all its own through countless repetition; and when the finished piece went to adorn altar cloth or surplice in the convent chapel, the little sister would close her eyes lest pride fill her heart at sight of her handiwork.

Long years had passed since Sister Katharine first came, a gentle, sad-eyed girl, begging admittance to the sisterhood—an orphan whose only brother had just left her while he went westward to dig his fortune from the mountain's side; and as the years glided by the soft melancholy of the lonely girl slipped from her, giving place to the quaint merriment of an entirely peaceful nature.

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To her life meant the cheerful performance of a multitude of little tasks, for all of which there was an appointed hour, and each night she sought her tiny cell murmuring gratefully, "What a happy life I have!" And yet she was only the portress, whose place it was to stand meekly by that the choir nuns might proceed. Why should it mar her sweet tranquillity that Mother Margaret was a famous scholar, and Mother Agnes a wonderful musician whom visitors came many miles to hear, when her delightful duty it was to keep the long hall swept and dusted, to ring the Angelus at morning, noon, and eve, and hasten to open the hall door at the first sound of the bell?

Before her in the hallway hung a great painting of the girlhood of Mary, bequeathed to the convent a score of years ago, which pictured the holy maid girlish and sweet, sitting musing by her distaff, with spindle lying idly on her knee, while she looked wistfully through an open doorway awaiting the coming of the wondrous message which was to make her for all time blessed among women, and Sister Katharine, from long musing by the picture, had caught some of the peaceful beauty of the Virgin's face.

"How kind every one is to me!" thought Sister Katharine; "here I have been portress for almost twenty years, and being portress is *so* interesting! almost as good as being sacristan." And truth to tell it was most interesting, often so nearly exciting that mother superior, known to her sisters as Mother Anna, gently warned the little nun against distraction.

To the portress came all the visitors, the dealers in supplies, returning pupils, and the beggars whose name was legion, and who knew well that even the most flagrant impostor would not be turned away empty handed. "Where should they go, poor dears, if we refuse them?" Sister Katharine would murmur with heartfelt pity. Once the little portress was ill, so ill that she lay all day in her narrow cell watching the sunbeams make strange patterns on the white wall, and hearing the soft pattering of some other sister's home-stitched shoes hastening to answer the bell.

It was well that Sister Katharine did not know it was Mother Anna who undertook the duties of the absent one, and as she struggled with the heavy door murmured pityingly: "To think that Sister Katharine never has complained of this strain; it must have overtaxed her strength for many years"; and that night, while the little sister slept, a workman deftly inserted a powerful spring which minimized the labor. No word was said of the improvement, and Sister Katharine, returning to her duties weak and languid, often wondered if some heavenly agent helped her with the ponderous door.

Once there was held a fair in the convent, planned and carried out by the ex-pupils, who still thought lovingly of their Alma Mater, and Mother Anna, calling the sisterhood together, smilingly gave to each a silver ten-cent piece with permission to spend it as each possessor thought best. Not for thirty years had Sister Katharine held so large a sum of money in her hand, and now she stood quite still to read the inscription and admire the stately figure of Liberty graven there. "It is such a pretty piece of silver," she thought in mild surprise; "quite like a medal but for the design. Alas! it is sadly soiled and tarnished." And down she sat to rub it gently with her handkerchief. Then round and round the rows of tables, laden with beautiful and useless things, went Sister Katharine, followed by the laughing pupils, who tried to snare her into purchasing. What could she buy? So few things cost a ten-cent piece, and for these she had no use; and so she hesitated until the ringing of a bell announced the fair was ended.

Back to Mother Anna, the polished coin still resting on her palm, tripped Sister Katharine.

"Not spent?" was the exclamation.

"No, mother," answered the little sister honestly, "nothing seemed good enough to buy."

"That is not as I wished, sister," said the superior gravely. "I asked you to spend your money at the fair; instead, you treasured it; now you shall carry it in your pocket for six months."

"Thank you, mother," murmured Sister Katharine, venturing no defence; and every day, and many times a day, she looked at the bit of silver, whispering, "Would that I had not been so avaricious."

But one day, the six months almost passed, an aged woman came to the convent begging for an alms, and Sister Katharine hurried away to entreat that she might give her long-treasured dime. A great weight seemed lifted from her heart when the shining mite disappeared in the old crone's hand.

To the pupils Sister Katharine was "an angel," as they often told her, when she smilingly brought news to the class-room that some one waited for them in the parlor, and often-times, forgetful of the rule enjoining silence in the long dormitories, she would whisper, as she helped them make a hasty toilet, who the visitor might be. It did not seem to cloud her happiness that no one ever rang the bell to ask for her, but year after year she stood joyous by the open door that led to home or freedom when the school year was ended, or full of gentle sympathy when some lingering, home-sick girl came slowly back. And sometimes she would sit in her low chair, unconsciously in the attitude of the pictured Virgin, and wonder what people did and said on the other side of the door. It was so long since she had passed through the stately gate, and the pupils talked so glibly of new and wonderful things, that she felt the world was not the world she had known; and musing she would think lovingly of the brother who had left her long ago, trusting that he too had been happy. So Sister Katharine's life flowed on, a tranquil stream, sometimes in the shaded sunlight, again in the sun-flecked shadow, blown on by gentle winds, with never a boisterous blast to ruffle its calm surface; until on a sudden, out of the serene sky, came a fierce gale that startled it to swifter motion.

It was the evening of a lowering autumn day, when Vespers had been sung, and the household in slow procession walked past the hall door on their way from chapel. First came the pupils in their simple black gowns, with long white veils, walking demurely two by two. Then the community, moving noiselessly but for the musical clinking of the long rosary suspended from each girdle; and last, by right of her position, the stately figure of the mother superior, her long black robes and soft-flowing veil adding to the dignity of her mien. Not until the notice of her death hung, years after, on the chapel door, were the sisterhood aware that the daughter of a ducal house had been their guide and friend.

A strong wind swept about the house rattling the casements, or screaming in the chimneys, and Sister Katharine, as she slipped the bolt in the great door, thought with loving pity of the world's homeless ones on such a bitter night.

Still musing, she went slowly to her cell, but not to rest. A strange anxiety filled her gentle mind with vague misgivings, and every unfamiliar sound startled her into a strained listening. Often she told herself that nothing could be amiss, for had she not lived thirty happy years within these walls?

"Ah me!" thought Sister Katharine, "I am growing old and anxious; I will try to sleep"; and even as she blew the candle out a pungent odor floated into the little room. One moment she stood wondering, the next saw her running noiselessly down the long corridor, which was filled with a strange haze. From room to room she ran with but one thought—to reach the great bell in the sacristy. In two long wings stretching on either side lay the sleeping household who must be wakened. Thicker and more stifling grew the smoke, making her gasp and stagger as she ran, and now the sharp crackling of painted wood was followed by a shower of sparks that lit upon the ample folds of her long dress. All unconsciously she gathered up her robe and shook it before wrenching open the sacristy door revealing a well of fire, through which she dashed to where the long bell-rope hung against the wall.

One spring she made, being but small and slight, and a loud clamor burst on the still night air. Again and again she pulled the heavy rope, already alight with sparks, until she felt the very dead in their graves on the hill-side must have heard the brazen summons.

Then, muffling her head in the long veil, Sister Katharine fled back as she had come. Already the convent was in commotion, lights flashed from room to room, sisters with white, scared faces ran about with armfuls of books and precious papers, while the superior and some few assistants marshaled the pupils to a place of safety. All night the household clung together terror-stricken in the rooms farthest from the flames, listening to the dull pumping of the engines and the short, sharp cries of excited men; and when morning dawned one wing of the great building was in ruins. But all were safe, all save Sister Katharine, who lay with bandaged hands and close-shut lips from which low moans would come despite her efforts.

"We should be truly thankful," said Mother Anna to her household; "and yet it was a splendid wing, and I have not the money to rebuild."

So excitement was followed by a calm, and after many days Sister Katharine went about the house smiling as of old, although she knew her hands would be maimed and helpless for all her future life. If her lips trembled when she greeted the new portress, it was not because of envy in her heart. With loving kindness she was given the old duties, simplified and lightened to suit her infirmity, and while the door was opened by a stranger, the one-time portress still sat in her low chair, under the great picture, ready to act as guide to visitors down the long corridor. Here one day there came a stranger asking for Sister Katharine, who smiled gently as she bade him welcome; and because he was unused to convent rule he asked with strangely excited look:

"Will you tell me your surname, sister?"

"Excuse me, sir," she answered, blushing slightly; "I will conduct you to mother superior."

"Pardon me," he exclaimed, bowing, and followed her silently.

"Be seated, sir," said the stately superior when the stranger named himself. "I have forgotten Sister Katharine's surname, but if you wish I will send and ask her"; and at the summons Sister Katharine came.

"My name was Dallan, mother," she said simply.

"Exactly!" cried the stranger, springing to his feet. "Do you not know me, Kate?"

One glance she gave, a vague wondering on her pale face, and then cried "William!" while Mother Anna, smiling her benediction, glided noiselessly from the room.

How much there was to talk of: all the happenings of thirty years, and the little nun, eager as a child, merrily told the simple story of her daily life, with never a thought of how they both had changed since they had parted. And William Dallan smiled tenderly as he recognized the sister he had left so long ago.

"We are still alone in the world, little woman," he said, when a pause came. "I have no ties to bind me to the West, and as each year passed I grew more anxious to return."

Just here there sounded from the hallway the ringing of a bell.

"My bell!" cried Sister Katharine, rising hastily. "O William! I have been so happy I quite forgot my duties; and now—" but as she spoke Mother Anna entered.

"Sister Katharine," she said, casting an apologetic glance at the visitor, "I have come to tell you that Sister Agnes takes your duties for to-day, while you stay with Mr. Dallan and enjoy every moment of his visit. Would you not like to walk about the gardens?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, mother!" cried the little sister, delighted at the unexpected privilege, and presently a score of girlish heads clustered in the class-room windows to watch Sister Katharine trip gaily down the pathway beside an imposing stranger.

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Kate? Nothing that you wish for?"

"Not a thing, William," she answered, smiling brightly.

"How did this happen?" he questioned, stroking the scarred hand that lay in his.

"O William! we had a fire; such an awful fire! All the class-rooms we needed so much, and mother is too poor to build again," she said, leading the way to the ruins.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, standing by a heap of blackened masonry.

"Alas! we can only pray," she answered sadly, her eyes bright with tears.

"Kate," said William Dallan, "would it give you pleasure to rebuild the wing yourself?"

"Pleasure!" she gasped.

"Because, if it would," he continued, smiling down upon her, "and twenty thousand dollars would suffice, I think you had better begin at once. It will be far more interesting than being portress."

"Twenty thousand dollars," murmured Sister Katharine thoughtfully. "William, is not that a great sum of money?"

"So people say," he answered laughing, "but men make millions in Montana."

"I once had ten cents," she said softly, "and I did not know how to spend it. O William, how good you are to me! I was so sad at being useless"; and she glanced at her maimed hands.

And that night mother superior told the community of a large gift of money made the convent that the burned wing might be rebuilt, and the sisterhood wondered much who the generous donor could be, but no one gave even a passing thought to Sister Katharine.

THE LAW OF MOSES AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.*

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOK.

THIS book is published in a truly beautiful style, most attractive to the eye, and, therefore, easy and agreeable in the reading. Its authors are, some of them members of the Church of England, and others Presbyterians, more or less celebrated as scholars and writers.

It is better that it should be the work of eminent Protestant rather than Catholic authors. For, as it is in the most essential parts of the contention orthodox, its intrinsic value lies in its contents, and as the attack on the Mosaic Law has been made by Protestants, it is well that they also should repel it. Besides, it will be better received, more widely circulated, and exert more influence, on this account.

The scope and object of the work is the defence of the traditional belief of Jews and Christians against the subtle and resolute effort of the men who are called the "Higher Critics," to undermine and overthrow it.

The learning and ability of these Higher Critics is unquestioned. The ingenuity and subtlety which they have displayed is almost unparalleled. Their dogmatic assurance and arrogance, their pretension to be the very personification of intelligence and science, their disregard of all ancient tradition and contempt for all their opponents, can only be matched by the similar qualities in the advocates of Agnosticism and Pseudo-scientific Materialism. By their haughty airs they have imposed on the true believers and produced a certain awe and fear in their minds, which, we regret to say, have affected to some degree even a certain number of Catholic scholars, who have seemed to tremble before these new and audacious antagonists. The general public has to a great extent bowed down before them in blind reverence.

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* *Lex Mosaica ; or, The Law of Moses and the Higher Criticism.* Lord Arthur Hervey, Sayce, Rawlinson, Douglas, Girdlestone, Valpy French, Lias, Watson, Sharpe, Stewart, Stanley Leathes, Sinker, Spencer, Watts, Wace. Edited by Valpy French. Queen's Printers, 1894.

Learned and solid works by Catholic scholars in opposition to this new fad have been published; but these are partly in Latin, and partly in German or French, so that they are useless for all those who do not read these foreign languages. In this, as in other branches, English works have been wanting. The late Archbishop Smith of Glasgow did, indeed, when he was a young priest publish the first volume of an excellent work on the Pentateuch, which he was hindered by lack of encouragement from finishing at the time, and later on by more pressing labors in the sacred ministry. Dr. Pusey performed some valuable work in his Commentary on Daniel, and so also did Professor Green of Princeton, and there have been some similar works issued. But, until now, nothing has appeared (in the English language) which can be compared to this new and admirable work, the "Lex Mosaica."

THE THEORY OF HIGHER CRITICISM.

These Higher Critics can be said to have a common theory, only in a very general sense; for when they come to particulars and details, they differ from one another, and are perpetually changing. In a general way, then, they deny that the Old Testament, as it now exists, is a collection of genuine, authentic books, containing a law given by Moses, a veracious history beginning from the creation and ending with the emancipation of the Jewish nation from Syrian domination under the Maccabees, and certain other written documents. That part of the Old Testament which is included within the Jewish Canon, according to their theory (with the exception of a small part added a little later), was an ingenious composition of Esdras and other scribes, communicated in the form which it has at present in the Hebrew text, to the Jewish people after the end of their exile, and henceforth received as an inspired volume, whose authors were Moses, and a series of sacred historians and prophets, writing under a divine influence. Into this composition were incorporated all the remains of ancient Hebrew literature available for the purpose. The purpose was, to consolidate the remnant of the twelve tribes of Israel, the chief portion of which belonged to the tribes of Judah, Levi, and Benjamin, into an organized ecclesiastical and civil polity, under the supremacy of a hierarchical order, with a fixed liturgy, ritual, and moral code, as the peculiar church and people of God, separated in religion from all nations, and the exclusive possessors of a divine revelation and law, having the promise of a Messiah to come, who should raise them to a state of unexampled glory, and make Jerusalem the capital city of the world. It was the purpose to inspire them with reverence for their law, their temple, and their priesthood, to enkindle in them an enthusiastic patriotism, to establish their faith in Monotheism with a corresponding abhorrence of Polytheism and Idolatry. As a powerful means of promoting this purpose, the people were to be persuaded that Moses was their Deliverer from Egyptian bondage, their Leader through a long wandering in the desert, their Lawgiver, the Founder of their church and nation, the first of a series of inspired historians and prophets whose authentic writings were contained in a sacred canon, sanctioned by an authority whose edict was issued by divine inspiration.

According to these critics, Esdras was not the first who practised this manipulation of such documents and traditions as had come down from earlier times, and obtained credence among the Jews. Priests, and popular preachers who enjoyed the reputation of being prophets, and scribes who possessed such historical records as existed, had prepared and put forth editions of all the written documents in their hands, which they had tampered with, altered, and arranged to suit their own interests. The sagacity of the critics has enabled them to separate these composite literary mosaics and detect the distinct parts, assigning to each editor and original author what belongs to him. There are E. J. E. junior, J. junior, JE. D. P. and several R's. The chief object is to disprove the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, which from the first, is relegated to one of the last places in the collection of sacred writings. The whole history of Moses and the Exodus is discredited as unhistorical and mostly fabulous. The account of the tabernacle, the Aaronic priesthood, the successive promulgation of laws in the desert is relegated to the region of the mythical. The Israelites are a horde of barbarians whose occupation of Palestine and early adventures, as they gradually consolidate and develop into a kingdom, afterwards divided into two, having a central city and a great temple at Jerusalem, is enveloped in a mist of obscurity, in which only the ingenuity of the higher critics can distinguish history from fable. The tradition which has been universally received in the past, both by Jews and Christians, goes back only to Esdras and his fellow-scribes, in the post-exilic period; and it is wholly set aside.

This theory, in undermining the whole fabric of traditional and scriptural Judaism, removes the entire foundation of

Christianity. It is true that some who have given in to the pretensions of the Higher Criticism have stopped short of its most extreme and destructive conclusions. They strive to find some mediating theory, in which a vague, attenuated doctrine of inspiration, and the most essential doctrines of the Christian Faith, can be harmonized with the new views about the Mosaic Law. Some Catholic laymen, even, namely Lenormant and Mivart, in good faith, having imprudently started on an aerial journey which may be compared to a ride on Pegasus or Al Borak, abandoning the safe ground of their own proper sciences, have got lost in a cloud. But in reality, this theory of Higher Criticism, in its consistent form, and as its thorough-going advocates well understand, is diametrically contrary to the idea of supernatural religion, with a divine revelation, prophecy, miracle, and historical continuity from the beginning to the end of the world. A determined hostility to this idea, a resolution to make away with all supernatural religion founded on divine revelation, has been the original cause and motive of all the subtle and ingenious efforts to tear the Bible in pieces, and to account for Judaism and Christianity on purely rationalistic principles. Men like Dr. Delitzsch, Mr. Gore, and Dr. Briggs deserve credit for their sincere desire and effort to place Christianity on a defensible ground. They are first Christians, and in the second place, critics. So also, all others who have made too many concessions to the opponents of religion, with honest intentions, must be excused, especially if they show a readiness to accept the correction of their mistakes when made by a competent authority. Yet, after all, the true issue is between the divine mission of Moses and Christ, the divine inspiration of the Old and New Testaments in all their books and all their parts, on one side; and the negation of supernatural religion and revelation, on the other; which implies that all the belief of both Christians and Jews is based on imposture and forgery, of the most stupendous dimensions, "to fill up the farcical scenes" of the universal human comedy.

WHAT IS TO BE THOUGHT OF THIS THEORY?

No one who has been familiar from childhood with the Bible, or who has become familiar with it at a more mature period, can help believing in it, unless he has lost his faith in God and Christ, and become the prey of scepticism. As well accept the extravagant hypothesis of the eccentric P. Hardouin, that the classics are forgeries of mediæval monks, as believe that the Pentateuch and other books of Scripture are the work of the inventive genius of Esdras and the scribes. As well believe that "Paradise Lost," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Bancroft's History, the works of Longfellow, are not genuine.

Lord Arthur Hervey remarks in his Introduction (p. xxxiii.): "The narrative contained in them (the Books of the Pentateuch) is either absolutely true history, or a most skilful and elaborate fiction. The close connection between the parts . . . precludes the possibility of those books containing a bundle of traditions or legends mingled with fragments of truth here and there." Moreover, the continuous weaving of a fabulous time running on during eight or ten hundred years is altogether too absurd. And as to a homogeneous fiction with unity of composition, in plainer words, an impious forgery by an impostor, supplanting all authentic history and tradition, being palmed off, with the connivance of all the scribes, upon the whole Jewish nation, those who had returned from exile, those who remained in Assyria, and the rest who were scattered through the world, as a veracious and inspired history, it is a monument of human folly that such a theory can have been received with anything but derision.

The intrinsic absurdity of the hypotheses of the "Higher Criticism" shows plainly enough what we ought to think of it. But besides this, whoever is unwise enough to credit these hypotheses is embarking upon a frail craft which is rapidly floating upon the rocks where it will soon go to pieces. The ebb of the tide which washed it up has already set in. This is affirmed by Professor Sayce in the First Essay of the volume before us (p. i.) Besides this, the learned professor tells us, what indeed is no news, that the historical scepticism which assails the Pentateuch is not an isolated circumstance, whereas that same destructive criticism has attacked all the ancient landmarks of history, and has everywhere spent its force.

"The end of the nineteenth century is witnessing the ebb of a wave of historical scepticism which began to flow more than a century ago. It has spared nothing, sacred or otherwise, and in its progress has transformed the history of the past into a nebulous mist. But the ebb had already set in before its tendencies and results had made themselves felt beyond a limited circle of scholars. . . . Under the blows of the critic, the fabric of early Greek and Roman history crumbled into dust. All, or nearly all, was resolved into myth and fable. History, it was laid down, began with contemporaneous documents, and contemporaneous documents were of late date. The history of Greece before the age of Solon was summed up in two or three grudgingly admitted facts, and Roman history before the capture of the city by the Gauls became practically a blank. . . . Literary culture, it was held, began in Greece, and written Greek literature could not claim an antiquity greater than the sixth century B. C. That a Hebrew literature should exist outside the literature of Greece, and of confessedly earlier date than the latter, was a troublesome phenomenon which could best be explained by bringing down the age of the Biblical books as nearly as possible to that of the first products of Greek thought.

"The scepticism of the 'higher criticism' rests in large measure upon the assumption, implicit or avowed, of the late application of writing to literary purposes. It has been tacitly assumed that the literary use of writing could not have been known to an Israelite in the time of Moses, and consequently that none of the narratives in the Pentateuch can go back to so early a period. They must all belong, it is urged, to a later age, when little authentic record was preserved of the Mosaic days, and when the imagination of the author or his contemporaries had to supply the missing facts. The syllogism is a simple one: No Israelite wrote or read in the age of Moses, or for several centuries afterwards; consequently the documents which profess to give a history of the time are late and untrustworthy. . . . As soon as we can show that the supposition is false, the ground is cut from under his (the critic's) feet. His edifice of doubt and negation has been raised upon an assumption which Oriental archæology denies in the clearest tones. The age of Moses was a literary age; the lands which witnessed the Exodus and the conquest of Canaan were literary lands; and literature had flourished in them for numberless generations before" (p. 17).

Father Ryan's article in the February number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has done justice to this theme, and therefore there is no need of enlarging upon it here.

All the evidence we can ever have of the genuineness and authenticity of literary works is derived from tradition. The Jewish tradition of the genuineness of the books of the Old Testament and the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch surpasses in compass and solidity all similar ancient traditions. It is irrefragable. And, in respect to the Mosaic Law, the work before us proves this by a discussion of the history from Moses to Esdras which is exhaustive and conclusive.

CERTAINTY AND IMPORTANCE OF THE MOSAIC AUTHORSHIP OF THE PENTATEUCH.

Archæology has completely demolished all plausible arguments against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Moreover, it has thrown a flood of light upon the history which it contains. Denial of its genuineness and authenticity leads to the absurdity that it is a post-exilic forgery, which involves the other documents of the Old Testament prior to Esdras in the same category of the mythical and fraudulent.

The historical genuineness of the Pentateuch implies their Mosaic authorship. In the case of some other books of the Bible, the question of authorship does not affect their genuineness and inspiration. The authors of some of them are wholly unknown, of others, only assigned by scholars with probability. But, in the case of other books, their trustworthiness depends on their authorship, and this is true of the Pentateuch. This does not imply, however, that Moses did not incorporate earlier documents into the Book of Genesis, or that the original text as it came from the hand of Moses did not undergo some alterations in repeated transcriptions by scribes, or redactions by competent hands. Moreover, it is necessary to remark here, that the foregoing statement respecting the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch goes beyond the explicit and categorical thesis sustained in "Lex Mosaica," although the latter does not contradict the former.

Lord Arthur Hervey, in his Introduction, remarks as follows: "While the whole Pentateuch is, as we have seen, one continuous narrative, we are nowhere told, nor have any hint given us, who the narrator is. Of large portions of the Pentateuch, speeches, songs, laws, prophecies, we are distinctly informed that they were written, or uttered, or both, by Moses. But who wrote the connecting narrative, who recorded in a book what Moses did or said, we are not told. Reverent criticism is here quite free to put out its best powers. But this much is certain—they bear it in their face,—the records on which the narrative is founded, and which are embedded in it, are contemporary records; they are absolutely true; they may be, they ought to be, implicitly trusted; they are integral portions of that Scripture which our Lord, 'the faithful and true witness,' has told us 'CANNOT BE BROKEN'" (pp. xxxv.–vi.) The other contributors to the volume speak in the same sense. That is, while they do not deny, they do not positively affirm that Moses personally committed to writing, as the original composer and narrator, the entire Pentateuch, as it was contained in the traditional Jewish and Samaritan canon; they do affirm, that the Levitical law, and the law of Deuteronomy, were enacted and promulgated by Moses, and continually speak of the Mosaic authorship as a well-established fact. Thus, Mr. Rawlinson says that "there are sufficient grounds for believing either the entire legislation of these Books (Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers), or at any rate the great bulk of it, to have proceeded from Moses, the traditional Lawgiver of the Hebrews, and to have been consigned by him, or by his orders, to writing, substantially in the shape in which it has come down to us" (p. 21). Mr. Douglas says: "The essential critical question about Deuteronomy is not whether Moses wrote every word of it down to, perhaps, the last eight verses; or whether an editor inserted a statement by way of an explanatory note; or whether there were several such editors down to Ezra's time"(p. 55).

The hesitancy and qualifying phrases which appear occasionally in these essays give them an uncertain sound, as if their authors were afraid to blow a loud clear note on their bugles. But the whole course of their arguments not only demolishes all theories opposed to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, but establishes it on the most certain foundations. They produce an abundance of testimonies from Jewish and heathen sources, and cap the climax with the testimony of Our Lord, which is conclusive for a Christian. There is no rival to dispute the claim of Moses. They have proved that the Pentateuch is from the age of Moses. Who else can be the author of Genesis? If he employed scribes in the composition of the historical portion of the other books, of which there is no proof, that is irrelevant; for he still remains their principal author. If there were later revisions, made by competent authority, these cannot have made serious alterations, and do not affect the historical and inspired verity of the text. Thucydides, Tacitus, Plutarch, Eusebius, are not so well attested; the four Gospels not any better. The Pentateuch stands in its unrivalled majesty, like the pyramid of Cheops which the fanatical Saracens were not able to tear down.

TESTIMONY OF CHRIST TO MOSES.

The principal importance of the history of Moses consists in this: that he is the precursor of Christ, his law the antecedent of the gospel, Judaism the foundation of Christianity. The New

Testament is the completion and fulfilment of the Old Testament, the two are inseparably bound together, making one Bible, and the destructive criticism which vainly endeavors to undermine either one, is equally directed against the other.

The authority of Christ is fully committed to the authority of Moses, and the literal truth of his testimony cannot be denied without either denying his adequate knowledge of that dispensation of grace and mercy of which he was the mediator, prophet, and high-priest, or imputing to him conscious and deliberate fraud, which is not the less immoral, because by a contradiction in terms it is called "pious." It is a dilemma of blasphemies. The revealer of God to men, the witness and teacher of divine truth, is represented as either grossly ignorant, the dupe of a stupendous forgery, or an accomplice of the authors of this fraudulent tissue of fables, in duping and deceiving mankind for ages, until the counterfeit was detected by the "Higher Critics."

Those who wish to retain the orthodox belief in the divinity of Christ, and at the same time to effect a compromise with "Higher Criticism," are very much embarrassed by the indisputable fact that Our Lord gave his explicit sanction to the traditional doctrine concerning the Pentateuch and the sacred books of the Jewish canon. Of course, they cannot say that he deliberately deceived his hearers. They throw a mantle of fine words over conduct which in its naked form of unveracity is wholly abhorrent to the moral sense and the rule of right. They call it "accommodation." But, as they cannot help having misgivings respecting their success in justifying such a course of conduct in Our Lord, they resort to another subterfuge, viz., that he spoke according to his own sincere conviction, but was himself in error, through his ignorance of the real truth in the case. Forced to confess that as God he was omniscient, they pretend that he abdicated for a time his omniscience and assumed with his humanity the limitations of human knowledge. It is wonderful that intelligent men and professed theologians could make the blunder of supposing the possibility of change in a necessary attribute of the unchangeable and eternal God. They refer to a statement of Our Lord recorded in St. Mark's Gospel (xiii. 32): "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father." Therefore, say they, the Son of God, Incarnate, might be ignorant of some things within the scope of divine knowledge, and among these things might be the real fact of the origin of the Mosaic Law, in respect to which he had no means of knowing beyond the testimony of Jewish tradition and the teaching of the synagogue. This is reasoning worthy of Nestorius. If the Eternal Son and Jesus were two persons, and it was the human person who confessed human ignorance, the statement would be intelligible. But this is not so. Jesus Christ is one *Ego*, one Person, to whom all divine and human attributes are to be referred as their principle of imputability. Doubtless, omniscience could no more be called an attribute of his human intellect, than omnipresence of his human body, omnipotence of his human will, or eternal existence of his human essence. Nevertheless, Jesus Christ is omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal, because he is a divine person, and these are attributes of his divine nature. Besides, his human nature has been elevated to a hypostatic union with his divine nature, and endowed with the fulness of supernatural grace, the gifts of the Holy Spirit congruous to his character and office as the mediator between God and man.

The psychology of this divine man is beyond our analysis and conception. The relations and intersections of divine and human intelligence and will, divine and human thoughts and volitions, operations of the one person by the divine and human natures, baffle our efforts at understanding how they coexist without blending in the personal consciousness of Our Lord. The distinction between the divine and human operations of intelligence in Our Lord cannot serve to justify the assertion that, as man, he was in ignorance of the time of the Last Judgment, and therefore might have been in error concerning Moses and the Law. For, his declaration that he knew not the day and hour of the judgment is absolute in respect to himself as the Son, in contrast with the Father. If, therefore, he ascribes to the Father a knowledge which is exclusive, and in which the Son has no share, omniscience is predicated of the Father exclusively, which is equivalent to the exclusive attribution of divinity, and incompatible with the ascription of co-equal divinity to the Son. There is left, therefore, no interpretation which is not openly heretical, except that of the Fathers and Doctors of the church. And this is, that the Son knew the time of the Last Judgment only inasmuch as he was one with the Father and the Spirit, in the secret counsels of the Divine Trinity, but not as a part of the divine revelation which he was to communicate to the apostles.

This instance is therefore perfectly irrelevant. The divine legation of Moses was a part of the economy of redemption. Complete knowledge of everything belonging to this economy was necessary to the office of Mediator of Redemption, supreme Prophet, Priest, and King in the Church of God. Prescinding from divine omniscience, Jesus Christ must have possessed adequate and infallible inspiration, as the sovereign legislator and teacher and ruler in the kingdom of God, the head over all things pertaining to the divine administration of the present order of the world.

Knowing everything, as he did, about the past history of Judaism, it was impossible for our Lord to connive at the perpetuation of the Jewish tradition concerning Moses and the Law, much less to give it positive and explicit sanction, unless it were founded upon the truth. No one disputes that he did do so. This ought to be enough for any Christian.

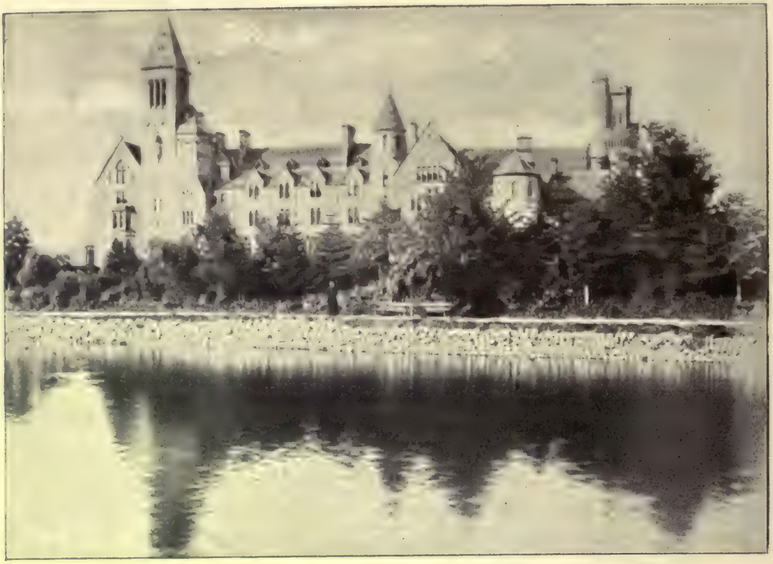
And now it will be well to cite his very words, that the evidence may be set in a more vivid light.

The Scriptures of the Old Testament were classified in three divisions; the Law, *i. e.*, the Pentateuch, the Prophets, which included the historical books, and the Psalms. The Pentateuch was written on a single roll of parchment or papyrus, and was called the Book of Moses, the Law of Moses, or simply the Law. Teaching in the temple during the feast of the Passover, the Lord said: "Did not Moses give you the Law? and no one of you keepeth the Law" (John vii. 19). On another occasion he said: "As concerning the dead that they rise again, have ye not read in the Book of Moses, how in the bush God spake to him, etc." (Mark xii. 26). Again, he said: "Think not that I will accuse you to the Father. There is one that accuseth you, Moses, in whom ye trust. For if ye did believe Moses, ye would perhaps believe me also. For he wrote of me. But if ye do not believe his writings, how will ye believe my words?" (John v. 45–47). Let it be observed that this is a formal and explicit reference to the written testimony of Moses, as a sufficient proof that he was the Messiah, which would have been a deliberate falsehood, and not a mere accommodation, if the Book of Moses were not known to him to be genuine and authentic. During his interview with the disciples whom he met and accosted on the way to Emmaus; "Beginning from Moses, through all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning him" (Luke xxiv. 27). That same night he suddenly appeared among his disciples in Jerusalem, "and he said to them: these are the words which I spake to you while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me. Then he opened their minds that they might understand the Scriptures. And he said to them: thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day" (Ibid. 44–46).

To sum up, in the words of Mr. Rawlinson, the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is proved "by the consentient witness of Jewish and Heathen authorities, of Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists, Martyrs, Rabbis, historians, philosophers, critics, poets, covering the space of about fifteen centuries. . . There remains, however, one witness who, to all Christians, transcends every other, whose lightest word is of vastly greater importance than the very weightiest evidence that can be gathered together from the utterances of mere men—the witness of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the God-Man, at once human and Divine" (p. 44).

Professor Sayce takes notice of a fact which is patent to all competent observers, that at this present moment "the negations of the so-called 'higher criticism' are the most wide-spread and universal, and the assertions of its adherents are the most positive and arrogant," and he nevertheless affirms that the ebb of this wave has already set in (p. 1). Waves of this kind begin in a limited circle of scholars, and gradually extend their movement into larger circles so as to influence popular thought. "It often happens that before they do so other ideas and doctrines are already beginning to take their place. Before the last ripple has reached the shore, the disturbance which first caused it has passed away."

What Professor Sayce says of the ebbing of the wave of historical scepticism is very encouraging. It is true also of every other kind of scepticism. Doubt and denial of every part of the Catholic Faith, of every principle of Natural Religion and of rational philosophy have done their utmost, and have reached their term. There is nothing new left for them to say or to attempt, in their warfare against Christianity as a whole, or any one of its essential parts. The effort to substitute something else in its place has proved a disastrous failure, which the world is beginning to understand and feel. There is another tide setting in toward integral, Catholic Christianity. So that we may hope that the twentieth century will be a religious age, in which Christianity will triumph.



The Monastery Front on Loch Ness.

MONASTICISM IN SCOTLAND.

BY EDWARD AUSTIN.

THE traveller who has been attracted, by the prospect of a pleasant sail through some of the loveliest scenery of the Scottish Highlands, to make the tour on a Caledonian Canal steamer from Inverness to Oban, must fain be struck by the appearance of a majestic pile of buildings standing at the head of Loch Ness, and visible for several miles of the journey down that romantic lake. Tower and pinnacle, belfry and spirette, gable and crested roof, arches and mullioned window, peeping out from mantling ivy and the surrounding clumps of thick-clad trees and shrubs; with the gracious waters of the loch for a foreground, and a background of heathery hills and purple mountain peaks, form a picture of surpassing beauty and interest. To a casual stranger the stately frontage appeals with powerful charm; but to a Catholic its beauty is rendered more touching by its associations. It is the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus—the first foundation of the restored Order of St. Benedict in Scotland.

GREAT BENEDICTINE ABBEYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

In Catholic days the Order of St. Benedict was an important factor in Scottish history. Its grand abbeys—Dunfermline, Paisley, Kelso, Arbroath, Crossraguel, Iona, with their many dependent priories, not to speak of the more numerous Cistercian houses in the southern counties—bore each its part in spiritualizing and civilizing the country. For some five centuries they stood as impregnable fortresses of religion, preserving intact the Catholic faith, and cherishing the purity of Christian morals; leavening the country by their holy examples, glorifying God by the solemnity of a stately ritual, and winning countless graces for the land which they adorned. They rose and flourished and fell; and their place knows them no more. A pile of picturesque ruins is all that marks the site of each departed glory; what it had taken centuries to bring to maturity crumbled to dust in a few hours under the crowbars and pickaxes of ruthless "reformers." For three centuries after that the great order was unrepresented in Scotland. Only in the distant cloisters of Ratisbon, Erfurt, or Würzburg could communities of Scottish Catholics serve God in the holy monastic state which their forefathers had cherished so dearly.

A STRANGE REVENGE OF THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

But like the Catholic Church, whose devoted handmaid it has ever been, the Order of St. Benedict was destined to live again in Scotland. In 1876 the late Lord Lovat offered to the Benedictine authorities, who were seeking a suitable site for a Scottish foundation, the land and buildings of the old military fort at the head of Loch Ness, known as Fort Augustus. This fort had been built in 1729, to serve as a centre whence the warlike Highlanders who favored the cause of the exiled Stuarts might be brought into subjection to the Hanoverian government. Only too well, as history tells us, did the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland and his brutal soldiery subjugate the unfortunate Highlanders by a policy of wasting and depopulating, till scarce a Catholic remained where previously a Protestant was almost unknown. Though no longer needed, the fort still retained a small garrison as late as 1854, when the soldiers were withdrawn for service in the Crimea. It remained unoccupied till 1867, when the grandfather of the present Lord Lovat purchased it from the government. His great desire, which was shared by his son, the late lord, was to present the property to some religious order, so that the weapon of menace and repression wielded against Scottish Catholics might be gathered into the armory of the church. This desire found its fulfilment in the acceptance of the fort and its surroundings by the Benedictines.

RESTORATION OF THE BENEDICTINES.

Four years of demolition and of building up left very little that was recognizable in the old pile, and in August, 1880, the new monastery was ready for its solemn opening. A glorious manifestation was that triduum of solemnities of the grandeur and beauty of Catholic ritual. Seven mitred prelates, a crowd of secular and regular clergy, and a numerous assembly of the laity, amongst whom were many honored Catholic names, assembled from all the three kingdoms to give public welcome to the children of St. Benedict returning from exile to a land which had once held them dear. With gorgeous processions, solemn chant and stately ceremony the celebration passed, and the re-establishment of the monks in Scotland was an accomplished fact in the history of the country.

A few years later, and the new monastery had been raised by the Holy Father to the rank of an abbey, under his own immediate jurisdiction; the Scottish monks being thus released from obedience to their English superiors, and sealed with the character of the nation to which they had come. A few years more and a crown was put to the work by the nomination by his Holiness, and the solemn benediction by Archbishop Persico, of the Rt. Rev. Dom Leo Linse as first abbot of the restored Scottish Benedictines.

INTERIOR OF FORT AUGUSTUS.

We will suppose our reader furnished with an introduction to some one or other of the inmates of the monastery; this has secured for him the favor of a few days' hospitality, thus enabling him to study his surroundings at leisure. He enters at the lodge-gate and follows a curved carriage-way shaded by lime-trees, and separated by a belt of shrubs from a green meadow used by the school-boys as a cricket-field, to the entrance door of the hospice. The old moat of the fort still remains on this side of the buildings, though it is now carpeted with turf. Where the draw-bridge formerly crossed it, a narrow cloister supported on arches, with tiled floor and small tinted Gothic windows—the embrasures filled with seats on which casual beggars await the dole of broken victuals which the porter is always willing to supply—leads to the inner entrance door, over which stands a little statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. The door opened to him, he enters a spacious wainscoted hall; a broad staircase with handsome balustrade of pitch-pine runs up two sides of it, and large Gothic windows light up a frescoed *Pietà* opposite the entrance—the work of one of the artist-monks.

The visitor has to await the coming of the guest-father, so the porter leads him into a large vaulted room, formerly one of the guard-rooms of the fort, now comfortably furnished and bright with pictures and books, to await the arrival of that official in answer to his own particular signal on the large electric gong in the interior of the monastery. In a few minutes the stranger receives a hearty welcome, and is led to the church for prayer, according to St. Benedict's injunction, and afterwards conducted to a comfortable room upstairs, which is allotted to his use during his visit. We will suppose our friend to have arrived by the evening boat from Inverness; in that case he will be summoned, after a few minutes' toilet preparation, to join the community at supper. Passing down the broad

VIEW IN THE QUADRANGLE.

staircase, he follows his guide through a round-headed arched passage—a relic of the fort buildings—and is admitted to the cloister by a glass door secured by a spring lock from secular intrusion. The full beauty of the buildings now opens out to him.

THE CLOISTERS.

The cloisters run round the original quadrangle of the fort, one hundred feet square. From the windows of fourteenth century Gothic, headed with exquisite and varied tracery, one sees on all sides graceful buildings of gray stone, while the soft green lawn of the quadrangle and the clambering ivy round the windows give the touch of color needed to complete the picture. The cloisters themselves are bright with color. The vaulted roof is of blue of various shades, relieved by white floriated designs; the walls of warm cream, with a high dado of olive green; the floor covered with mellow-tinted red, yellow, black, and white tiles. At each corner, on the window side, are two large stone statues each in its Gothic niche—Sts. Benedict and Scholastica, Maurus and Placidus, Joseph and Theresa, John Baptist and Martin. The embrasures of the windows are filled with large seats of stone, and the whole surface of these walls on the side of the quadrangle is of the same soft gray-tinted stone as the window tracery. Passing down two sides of the quadrangle, our guest enters the great refectory at the end of the north cloister. It is a long and lofty room, and on either side a long file of black-habited monks await the entrance of the abbot; our friend can scarcely control a strange sense of shyness, though the quiet figures seem quite unaffected by his advent, and he follows his guide up to a raised dais at the further end, where stands a small bare table for the abbot, and on one side of it a guest-table, covered with a white cloth and furnished in ordinary fashion. The abbot enters and passes up the hall, amid the low salutes from either side that greet his approach, and a solemn chanted grace is begun by the superior and taken up by the monks. At the end all seat themselves at the small tables before which they have been standing, and listen for a few seconds, with covered heads, to the reader in a pulpit at the side of the refectory as he reads out in distinct tones the portion of the rule of St. Benedict appointed for that particular day. Our guest mentally congratulates himself that it is in English. The official reading in Latin has already taken place at the office of Prime this morning.

Dinner is soon over, and grace being said as before by the chorus of full-toned voices, the watchful guest-father again conducts his charge through the two files of waiting monks to greet the abbot who awaits him in the cloister. A few pleasant words of welcome with a friendly smile, and the promise of a chat later on, and the visitor is once more conducted to the guest quarters, where, if he happen to have company in the shape of others who like himself are sharing monastic hospitality, he may choose to smoke his cigar in the avenue, or stroll along the walks of the college garden, high up over the canal bank.

THE INTERIOR LIFE OF THE ABBEY.

But our friend is anxious to share as much as possible the life of the monks, so, maybe, he eschews cigars, and waits the tolling of the great bell in the monastery tower which calls to Compline. Very shabby and weather-beaten looks the little temporary wooden chapel from outside, but it is very bright within, for this is the eve of one of the greater feasts, and the high altar in its rich silk hangings, with flowers in vases and stands of relics, is an attractive object as one enters the west door. Seven lighted lamps hang across the sanctuary in honor of the feast, although the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved there, but in a small chapel near the door, hung with white

VIEW FROM BATTERY ROCK.

curtains and shut in by its slender white and gold screen, over which hang other seven lamps.

The monks are entering choir two by two; the lay brothers, in black tunics without hood, go to chairs in the body of the church. A short English reading from some spiritual book, in accordance with St. Benedict's injunction, is listened to by the monks seated in their stalls, their hoods drawn over their heads. A signal is given, and all rise and commence the office. It proceeds in brisk recitation on a high and sustained note, with marked pauses between the verses. A few boys from benches in front of the stalls join in with their treble voices; they are the *alumni*, or boys being educated for the order apart from the secular school. Each word of the recitation seems to be struck simultaneously by the whole body of voices; the effect produced being rather that of one powerful sonorous voice than of many voices in accord. This is the result of constant practice. Some singing to note follows, a sweet-voiced little organ lending its aid. Then there is sprinkling with holy water, more prayers, a few minutes of silent recollection, and Compline is over. A short visit, as each one chooses, to this or that altar or statue, and soon all have left the church. Our friend too makes his way out into the green-lighted avenue with its scent of lime-blossom, and back to his own quarters. An hour or so to reading or writing; then to rest.

AN ABBOT'S MASS.

"Day has come already, surely!" For a deep-toned bell arouses him from heavy sleep. Yes, for the monks, but not necessarily for guests, for it is only 4 A.M., and our friend will not rise for Matins to-day. He is ready after a visit perhaps to the church—where Masses have been going on since 6—to partake of breakfast about 8; at 9 comes High Mass. This is sung daily, but as this is a great feast, the lord abbot celebrates with mitre and crozier, attended by assistant priest and deacons of honor in addition to the ordinary sacred ministers. This 9 o'clock Mass is attended daily by community and boys. The music, led to-day by four cantors in copes, is Gregorian, melodious and flowing; it is from the *Graduale* of Dom Pothier of Solesmes, the organ unobtrusively sustaining the voices with its simple harmonies. Tierce is sung before the Mass; Sext follows; the latter recited on a monotone relieved by occasional chanting. This is not one of the feasts when a procession takes place; on such days, immediately after Tierce, during which the lord abbot vests, the monks, headed by cross and candles, followed by tunicled bearers of a great ark of relics, the sacred ministers in their vestments and the lord abbot in pontificals, make their way through the cloisters to the melody of some ancient responsory or hymn from the liturgy of the festival. This procession had its origin in the weekly sprinkling of the different public offices of a monastery with holy water, the monks accompanying the priest and chanting at different parts of the cloister as they awaited the return of the priest from the various apartments he had blessed. The usual custom now is to perform this blessing privately on Sunday morning; but in many monasteries the Sunday and feast-day procession—a relic of the weekly aspersory procession—are still kept up.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Mass over, there is much to see, and our visitor is duly conducted by his attentive host, the guest-father, to all the objects of interest. The library is first visited; a suite of rooms occupying the whole of the ground-floor of the monastery wing. These rooms are connected by Gothic arches. Convenient recesses for readers are formed by the book-shelves which stand out between the windows, dividing each room into two bays, in each of which the broad, deep window-seat affords a tempting resting place for the student. The shelves contain about sixteen thousand volumes, all neatly arranged under their respective labels—Philosophica, Theologica, Historica, Patristica, etc. In a case in one room is a valuable collection of early printed books; among them an Old Sarum Missal, with pen-and-ink scratches defacing the "Missa Sti. Thomæ E.M." in accordance with the decree of the new self-elected head of the English Church, King Henry VIII. Side by side with these are choice old manuscripts. Here is an autograph eleventh century manuscript of St. Marianus Scotus, founder of the Scottish monastery of Ratisbon, in clear black and red caligraphy on stained parchment. Here, again, a more elaborate black-letter manuscript with blue and red capitals, with here and there a glint of gold; it is a copy of the conferences of Bernard, abbot of Monte Casino, and dates from the fourteenth century.

A RICH SACRISTY.

The sacristy is the next object of attention. It is a charming little Gothic building opening from the south cloister, and indeed the only building on that side, for the great church in course of erection will dominate the quadrangle on the south, and would shut out air and light from any more lofty block of buildings on that side. The sacristy was originally designed for a scriptorium, but the lighting was unsatisfactory for painting, and so the artists have a studio more to their liking on the top story of the monastery wing, and the former scriptorium, with a few alterations in the fittings, has been admirably adapted to its present use. It is divided into two portions by three arches resting on square pillars of freestone. The smaller portion, into which one first enters, is only the height of the cloisters outside, and here are kept vestments in a huge press, and valuables in a large iron safe. A carved pine rack for the mundatory, corporal, and amice of each father, with his name above the compartment allotted to him, stands in this part of the building; it is connected with taps and towels for ablutions before vesting. The larger portion of the building is fitted up with vesting tables around the walls. It is longer than the other by a good-sized apse at either end, and rises several feet higher to an open timbered roof. To examine all the treasures here is a serious business. The sacristan is obliging enough to do the

THE SACRISTY.

honors, and some of the chief of the vestments and pieces of plate are produced for the inspection of the guest. One beautiful set of High Mass vestments of cloth of gold, with orphreys of dark ruby velvet thickly embroidered with gold and set with amethyst and topaz stones, was procured by a benefactor by a fortunate chance at something like a fourth of its original market value and presented to the monastery. Another modern vestment of Gothic form has delicately embroidered figures in the orphreys, which look fine enough for pencil work. Then there is the large relic of the Holy Cross—one of the notable relics—in its setting of ivory and gilt, and some beautiful and costly chalices, one of them literally encrusted with gems. But the morning has stolen away and the dinner-bell calls to the silent refectory, with its quiet community at their simple meal; everything passes as at supper last night, except that at the end, after a short chanted grace, the *Miserere* is intoned and all pace slowly two and two round two cloisters to the church, where grace is concluded, and a few minutes spent in silent recollection.

A BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT.

The watchful guest-father is now ready to show his charge some of the beauties of the neighborhood, and it is with a strange old-world sensation that the secular walks by the side of his companion, clothed in monastic garb, through the entrance lodge and down the road by the Tarff bridge, and climbs the steeps of Glendoe to visit the waterfall, or follows the windings of the Tarff through the wooded slopes of Ardachy. Or, it may be, their route is by the canal, where they run the gauntlet of a crowd of inquisitive tourists characterized by that forgetfulness of *les convenances* which seems the mark of British travellers, and wend their way along the grass-grown towing-path, amidst the scent of bracken and pine-woods—the far-off peak of Ben Tigh and the more distant hills of Kintail, blue with the haze of a summer afternoon, forming a charming picture for the eye to rest upon. Then home again, and at 4:30, after a cup of tea, Vespers in church, and Benediction, as it is a feast, and in reading or writing or various occupations time passes, and night comes round again with its perfect quiet and welcome rest.

Our friend was promised, on his presentation to the lord abbot, an opportunity of further acquaintance. At some convenient interval in the day, therefore, he is summoned by the guest-father or porter, and conducted to the quarters occupied by the superior. These are situated in the refectory wing on the first floor. A good-sized sitting-room, whose two medium-sized windows with broad, pitch-pine window-seats overlook the monastery garden, with the far-stretching loch—bounded by craggy, wooded heights on either side—in the background. After a pleasant chat the visitor is shown the graceful little chapel, which we lately viewed from outside. It is connected with the abbot's sitting-room by a small corridor, bridged over the intervening space. The chapel was originally built as a Lady chapel for the termination of the east cloister, and thither the community, every Saturday after Vespers, used to go in procession, chanting the litany for the conversion of Scotland—a practice observed since the foundation of the abbey. The plans for building the new church necessitated the removal of this chapel, to leave room for a cloister communicating with the future choir and sanctuary; it was therefore conveyed stone by stone to its present site and re-erected there. The statue of Our Lady as *Regina Monachorum*, which formerly stood over the altar, has been placed on a pedestal in the new cloister, and is now the object of devotion for the Saturday procession.

IN THE LIBRARY.

To return to the abbot's chapel—the five small, two-light windows in the apse are filled with exquisite glass by Hardman, representing the five joyful mysteries of the rosary. The stone and marble altar with its carved frontal of the Nativity, and its enamelled tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament reposes, stands in the centre of the apse, leaving a space all round. The floor is of polished oak parquet; the roof panelled in color, leaving dark oak ribs and bosses; a dark oak carved dado, having a nicely finished credence and piscina, runs all round the chapel, and is terminated at the western end by a closed screen, with broad Gothic arch leading to the tiny sacristy beyond. In a niche in the wall on the Epistle side is a handsome stone statue of St. Benedict, one of the presents to the lord abbot on the recent celebration of his half-jubilee as a monk. It is striking to find that so many of the objects of devotion and art which enrich the various portions of the monastery are the gifts of friends. The most valuable articles in the abbot's *pontificalia*, and the whole of his altar furniture and vestments, not to mention the bulk of the vestments and appointments of the abbey sacristy, are from that source. The explanation may be found in the proverbial care taken of all the possessions of a religious house by inmates vowed to poverty, and the consequent trust engendered in the minds of donors that their benefactions will be jealously guarded.

THE COMING ABBEY CHURCH.

But we have not yet explored by far the most interesting portion of the monastery grounds. As we have hinted more than once, a church is rising hard by the abbey. It was a wise course, though at the time much criticised, which left the crowning feature of the group of buildings to be added last. The pile all but complete, it is easier to judge what is needed to give a perfect finish to the whole by a temple not unworthy of its surroundings. The church which is to dominate the stately abbey at Fort Augustus will surpass in beauty and majesty—as is but fitting—all that has yet been accomplished there. It will measure some three hundred feet from its eastern Lady Chapel to its western baptistery. Its vaulted roof of rosy yellow stone will rise some seventy feet from the pavement, and its lofty tower and spire will dwarf all surrounding buildings. When, on September 24, 1890, after some two years' work upon its concrete foundations, the first stone was blessed by the Metropolitan of Scotland, a steady building work was commenced which has never wholly ceased; although, in so large an undertaking, results are not so apparent as some might expect, nevertheless much has been done. Circumstances have lately arisen which have tended to the concentration of effort towards the completion of the pillars and arches of the choir—beautiful fluted columns, with detached shafts of gray granite caught in by fillets—and of the north aisle of the choir where the organ chamber is to be. For it is not long since the Catholic papers informed the world that the great organ of the Albert Palace, Battersea, had become the property of the Benedictines of Fort Augustus, and loud were the laments from the Presbyterian pulpits of Inverness on that Sunday when the special goods train with its precious freight was awaiting the close of the "Sabbath" to have that freight transferred to a Loch Ness steamer, that people should be found in Scotland in this nineteenth century so sunk in gross superstition as to dream of propitiating the Almighty by what the famous Knox had long ago styled "the deil's kist o' whustles"! Nevertheless, in spite of the Presbyterians, the organ duly arrived, and is now stored away in various parts of the abbey, until it can be erected in the new church.

The presence of the organ in their midst has stirred up the directors of the building operations to devise some speedy plan for its erection, and this explains why the aisle with its organ chamber is to be the object of the builders' efforts in the immediate future; the pillars and arches of the choir, closed in with temporary walls and roof, will form at the same time a church large enough for present needs, while the great building may go on slowly growing into completion around, without disturbing the portion adapted for use. A work such as this noble abbey church, destined to rival the glorious works of the Ages of Faith, must needs call forth sympathy and help from those who realize the supernatural confidence to which it bears witness. A small annual endowment enables the fathers to keep the work slowly advancing; already generous benefactors have come forward to undertake a definite portion, and St. Joseph, to whom the great edifice is to be dedicated, will doubtless reward the unwavering trust which can embark so boldly on so huge an undertaking, by raising up generous and willing helpers to bring it to completion.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

There is one more establishment in Fort Augustus, connected with the abbey, which our friend will be anxious to visit.

Towards the close of the year 1891 the Right Rev. Abbot, who had long been anxious to supplement the foundation of the abbey by the establishment of a monastery for Benedictine nuns, was enabled to make a humble beginning of the work in a private residence in the village with the seven or eight candidates who had offered themselves for the new undertaking. Later on circumstances placed at his disposal the former Catholic chapel and priest's house of the Mission; this building, after the charge of the parish had been entrusted to the Benedictines, had been adapted to the use of an active order of sisters who taught there the Catholic Poor School. A pretty little stone building was provided for a school-house. It stands at the edge of the abbey grounds, facing the canal, and the old building was altered to meet the requirements of a community of cloistered nuns. A devotional little chapel of wood and iron, with quadrangle of cloisters of the same material, helped to make a very complete little priory. Within were constructed parlors with *grilles* where the nuns might hold such converse with externs as their rule allowed, and within the enclosure all the requisite monastic offices—refectory, chapter, sacristy, etc.—were conveniently arranged.

VIEW FROM THE RIVER TARFF.

The nuns entered into residence in August of the following year, and passed their time of probation under a mistress of novices kindly lent for the purpose by another monastery of the order, and on September 8, 1893, four choir nuns, the first-fruits of the infant monastery, by special permission from Rome made their profession in the hands of the Right Rev. Abbot. The community now numbers some twelve members. The Divine Office is daily kept up in choir, and the nuns pursue their round of prayer and labor with the regularity and zeal of an old-established religious house; bringing down, as we may confidently hope, by their prayers and sacrifices many graces upon the land.

A satisfactory ending it is to a pleasant walk along the winding road that climbs the hill, in view of the wooded slopes of Glen Tarff, and with the distant heights of Corryarrick in the background, to pass from the glare of sunshine into the subdued light of the little priory church, and there from the small strangers' chapel close to the tiny sanctuary, with its flower-decked altar and veiled tabernacle, to listen to the subdued chanting from the unseen choir beyond the sanctuary screen, where the nuns are singing their Vespers. It is a visit which does much to make one realize that there are other and keener joys for the human heart than this ordinary work-a-day world can afford, but which, perchance, we scarcely dreamt of before.

THE MASTER'S CUP.

BY HILDEGARDE.

"Be strong to bear, O heart;
Love knoweth no wrong.
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong."

CHAPTER I.

WHY need we seek in the realms of imagination or the dusty pages of written lore for deeds of heroism and lives sublime? We, who ofttimes live in the very atmosphere of tragedies such as the world of fiction has never dreamed of—of heroes whose greatest heroism lies in the very silence which shrouds their deeds of greatness.

It has been my fortune—nay, my privilege, to guard for several years the details of a true life-tragedy for which I have never known a parallel. Only now, since time has swept away all traces of the actors therein, do I feel justified in rehearsing the sad details—suppressing, as for prudent reasons I feel bound to do, the names involved. My own part is a secondary one.

I was, at the time my story opens, a widow and alone—bereft of two sons who were seeking their fortunes abroad, and of a daughter who had chosen a life consecrated to God in a religious house. Dreary indeed would have been my lot had I not early sought and found consolation and company there where one never seeks in vain. Morning and evening throughout the year found me in our modest parish church, a humble worshipper before the Tabernacle—almost as familiar an object as the pews themselves, and because so, perhaps as unobserved as they.

When not in the church I was seeking for some small corner in the world where my services might bestow comfort where comfort was spare.

One morning, seated in my accustomed place, I became conscious of a strange face among the worshippers—one that I had never seen before, and yet it seemed to rivet my attention with a fascination which I cannot explain. How shall I describe that countenance with the faintest approach to the impression made upon me in that first moment—an impression only deepened by the lapse of time, and now glorified by memory? The face was that of a woman of about thirty-five years, the figure tall and slight, the hair black, and smoothly parted from a broad, white brow. There was no trace of color in her face, save that which was lent it by a pair of large, deep blue eyes, whose long lashes, as she looked down upon the book in her hand, cast upon it a gentle shadow. The majestic bearing, the saint-like expression of that countenance I can neither describe in fitting terms nor can I ever forget. Who was she? I queried. Was she but a visitor, or was she a new member of the congregation? I resolved to do all I could to find this out, so under the pretext of a pressing matter of business in connection with a charitable league of which I was a member, and heartlessly ignoring the fact that Father Harris had not yet breakfasted, I made my way to the vestry, where, after a few preliminaries, I put my question to the good priest.

"Father," said I, "who is that beautiful creature that occupied the pew beside me to-day?" "Why, my child?" he replied, perceiving the earnestness in my voice; "why do you want to know? Is the demon of curiosity attacking you so early in the morning?" "No, father," I answered, determined not to be turned aside by his chaffing tone, "I must know; do tell me, is she a new parishioner?" "Yes, she is," he said; "she has taken a house on your own street, and is anxious to join your charitable work." "But what is her name?" I asked. Before I could get a reply the vestry-door opened, and coming directly towards us was the object of my inquiry, whereupon, of course, I became absorbed in some work at the other side of the room, and awaited the turn of events. I was not left long to myself. "Here is our secretary, Miss Hamilton," I heard the priest say; "she will be glad to welcome you to our league"; and soon I was clasping, in unconcealed delight, the hand of my new friend. "I am so glad to meet you," said I—an expression commonplace enough had I not thrown into the words a wealth of feeling which must have surprised her. "Thank you," she said simply, and then, as she turned her gaze full upon me, I saw a depth of sadness in those wonderful eyes which silenced me for several moments. This, then, was our introduction, and as our homes lay in the same direction, we went out together. She too lived alone. The mourning dress and veil told of family bereavement, and of other sorrows with perhaps an element of bitterness in them which death alone seldom brings.

Yes, thought I, there is some tale of human woe behind that calm exterior. Yet, O the sweetness dwelling in her countenance! Can that be compatible with a great grief? How my heart ached for her after we parted—all the more because my sympathy must be a silent one, until she should stoop to ask it. As time went on our duties, as well as our devotions, threw us much in each other's company. It was not long before many sufferers with eager hearts waited the coming of her footsteps, and the touch of her cool hands upon their fevered brows. A "ministering angel" in truth she soon became, and, though living herself in a simplicity almost approaching austerity, her alms were abundant and her charities lavishly bestowed.

I had been in her house several times. Rigid simplicity reigned there. Poverty, indeed, it resembled—bare floors, bare walls, and the plainest of furniture; yet withal there was an air of spotlessness and order which is inseparable from true refinement.

I soon discovered that she had no friend but myself in the city; also that the postman seldom, if ever, stopped at her door. In her conversation no word of her family or of absent friends passed her lips. While this sometimes aroused a little of that curiosity inherent in my nature, it did not in the least alter my admiration and love for my friend. Her sorrows were poured out before the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I knew—thence she drew the strength and comfort she needed. Why, I argued, should I desire to receive any share of a confidence so wisely bestowed? And so I quieted any questionings which arose within me.

Every morning I joined her on the way to church, and after Mass I waited the termination of her lengthy devotions, and we walked home together.

One morning she asked me to spend the afternoon with her, in order to finish some sewing for a family in great need. "You can arrange the work," she said, "and I can sew it on the machine; in this way we can accomplish more. And, Emily, you don't know how lonely I have felt of late, and how I have longed for some one to talk with me." "Dear Florence," said I (for we were now familiar enough to dispense with our formal titles), "nothing could give me greater pleasure; and only that I have feared to intrude, I should not have allowed you ever to remain alone." "Well, dear," she replied, as the tears welled up in her eyes, "I am poor company, I am afraid; it would be selfish in me to ask you often." "Selfish!" I echoed, "well then, I like selfishness. I don't know anything I like better." "You must leave it at home then, when you come this afternoon," she said, "for I have something to tell you, and a selfish person makes a poor listener." Here we shook hands and parted.

That afternoon found me true to my appointment, seated in her little front room surrounded by many articles of children's wear. While Florence busily worked upon the machine few words passed our lips, for I was awaiting her story, and she looked preoccupied and seemed forgetful of everything but the work in hand. Presently, however, she joined me on the low seat by the window, and taking my hand in hers, she began her life-story thus:

"You can understand me, Emily. I feel that I can trust you, and I reproach myself for not having revealed to you before some part, at least, of the mystery which surrounds my life. On the other hand, dear, it will be a relief to me to have the sympathy which you cannot refuse when you have heard all. Yet should I, in word or tone, betray any impatience or lack of resignation to the Great Will that orders all events and fits his crosses upon our shoulders, I beg you not to allow me to continue, because God has been very good to me, and he has ordered all things for the best." Here that heavenly expression which I had observed at our first meeting came into her eyes, as she resumed:

"I belonged to an old and honored family, living in the city of Boston. My father held a high position in the state, two of his brothers were dignitaries of the church, and two others prominent lawyers and eminent men in every respect. I was the only girl; I had but one brother, who was younger than myself. We had lived in great happiness and worldly prosperity, and every advantage had been given us in the way of education at home. Our first real sorrow came when Louis went off to college. He was a fine, handsome, manly fellow, and a great favorite with every one. Naturally he was quick of temper; but this was never apparent except when attacked upon some point of honor, or in support of his religion, of which he was an ardent defender. Yet the noble-hearted generosity which characterized his repentance after an outburst of temper did more than make atonement for any offence.

"His college career commenced with bright prospects on all sides. He became a brilliant scholar, and both professors and companions pronounced him a most lovable boy. Shortly after his departure I became engaged to a young man of wealth and family, whom I had known from early childhood. Our marriage was to be hastened on account of a foreign appointment which would necessitate his absence from the country for several years, so that I was busily occupied in making my preparations. Alas! that event, with many another bright hope, was involved in a general wreck, which was all the more disastrous and painful as it was brought about by one upon whom all our warmest affections centred. Poor, darling Louis! Yes, he who was our pride and our hearts' treasure—his was destined to be the unwilling hand which should effect the ruin which ensued.

"At college some differences arose on a point of honor between a classmate and himself, which, contrary to the lately altered laws of the State, they determined to settle by a duel. They met, these two hot-headed young fellows, and before it was known at headquarters one received a mortal blow, and that one was—oh! think of it, Emily—*not* our darling Louis. His opponent was a bitter enemy to our faith.

"That day my father and uncle were telegraphed for. My mother and myself were in ignorance of what had followed until the following morning, when the glaring newspaper headings revealed the awful truth which only too soon received confirmation from the lips of my father. I shall not linger over those long weeks of agonizing suspense, nor describe that dreadful trial scene. True, we were strong in sympathy, friends, and influence, and well able to meet the heavy expense necessarily incurred. But the opposing side was stronger in influence, and, worse than all, in bigotry. Yes, dear, after those weeks of waiting, of straining every nerve to wrest our dear one from the hands of the law, the worst came at last. Do not ask me how *he* bore it: he went to the scaffold like a martyr to his crown; his eyes raised to heaven, and clasping a crucifix, his last words were words of forgiveness for his enemies.

"Yet between the sentence and the execution there remained an interval during which we made the last giant efforts to save him. My father, at an enormous expense, secured the service of a Spanish merchant vessel, with the design of effecting my brother's escape. This, by means of heavy bribes to the jailers, very nearly succeeded. He escaped from a window at nightfall and boarded the vessel, but the latter was hardly out of port when a government ship was sent in hot pursuit. My father's hopes were thus baffled and his fortune well-nigh exhausted; but he was spared the last heart-breaking trial. He was attacked by brain fever, and soon sank under it. My darling mother lived only a week after the fatal day, and left me, as you see me, *alone*." "Alone!" said I, "not *alone*, Florence; surely your betrothed was by to support you?" "He *would* have remained, dear, had I allowed him, in spite of many objections on the part of his family; but I spared him the ordeal. Yes, he would have remained with me—he begged, he implored me to allow him; but it was right, was it not, in me to be firm in my refusal? And since, poor fellow, he has gone to his reward—the victim of a railroad accident."

Here my friend broke down; the rehearsal of her life's sorrow was too much for her. As for me, I was wholly unnerved, and was already sobbing bitterly on her shoulder. "Florence," I said, when I could trust myself to speak, "who has taught you to carry this weight of grief with such a brave, generous heart?" "Who, Emily? Have we not seen the heart of the tenderest, most loving of human mothers torn in anguish at the sight of her Divine Son, laden with the sins of the whole world, and the object of its bitterest hatred and cruelty? Can my sorrows bear any likeness to these? I who have deserved by my sins the chastisements which God has seen fit to send me?"

With such words as these, and that beautiful light shining in her eyes, she pacified my resentful feelings, after which I said good-by, and made my way to the dimly-lighted church, where in that Blessed Presence I could think it all over, her last words still ringing in my ears:

"The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
But if Mara must be Mara,
He will stand beside the brink."

CHAPTER II.

Holy Week had come round; my relations with Florence Hamilton were of the same friendly, almost sisterly nature. She had altered somewhat within the past few months. Her hair was slightly tinged with gray; her health appeared somewhat impaired; there was a transparency about her complexion and a glassiness in her eyes which caused me some anxiety. But she assured me that my fears were groundless, and almost laughed at my suggestion that she should not go out to such an early Mass. Morning and evening there she was, and, as usual, I went and returned with her, except on Holy Thursday, when through sheer fatigue I could wait for her no longer. As far as I could ascertain, she remained all day without breaking her fast; for this I gave her a sharp rebuke, which she took in her sweet, submissive way.

Good Friday came, and although the morning services were very long, they were not long enough to satisfy the devotion of my friend. I made bold this time, however, and went up and begged her to come out with me; but she turned her eyes, brimming with tears, towards me, and I pressed her no further. "Do not worry about me," she said. "Good Friday is my feast-day; I would like to spend it here." And so, though loath to leave her, I went home, to return at three o'clock for the Stations of the Cross, which were to be made by the entire congregation. Passing my friend's house when this hour arrived, I found that the door was locked; I concluded that her piety had urged her to anticipate the hour for devotions, and yet reaching the church some minutes before any one else was on the scene, I could not see her. Anxiously my eyes scanned the seats and aisles; but no, she was not present. Could she have gone to another church? I could only think this when the Stations commenced. My thoughts were continually upon her during that holy exercise, and I offered my prayers that God would pour abundant comfort that day into her afflicted heart. Little dreamed I that my prayer had already found an answer.

We were nearing the twelfth Station when suddenly I noticed a crowd gathering around the spot directly in front of it. Some one had fainted, I thought—yes, there they were carrying a lady in black. Surely, thought I, as I strained my sight to catch a glimpse of the face, it could not—ah, no! it could not be the form of Florence Hamilton. Before the thought was framed in my mind I had made my way through the crowd surrounding her, only to have my dreadful fears confirmed. Yes, it was she; no face but hers ever wore that sweet, calm smile. "She has fainted," I said to the man who was helping to carry her. "I am her friend; bring her to the vestry, and some one run for the doctor."

"Lady," said the man, his eyes riveted on that marble-cold face, "it looks like death; see, she must have died some hours ago." "Oh, no!" I replied, "it cannot be. I spoke with her just before noon." But dreadful as the thought was to me, I soon saw that his words were only too true; my saintly friend had breathed her last. There at the feet of her crucified Lord, before him in whose footsteps she had walked so faithfully and generously, had the tide of sorrow overwhelmed her heart, and burst the prison-bonds of her soul? We mourn the loss of those we love, too often selfishly; but who could sorrow when the hand of Death leads the long-tried sufferer from the dark of Calvary's mountain into the bright light of an abiding Resurrection?

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SOCIETY.*

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THIS book is the first attempt to supply a manual for the guidance of students interested in what is described as the scientific exposition of society. The plan is original as applied to the subject treated except so far as it may have been suggested by writers who began the construction of a method similar to that used in the physical sciences. Starting with the proposition that the method of credible sociology must be the method of observation and induction, it sets about arranging an order of observation with the object of directing attention to significant facts and to the essential relation of facts to each other.

The arrangement is unusual, but it would be a very great error to suppose that its main value rests in that—rests in giving to a familiar subject a new appearance. After all, human beings in association are the subject-matter of sociology. They and their institutions are its material, and no one has ever lived but has acquired a fair share of knowledge by experience and necessary inference concerning both. But from this very familiarity men are too ready to conclude that they are capable of dealing with the most complex social problems that arise. Our authors by framing their method, or rather by applying the method of biological investigation to this subject, show, at least, how far away the conclusions drawn by careful examination and comparison of social phenomena may be from the rough-and-ready generalizations of every-day practice.

The school to which our authors appear to belong gives the primary importance to the physical part of man; and though they are careful to question the value of any sociology which calculates upon stable equilibrium in unchristian society, they apparently hold that even Christian morality is a social evolution rather than a standard of eternal and immutable justice to which every man is bound to conform. Here, perhaps, we may find the chief weakness of the positive and historic sociology.

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* *An Introduction to the Study of Society.* By Albion W. Small, Ph.D., head Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, and George E. Vincent, Vice-Chancellor of the Chautauqua System of Education.

But they have done well in insisting upon a return to real life for its phenomena. Our authors give Comte and Spencer the chief credit for the suggestion of that mode of handling social facts; but Aristotle has the earlier claim, since he laid it down that to attain the truth concerning moral action you must look to what men really do; and that in politics and economics those judge best who examine the processes of growth in what would be now called the living organism.

Indeed, Messrs. Small and Vincent have done to some who have supplied the materials for the study of society but scant justice, while they have bestowed on others more credit than they are in any respect entitled to. Notwithstanding a breadth of view and a dignity of manner owing to which they contrast favorably with certain scientific and economic writers on both sides of the Atlantic, they display an animus which the intellectual world owes to the Humanists of the Renaissance in the first instance, and to what Mr. Burke so truly and contemptuously described as "the sophists and economists" of the last century in the second.

The importance of the study of social science cannot be over-estimated. In a more or less formal manner it has been engaging the attention of the learned bodies of the Old World for this generation and the preceding one. The work accomplished in the annual meetings of the Social Science Congress of the United Kingdom goes far beyond the wildest hopes of the first promoters. There is hardly a subject conceivably affecting human welfare which has not been discussed. Its views after debate have been taken up by public men and are in great part embodied in recent legislation. The gradual and conciliatory adjustment of labor difficulties in England must to a considerable extent be credited to the humane interest taken in the working-man by the most accomplished persons of both sexes in that country. We have no hesitation in saying that this interest is the product of the sessions of the Congress, and, on the other hand, that interest has gone far to elevate and purify the judgment of the working-man when he saw his life and its objects the chosen subject for the labor and sympathy of the classes he has been taught to regard as hostile to him.

There is no study more ancient than that of society, even though it has been correctly enough looked upon as the most recent branch of learning. The earliest works of poets and historians and philosophers contain hints for the settlement of social rights and relations, and even rules for the government of society. One of the great factors in society, money, is mentioned very much as it would be spoken of now in a novel, or, according to the writer's purpose, as it would be dealt with in the *Times*' city article. What can be more modern in its meaning and effect than the account of the purchase of Machpelah by Abraham for a shekel of silver current money of the merchant? MacLeod * cites the *Iliad* (vii. 468) to show that in Homer's time the value of things in Greece was estimated in oxen as it would be now in pounds sterling. From the Senchus Mor it would seem that values were measured by the same standard in Ireland at the earliest period, and later on a double and a triple standard came into use, which, however, must be regarded as corresponding with subdenominations of the larger ones of other monetary systems. That this is probable, we think, may be fairly inferred from the elaborate and minute law of distress, which constituted the largest head of the Irish laws and appears to have fixed the values of articles to be seized with a searching care. The antiquity of this branch of jurisprudence is respectable—several centuries before our era—so that we have already a venerable age for the use of that factor in society which expresses even more than the word contract how wide is the range of man's relations to his fellows. We have incidentally another social factor, itself a social science of the highest importance—law; so that we are quite entitled to insist upon the recognition of departments of social knowledge long before Comte included sociology, or, as he called it, social physics, in his hierarchy of sciences.

Pursuing the subject of money on account of its close connection with all the forces that act and react in society, we find that this useful servant was employed by nations to whose civilizations we look back with a sort of mysterious awe when we find them using the methods and resources of the most complicated forms of society. The glamour which hangs over Rome is intelligible. Her legal system, the most absolutely perfect science of right ever devised, we would almost *à priori* expect from her great jurists, the rivals in their own realm of her great statesmen and her great generals in affairs and arms. Every social agent of our own time we would expect to meet with in Rome; but who would dream of finding paper money among the Chinese 2,697 years before our era? There is in the Asiatic Museum of St. Petersburg a bill or bank-note issued by a Chinese bank in 1399 B. C. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York there are tablets of the banking transactions of "the mighty city," bearing date when Nebuchadnezzar threatened the world from those towers and walls that almost reached the sky. Nor is there anything crude in the conception and form of these documents of banking. They record loans made in silver shekels, drafts, pledges of security, and the other minutiæ of accounts, which seem to be more in accordance with genuine banking than the transactions of the extensive modern limited liability companies and some of the large finance houses of Europe. The precision of the Chinese banks at a period which seems to push the Deluge back somewhat farther than English Churchmen and old-fashioned Non-conformists in England or Ireland would be disposed to tolerate, fully equals the most exacting demands of the present day. The Chinese bills bore the name of the bank, number of the note, value, place of issue, date, and signature of the proper bank officers. The value was expressed in figures, words, and in some cases in pictorial representations showing coins or ingots equal to the face value of the paper. We hardly recollect a year during this generation in which there was not some tinkering attempt at legislation in the British Parliament concerning notes and checks in order to prevent forgeries and fraudulent payments. Looking at this evidence of social activity in the most central and all-animating seat of social life 4,500 years ago, we are inclined to regard with amazement our authors' history in the first chapter of the second book, entitled "The Family on the Farm." It looks like the puerility of *dilettante* science when put face to face with the force of those great dead civilizations of which we are the too-thankless heirs.

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* *Prin. of Econ. Phil.*, vol. i. p. 186.

The confidence with which it is assumed that all speculation concerning society is a modern product, is the most exasperating of all the pretensions of the positivists or their congeners, and these like congeners elsewhere in natural history are the most bitter enemies of the generic type. To a very large extent, we must allow, the authors of this manual write in a spirit not unworthy of the cause of science. They do not claim for their work any value higher than that of a guide-book in a laboratory. As a guide-book—assuming the laboratory—it is excellent. We know of no manual since Whately's *Logic* that displays more acuteness and originality in the general method and in the division and order of parts. But have they the laboratory? That is the question. We doubt it.

There is a wide difference between entering into the laboratory of a chemist book in hand, entering into a museum in any department of natural science book in hand, and taking our authors' manual into their Utopias of the "Family on the Farm," of the "Rural Group," of the "Village," of the "Town and City." The first laboratory, that of the family on the farm, is more ideal, or rather, less practically real, than the creations of good writers of fiction. The second, that of the village, is decidedly inferior in its picture of the probable conditions of individual and social life to the very bald report of the action of a body of emigrants on arriving on the coast of an unoccupied district which Mr. Nassau Senior gives to illustrate his proposition concerning the monopoly called land, that it repays with less and less relative assistance every increase in the expenditure upon it. They are all creatures of the imagination, very much like the laborers and farmers, landlords and capitalists of Mr. John Stuart Mill, of Mr. Ricardo, and the rest of their school.

Moreover, our authors, as if to give a special importance to the study to which they offer this book as an introduction, take no account, or very little, of what is usually called political economy. Yet under that name by far the largest part of the subject-matter suggested in their book has been hitherto treated. They call economics a small part of social science. We respectfully submit that their own very ingenious manual proves it to be by far the largest part, if we eliminate their very irrelevant importation of physical science.

The analogy on which they base this method of treatment is remote. In the first place, it is opposed to all experience; in the second, to the very instincts of the race. We do not know that the lower animals are social merely because they are gregarious. The very wonderful resemblances to some of the operations of community life do not seem to have yet evolved a code of ethics, or even an individual conscience in bees and beavers. Mr. Romanes' dog had a deep respect for certain prohibited articles belonging to his master. The latter attributed it to the working of a developing conscience; we are prosaic enough to discover it in the recollection of the stick or whip in the hand of that enlightened philosopher.

The world of investigation into the facts of political science, economics, and morals was not born yesterday, or by the Thames, or in the universities of Revolutionary France. Our authors take a fling at the pedagogic slavery to books, which they tell us was a survival from the scholasticism which Bacon began to destroy in the thirteenth century by turning from words to things as the real source of knowledge. What authority have they for holding their fanciful families, villages, and towns to be more real entities than those which engaged every philosopher of antiquity and their students, the Schoolmen? The phenomena of mental and moral activities within the monk's own little world, the world under his individual cowl, differ in no way from those of the authors', or from Locke's. Men from the cloister guided great kings in the most difficult periods of their reigns, laid and accomplished plans for the reclamation of vast regions bare and desolate or covered with forest and morass, and introduced into them not imaginary families or rural groups for imaginary villages or towns, but men and women who are the distant parents of the vast majority of civilized mankind.

Why, to hear our modern scientists or sciolists talk, there never was a Tyre in which a commerce inconceivably immense centred, or a Nineveh which "multiplied her merchants above the stars of heaven." The vast transactions of those two communities alone must have called for social adjustments of the greatest variety, because the greatest variety of social forces were engaged. The trade carried on by the Carthaginians seems to have been on an equal footing with that of the greatest modern states. To and from Britain or Gambia and Senegal their galleys were for ever rounding the pillars of Hercules on the voyage out or the voyage home.

Xenophon, four centuries before the time of our Lord, published a treatise, called "On Ways and Means," in which he suggested methods for increasing the prosperity of his country. In it we find suggestions of the same kind as those which have won for the French "sophists and economists" the praise of the *salons* and of all the well-bred people of England; we find more—suggestions which after twenty-three centuries were useful to the greatest law-reformers of England, Lord Brougham and Lord Westbury.

Again, Plato in his *Republic* sketches in a way that no modern sociologist could surpass the fundamental laws of human nature which make life in society a necessity for man. We do not lay any stress on his clear realization of all that the most recent economists have said concerning division of labor. For the present we are endeavoring to show why the men of social science in our day may be reasonably asked to admit that there were great men before Agamemnon.

Aristotle has been called the father of political economy; we think he ought to be called the father of social science. We need go no farther than the second book of his "Economics" to explain our meaning. His division of economy into the four kinds, regal, satrapical, political, and domestic, together with his treatises on "Ethics" and "Politics," exhausts the whole of the sociology of his day, of ours, and of all time to come. In the regal economy we have the central authority of a supreme executive like that at Washington, a supreme legislature, and a supreme court of law; in the satrapical, the economy of the individual states in relation to themselves and to each other; in the third, which would be better rendered by politic than political, we have the whole social organism of this great country as a free state giving life and strength to each part and preserving its life and vigor by the functional vigor of the parts. But more than this, Aristotle has not lost sight of the most important factor in the social scheme, the family, which is the earliest form of social life and the perpetual preserver of the state. In his "Ethics" and "Politics" we have a still further contribution to exact knowledge of society and its components—the state and the individuals who constitute it. Altogether it may be said that this transcendent thinker has afforded, in the works just mentioned, definitions which might be advantageously imitated for their precision by modern writers on society, and copious information which they can safely use, and, after their manner, without acknowledgment.

As there is much in the work of our authors for which we have only praise to offer, we shall take up this subject in a future number. We confess that we followed them with great interest; but we conceive that it is our duty in reviewing a work of this kind to hold the balance fairly between the dead past and the present, and not to allow ourselves to be carried away by specious commonplaces concerning modern methods or showy platitudes which are presented as deep and original remarks in order to justify new departures. When again we approach the subject of sociology we shall be able, we trust, to say something concerning the advantage which our authors' method will afford when applied under conditions which we shall try to point out.

BANAGHER RHUE.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

BANAGHER RHUE of Donegal,
(Holy Mary, how slow the dawn !)
This is the hour of your loss or gain :
Is go d-tigheadh do, mhúirnín slan !

Banagher Rhue, but the hour was ill
(O Mary Mother, how high the price !)
When you swore you'd game with Death himself ;
Aye, and win with the devil's dice.

Banagher Rhue, you must play with Death,
(Mary, watch with him till the light !)
Through the dark hours, for the words you said,
All this strange and noisy night.

Banagher Rhue, you are pale and cold ;
(How the demons laugh through the air !)
The anguish beads on your frowning brow ;
Mary set on your lips a prayer !

Banagher Rhue, you have won the toss :
(Mother, pray for his soul's release !)
Shuffle and deal ere the black cock crows,
That your spirit may find its peace.

Banagher Rhue, you have played a king ;
(How strange the lights on your fingers fall !)
A voice, "I was cold, and he sheltered me . . ."
The trick is yours, but the chance is small.

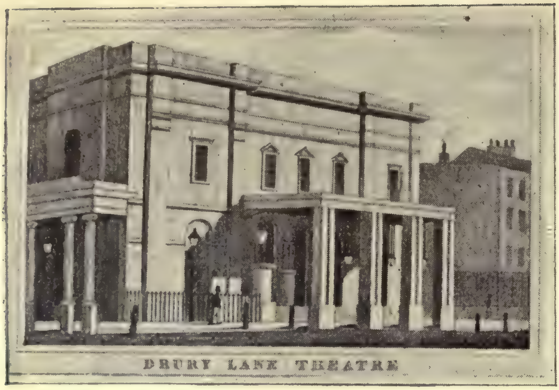
Banagher Rhue, now an ace is yours ;
(Mother Mary, the night is long !)
"I was a sin that he hurried aside . . ."
O for the dawn and the blackbird's song !

Banagher Rhue, now a ten of suit ;
(Mother Mary, what hot winds blow !)
"Nine little lives hath he saved in his path . . ."
Alas ! the black cock does not crow.

Banagher Rhue, you have played a knave ;
(O what strange gates on their hinges groan !)
"I was a friend who had wrought him ill ;
When I had fallen, he cast no stone . . ."

Banagher Rhue, now a queen has won !
(The black cock crows with the flash of dawn.)
And she is the woman who prays for you :
"*Is go d-tigheadh do, mhúirnín slan !*" *

* "May my darling come through safely !'"



As rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren.

WHAT GEORGE CANNING OWED TO AN IRISH ACTOR.

BY PATRICK SARSFIELD CASSIDY.

ALTHOUGH not the first comedian of Irish birth to adorn and enliven the London stage, John Moody was the first to give creditable and truthful presentation of Irish character, and to show to London audiences that there were gentlemen of polished wit and manners in Ireland as well as blundering bog-trotters. Moody was a specialist in Irish character, true to life, and in this respect differed from his predecessors, Doggett and Wilkes, both natives of Dublin, and who flourished contemporaneously at Drury Lane in the infant years of the eighteenth century, and held proprietary interests in that establishment. This was what might be called the third era of Drury Lane, the first being its cockpit days before its destruction by a Puritan mob, and the second that in which such names as those of Sir William Davenant, the famous Killigrew, Dryden, Sir Christopher Wren—who rebuilt the theatre in 1671–2 after its destruction by fire—Otway, Lee, Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar, are associated with its history. The building pictured in the accompanying illustration was that erected by Sir Christopher Wren.

The old dramatic chronicles speak of Doggett as a comedian of great merit, possessing the happy art of arriving at the perfectly ridiculous without exceeding the bounds of nature or violating the possibilities, and whose manners, always original and never borrowed, frequently served as a model for many who came after, while the propriety with which he dressed his characters gave double force to his humor. But his characters were general—men of the world and of society—and not special representatives of any race or nation. And the same was the case with Wilkes, freely acknowledged to be the most polished light comedian of his day.

Speaking of Wilkes, it will not be without interest to remark that the intimate friendship between him and the original Booth in those days resulted, among other things, in giving to American history in our own times a name that can never die—that of John Wilkes Booth.

Besides Moody and Wilkes, there were Mossop, Spranger Barry, Woodward, Lewis, Ryder, Thomas Sheridan (father of Richard Brinsley), Mrs. Abington, O'Brien, the celebrated "Lord Trinket" and "Toffington," who wedded Lady Strangways, Charles Macklin (originally McLaughlin), who changed the character of Shylock from what it had been to what it has been since and forced the poet Pope to exclaim:

"This is the Jew
That Shakspere drew!"

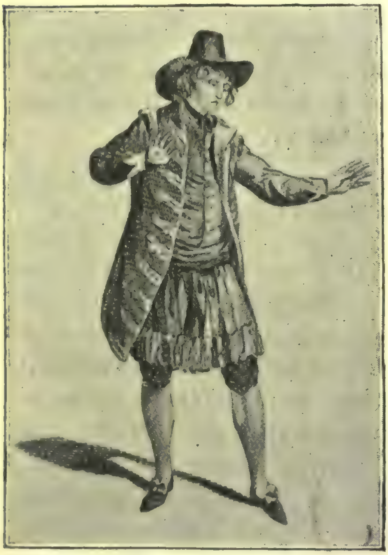
Ireland during more than half of the eighteenth century was a school for dramatic training. Dublin then contained the material to sustain the drama. It was not only a garrison city and the seat of the native national parliament, but was crowded with the aristocracy of England as well as of Ireland. Nearly every household establishment of any pretensions had its private theatre, like that of Lady Burrowes, where Tom Moore, the future poet, appeared in character at the age of fourteen. And the provincial cities and towns copied Dublin in this respect; all had their amateur dramatic companies. It was at an amateur company's performance on a private stage in Kilkenny that Moore met his wife, the beautiful Bessie Dyke. Smock Alley in Dublin witnessed the *début* of many a young aspirant for histrionic fame who won laurels and renown afterwards even on the Drury Lane stage, under the management of the imperious Garrick, "the English Roscius."

But it is with Moody individually I have principally to do, and only incidentally with the times in which he strutted his little hour upon the stage.

Moody, the Irish comedian who made an English prime minister, was born in the city of Cork, where his father followed the respectable though humble profession of hair-dresser, and in his leisure hours cultivated nature in the form of vegetables and flowers, from the sale of which he considerably augmented his income. Young Moody, whose real name was Cochrane, was trained up in the business of his father, and was expected by the father to maintain the reputation of the house for artistic hair-dressing and the production of excellent esculents when he, the father, had gone

> "— beyond the sun, and the bath
> Of all the western stars."

But the young man had a soul above cabbages—a mind above the making of periwigs and toupees. The dramatic fever, then so prevalent—caught him, and he decided to follow the course of his townsman, Dr. Farren, who from being an indifferent setter of broken limbs and collar-bones in Cork, became a famous actor, and trained up and gave to the stage one of the most accomplished actresses of any country or age, Miss Betsy Farren, the incomparable Miss Hardcastle in the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," and who herself became Countess of Derby, the most lovely woman of her time.



Moody as Teague.
"Upon my soul, I believe he's dead."—*The Committee*, act iv. sc. 1.*

The more this idea germinated in the active and ambitious brain of young Cochrane, the more dissatisfied he became with the dull business of hair-dressing and vegetable-raising. His ambition demanded that he be "a gentleman actor." One fine summer morning, when all the birds were singing along the banks of

> "The pleasant waters of the river Lee,"

he quitted Cork and went in search of some strolling company of players who would take him in. He found one, and then he dutifully sat down and wrote to his father of his exalted position. The parent was proud, as all artistic hair-dressers were in those days, and he had the honored name of Cochrane to preserve from disgrace. Among the class to which Mr. Cochrane, senior, belonged the professional actor was looked upon as an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, if not an abandoned profligate. It was the time of the old story—

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* From a picture published by Harrison & Co., April, 1779.

"Mother! Mother! the players are coming!"

"Lord a-mercy, child, run and take in the clothes!"

Mr. Cochrane sat down and penned a pompous and severe reply to his son's exuberant letter of delight at his success, telling him that he had cast a stain upon the honest and honorable name and family of Cochrane, and if he ever hoped for forgiveness he should change his name instantly. The son respected the old man's pride and prejudice and adopted the name of Moody, under which he acted leading characters in the cities and towns all over Ireland with great success. He had even gained the stamp of Dublin approval, and then there was nothing more for him to conquer in Ireland. He longed for adventure and wider fame. The stories then afloat of the teeming wealth of the Indies fascinated his imagination, and at Galway he set sail for Jamaica. He landed at Kingston financially stranded, only to find there was not a theatre in the place. But he was undismayed. That hope which springs eternal in the human breast finds its highest flights in the Irishman's, and the Celtic buoyancy of temperament and lightheartedness stood him in good stead, as it has done many a time and oft with the exiles of Erin. He soon made himself known, for no genuine Irish exile ever repairs at twilight

"To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill!"

Campbell was utterly wrong and did not know Irish character. A number of wealthy gentlemen fitted up a stage for him, and Moody became a full-fledged actor-manager all at once; thus snatching fortune out of adversity instead of wandering off alone to the beach to weep to the waves and allow the dew to fall heavy and chill on his thin jacket, as Mr. Campbell would have him do.

In making his *début* to the Jamaicans Moody took the character of Richard III., and at once established for himself a great reputation. The people became enthusiastic over him, and a few nights later gave him a benefit which realized a large sum of money in those days; and, to induce him to remain with them, presented him with a section of land on which to settle down as a planter. But it was here as in Ireland. He came, he saw, he conquered, and although prosperous and admired, the restless spirit of adventure became too strong to be checked. His longing and ambition were to try his fortune in London, and, dramatically, conquer the metropolitan stage. Notwithstanding his refusal to stay with them, the Jamaicans gave him a farewell benefit which produced an overflowing house and a heavy purse.

To quit an island where all were his friends, and he prosperous and honored, for the desperate chances on the London boards was not an act of prudence, but was personally and, perhaps, nationally characteristic. Arrived in London, he boldly sought an audience with Garrick, "the English Roscius," as he loved to call himself, the greatest man of that or any other age, in his own estimation. Moody procured the interview and asked for a *début* at the Drury Lane theatre.

"What character would you like to appear in?" asked Garrick.

"Richard is my favorite character," promptly responded Moody undauntedly.

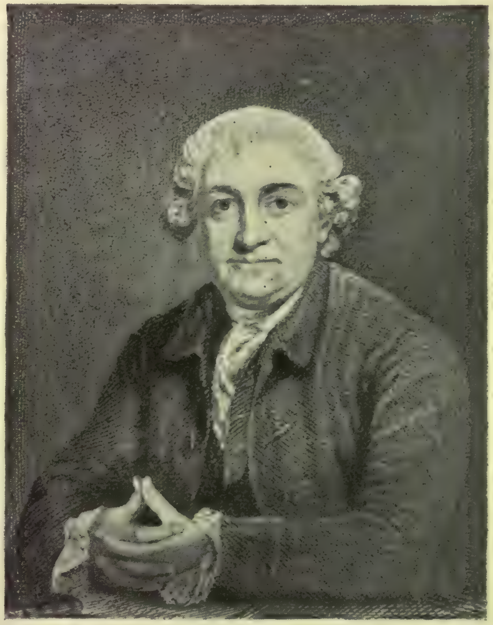
"Indeed!" exclaimed the English Roscius, piercing the applicant with that terrible eye of his, which Lady Cook says "could bore a hole in a plank." "Pray, sir, are you not aware that I am the established and only Richard of the town?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" responded Moody blandly; "but why not have two Richards in the field?"

"My dear sir," said Garrick, struck by Moody's boldness and self-confidence, "I have conceived a good opinion of you, and wish to make you a friendly offer. 'Richard III.' is to be played next Monday; the Lieutenant of the Tower is at your service, at a salary of £1 per week. Are you willing to accept the terms?"

"With pleasure," replied Moody, trying to adopt the voice of a Yorkshireman, fearing he would not be acceptable if known to be Irish. But Garrick could easily detect the Munster brogue, and put him down in his mind as a genuine son of the shamrock sod. Nor was the small salary of £1 per week because of that discovery. Garrick, like most actor-managers then and since, was a miserly paymaster as well as a jealous employer, who sought to thrust back and crush men who might become rivals. Garrick notoriously did this with Mossop, Macklin, Henderson, and Thomas Sheridan. He paid great actors only £5 a week, and really good ones only a paltry £1 weekly, at

Drury Lane, while Sheridan, his successor, paid £4 as the lowest and proportionately up to £40. Garrick held that the honor of playing under him was a great compensation in itself. This is charmingly illustrated in an interview with John Palmer. The latter got an engagement at Drury Lane, and Garrick told him to leave the matter of salary to him. At the end of the week the business manager offered him £1 5*s*. Palmer had had two offers of £3 per week—one at Covent Garden and the other in Dublin. He declined the money and sought Garrick for an explanation. "With me," said "Roscius," "you can calculate on a term sufficiently long for you to establish a name and fame that will not only stand as long as you live, but even after you are dead will be of use to you in having you mentioned in connection with the English 'Roscius.'"



D. Garrick

"Dear sir," replied Palmer, "I am not anxious about posthumous fame. I want the means of enjoying this life. I have a wife to maintain, a woman brought up in respectability — in fact, a lady."

"Ay!" cried Garrick, "there is the evil of marrying a lady. What does a poor man want with a woman who is unable to mend, wash, cook, and rub and scrub?" He, however, promised Palmer an increase, and he gave it—five shillings!

But Garrick did not place his players so much in the position of domestic retainers as did his predecessor, Davenant, who boarded his actresses in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and even this was much better than the position of the dramatic writers and authors of those days, who were the mere scrubs of the booksellers, and had reason to thank their stars when they got a good meal, while Davenant fed his dependents exquisitely, and even honored their caprices with *rosa-solis* and *usquebaugh.*

But this is a digression excusable, I hope, because of the gossipy spirit in which I write, and the incidents brought in throw some side light on the commercial value of talent in times that we are invited to look back on as golden in the fields of literature and the drama. But, however mean, vain, and jealous Garrick may have been, his memory must ever be respected for his interesting and successful efforts to restore the Elizabethan drama—and especially Shakspere—to the stage. The Restoration period of the drama—a brilliant one—closed with the death of Queen Anne, August 1, 1714, as did also the Augustan age of English literature. During the following twenty-five years the drama sunk to a very low ebb, and low indeed was its condition when Garrick undertook to reform the theatre and revive Shakspere. He made his own famous *début* at Goodman's Fields, London, as Richard, and won fame—on five pounds a week.

Moody's *début* as the Lieutenant of the Tower was a success, and although such old and able men as Thomas Sheridan and Henderson were forced to give dramatic readings in Hickford's great room on Brewer Street, he was able to command engagements fairly well paid.

Through Moody's persuasion Cumberland's comedy of "The West Indian" was put on the stage for the first time at Drury Lane, with Moody in the character of Major O'Flaherty—a type of the fine old officer of the Irish Brigade. This well, truthfully, and creditably drawn character gave Moody the opportunity he desired, and he seized it with brilliant effect. This was perhaps the first genuine type of an Irish gentleman ever seen on the London boards. All up till that time had been miserable caricatures of the bog-trotter, performed by low comedians who exaggerated and invented vulgarities of speech and action while possessing none of the most common Irishman's wit, sprightliness, and natural *finesse.* Moody showed London that there were Irishmen other than the bog-trotter, and he took pride in doing it. In the cast of the West Indian with Moody was another adventurous and romantic Irishman who had a past. This was Frank Aickin, a native of Dublin, who had made a successful *début* at the Smock Alley Theatre, and then ran off with an heiress who had fallen in love with his handsome person and pronounced talents. Aickin played Stockwell, the merchant.

Among the other Irish characters that Moody made famous on the London stage were Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's sparkling farce of "Love à la Mode"; Captain O'Cutter, in the elder Colman's "Jealous Wife"; and Teague, the faithful Irishman, in the comedy of "The Committee," which was afterwards altered into "The Honest Thieves." All these characters were true to life and creditable to the race they represented. Moody was too much of an Irishman himself to burlesque Irish character, and his talents were far above the range of the men who mangled and vulgarized even the poor bog-trotter. And here, parenthetically, surprise may be expressed that the early Cockney conception of an Irishman still sticks to the stage. Even in America, where so much Irish blood and brains permeates the people, there never has been a decent Irish play produced. All have been mere copies or variants of the early vulgar burlesques. This speaks very poorly for the advance of dramatic literature and the stage, which seems devoid of pregnant force and originality. Will not some one give us a good Irish play to break the dreary monotony of vulgarity and imbecility?

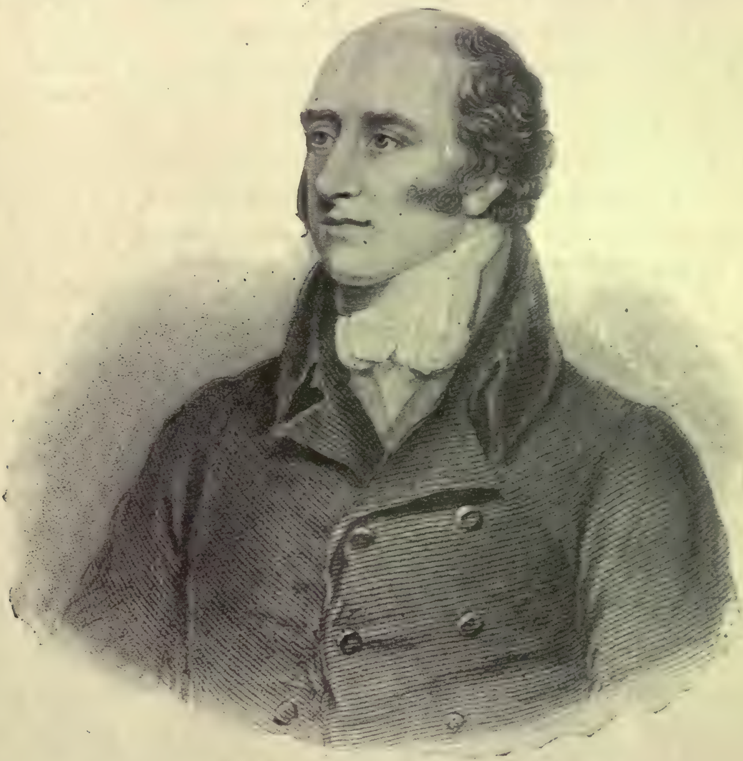
While Moody was at Drury Lane he made the acquaintance of Reddish, a tragedian of talent, but a man of most irregular habits and bad character, which he disguised under the most fascinating manners, and who had acquired some notoriety for acting the villain on the stage and still more for acting the profligate in real life. He also made the acquaintance of Mrs. Canning, the widowed mother of George Canning, the future prime minister of England. The three played in the same cast. Mrs. Canning must have heard the evil stories that were rife about Reddish; but she married him notwithstanding, for the ways of the sex are beyond comprehension in such matters. This queer union caused much gossip in dramatic and literary circles, as the lady's deceased husband had gained some reputation in literature. When, subsequently, Reddish and his latest wife—Mrs. Canning—appeared at Bristol, Hannah More—she of "The old Armchair"—wrote to Garrick: "This is the second or third wife he has produced at Bristol in a short time. We have had a whole bunch of Reddishes, and all remarkably unpungent." One of Reddish's previous wives was a Miss Hart, who appeared at Drury Lane in 1767, and who in addition to the salary enjoyed an income of £200 a year from a questionable source. But money, however obtained, had always the strongest temptation for Reddish. He wooed and married Miss Hart in less than ten weeks, and in as short a period induced her to sell her annuity; then squandered the proceeds as rapidly, and this done, abandoned her. Churchill celebrated this Miss Hart in "The Rosciad":

"Happy in this, behold, amid the throng,
With transient gleam of grace Hart sweeps along."

George, the deceased husband of Mrs. Canning, was the disinherited heir to the estate and baronetcy of Garvagh, in the County Londonderry, Ireland. The original Canning of Garvagh was a "planter"—that is, the estate was given to him by James I. in 1618, after the rightful Irish owner had been driven from it, perhaps shot or hanged, for alleged treason or on some trumped-up charge in the days when James "planted" the province of Ulster with English and Scotch settlers—adventurers and soldiers of fortune. Bell, in his *Life of Canning*, tells of this event with more honesty than a vast majority of English writers. "This grant," he says, "was one of those violent appropriations of land in that country which, under the pretext of defective titles, or other legal quibbles, industriously supplied by the attorney-general of that day, formed so conspicuous a feature of the management of Irish affairs throughout that memorable reign."

The disinherited heir went to London and sought to prepare himself for the bar while earning a living as a bookseller's hack; but he had a wretchedly hard time of it, and would, no doubt, have been often reduced to starvation only for the annuity allowed him of £150, which, while only a wretched pittance, helped to meet desperate emergencies. At the age of thirty-eight he wrote some verses which show that he was utterly broken in spirit, regarding his career as ended, and that the ditch of despair was only left for him to fall into and die. However, he did not die, but fell in love, which perhaps was the next thing to it. The object of his passion was Miss Mary Ann Costello, whose father filled insignificant parts at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. On the play-bill of the latter theatre for August 9, 1766, he is down for the second grave-digger in "Hamlet." For Canning to burden himself with a wife, in his precarious circumstances, was the acme of imprudence. The pair went through all the grades of want and misery until Canning's pride and manhood were utterly broken, and he wrote a pitiful appeal to his father to have some mercy upon him and send him aid. The father did offer aid, but on the humiliating condition that he agree to cut off the entail of the estate, thus renouncing for ever his legal rights as heir-at-law. And the broken-down and despairing man consented.

In the midst of pecuniary distress and overwhelming troubles the future prime minister was born, April 11, 1770. "He would," says Bell, "be a brave prophet who would have predicted that a child of such affliction should one day be prime minister of England." The wretched father died a year or so later amidst the most abject squalor, and with his death the annuity of £150 reverted to the Garvagh family, leaving the widow and infant son utterly destitute.



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Through the intercession of some friends at court, Queen Charlotte intimated to Garrick that he give Mrs. Canning an engagement, which was done. On the night of the lady's *début* as Jane Shore, Garrick, in the hope of royal patronage, appeared himself in the part of Hastings, which he long before had relinquished. But no royal patronage came, and Garrick, who never stood on ceremony on such occasions, finding Mrs. Canning forsaken by the court, made no scruple in reducing her at once to a lower position. This was the situation when she married the reprobate Reddish, who, as manager, took her on a tour of the provinces.

The childhood of the future prime minister was a most wretched one, passed as it was under the unauspicious guardianship of Reddish, whose disorderly habits precluded the possibility of moral or intellectual training. The profligacy of his life communicated its tone to his household, and even the material necessities of his family were frequently neglected to feed his excesses elsewhere. It was from such a prevailing condition and the corresponding fate that seemed inevitable that Moody resolved to rescue the lad, in whom he had taken a warm-hearted interest and in whose mental sprightliness he discerned evidences of talent which, properly attended to, should lead to a bright and successful career. To remain in the Reddish home meant inevitable ruin. Moody actually worried over the situation in which the boy was placed, but could himself do nothing to change it. He knew that the feeling in the Canning family against the disinherited, although dead, heir was still bitter. In fact the marriage of Canning to Mary Ann Costello, daughter of Drury Lane's second grave-digger, had clinched the nail in the door and closed it irrevocably against the outcast. With her child they would have nothing whatever to do—especially as she had still further disgraced the name by marrying the disreputable Reddish. Moody knew the boy had an uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, a rich London merchant ; but there had been no communication between the brothers from the day of George's disinheritance. The prosperous merchant scornfully ignored the existence of the black sheep—the bookseller's hack. Thus the prospect of inducing the family to do anything for the lad was black as midnight with the blackest doubt. They did not even leave him his father's paltry annuity of £150. They had refused to acknowledge Mary Ann Costello's child as of their blood and name.

Moody, after brooding over the matter for many weeks, saw that the prospect of help from the family, although dark and discouraging, was the only one there was to try. Fortifying himself with reasons and arguments and, as a contemporary tells us, saying a prayer for the success of his mission, "Moody made a journey into the city" to see Mr. Canning, the uncle.

Moody's proposition to Mr. Canning was spurned with anger and he himself referred to as an impertinent intermeddler; but Moody was so absorbed in his purpose that he could overlook rebuffs and personal indignities. He continued to plead the boy's cause with that impressive force and natural eloquence which spring from deep earnestness. He spoke of the ties of blood that are stronger than all human laws or rules of social inequality, because they are the laws of nature herself. He showed that if the father had transgressed against the pride and dignity of the family he had suffered severely for it, and his offence should not be visited on the innocent child. He spoke of the boy's brightness—his wonderful promise, if properly trained—and prophesied, with the confidence that attends conviction, that the lad would yet cast such honor on the name as it had never known, while on the other hand if he were not rescued from his surroundings, a still deeper disgrace was certain to come upon the name he bore.

Such an appeal could not fail to make an impression on the most stubborn human nature, and the interview came to a close by Mr. Canning giving consent that Moody bring the boy that he might see him. Moody felt that he had won the victory. His own affection for the boy was such that he could not imagine any one else seeing him without liking him. Next morning Moody, accompanied by his *protégé*, made another "journey into the city," but this time with peace and joy in his breast instead of anxiety and fear. Mr. Canning took to the boy and adopted him, placing him at school and securing to him the training that made his remarkable career possible. Live history tells that career down to his early death at Chiswick, August 8, 1827, and his biographers point out as a creditable trait that he never forgot his mother, but wrote to her once a week and settled a comfortable income upon her.

On the evening of January 25, 1769, an event of a decidedly sensational nature took place at Drury Lane, and the conduct of Moody on the occasion was such as to greatly endear him to Garrick. This event was the riot by a mob of young bloods ambitiously calling themselves The Town, and undertaking to dictate prices at the theatres. On the evening in question the play was the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and as soon as the performers appeared on the stage the mob began a series of interruptions and howls which brought out Garrick himself to ascertain the cause of the trouble. He attempted to speak, but his voice was completely drowned by the uproar. The ladies in the audience disappeared as quickly as possible, and in fact in a very few minutes the mob had the theatre to themselves. Benches were torn up, the glass lustres thrown upon the stage, and total wreck seemed imminent. Moody considered it his duty to protect the property of his employer and he proceeded to do all he could to save the theatre from destruction. He did succeed in rendering a few of the rioters *hors de combat*, and then grappled with one who had a lighted torch and seemed bent on setting fire to the place. After this a truce and parley resulted in Garrick giving his promise to make the admission half price after the third act of a play, except in the case of new plays on their first run. This settled, the mob demanded that Moody appear and apologize. Moody appeared, and with his ever exuberant wit assured them he "was very sorry he had displeased them by saving their lives in putting out the fire." The mob took this as an insult and howled savagely, demanding that the offending actor go down on his knees on the stage and beg their pardon. Moody refused and left the stage, and Garrick was so pleased that he received him with open arms and assured him that while he was master of a guinea he should be paid his salary whether he acted or not, while if he had been so mean as to submit to the required abasement he would never have forgiven him. So great was the wrath of the mob against Moody that Garrick had to promise them the offending comedian would not appear again while under the ban of their displeasure. Moody did not take kindly to this enforced idleness, although he was allowed to draw his salary, and he boldly called on Fitzgerald, the ringleader of The Town, and demanded that he sign a paper very humiliating in its terms to a man of spirit. Fitzgerald refused ; but Moody was determined, and after some very emphatic threats Fitzgerald said he would do an act that would be as beneficial in restoring Moody to the good graces of The Town. He then wrote a letter to Garrick stating that if Moody would resume his place on the stage he and his friends would attend the theatre on the occasion as a token of respect and would give all the assistance in their power to rehabilitate Moody in popularity with the bloods.

This arrangement was carried out, but Moody never recovered the popularity of former days, or attained that faultlessness in his manner of performing Irish characters which had in earlier years drawn from Churchill a remarkable eulogium in "The Rosciad"—a tribute which Moody always considered as his passport to the temple of fame.

CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

CANADA has a goodly number of inspired singers whose strong, fresh notes in the academic groves of song are steadily winning the ear and heart of an increasing multitude. These chanters of Canadian lays, these prophets of the people, sing in various keys—some catching up in their song the glory and spirit of the world without, some weaving in ballad a recital of the bold adventures and heroic achievements of the early missionary explorer and pioneer, while others with heart and lips of fire are stirring in the national breast of "Young Canada" fairer visions and dreams of patriotism and promise. The note of all these singers is individual—indigenous. Their songs are racy of the soil, charged with the very life-blood of the people—the flowering of more than three centuries of daring deed, noble toil, generous suffering, and high emprise.

Nor is there anything of pessimism in Canadian poetry. It is full-blooded, hearty, healthy, and hopeful in its tone. The Canadian pioneer who entered the virgin forest in the twilight days of civilization brought with him a stout and resolute heart ready to front every danger and bear up under every deprivation and loss.

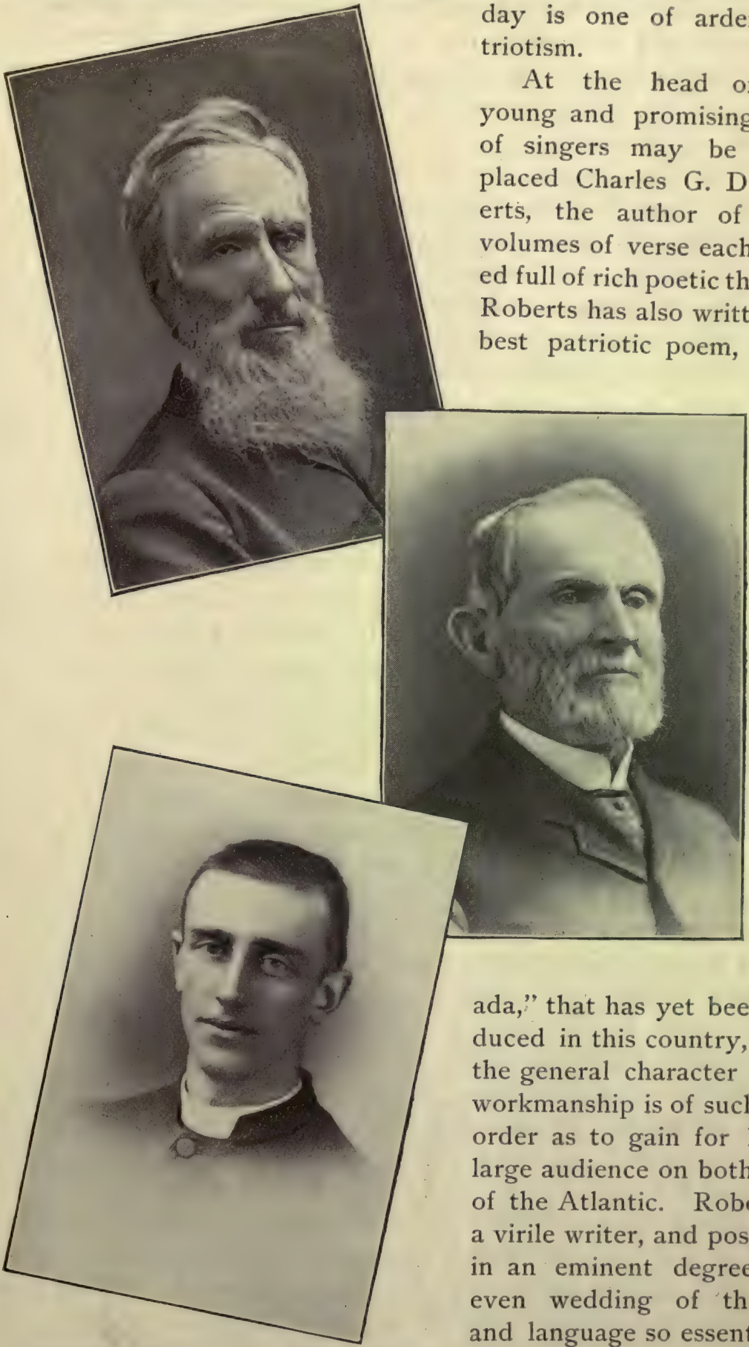
This lineage of courage is manifest in Canadian song. Alexander MacLachlan, who is justly called the Burns of Canada, breathes it into his tender and melodious lines. This venerable poet, now in his seventy-sixth year, experienced in his early days life in the backwoods of Canada, and many of his finest lyrics find their root of inspiration in scenes and incidents peculiar to roughing it in the woods. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the heroism of our fathers in the forest give soil to a spirit of heroism in Canadian poetry, and that the wholesome virtues of honesty, uprightness, industry, and good cheer find reflection in the life interpretation of our people.

The links that bind in song the Canadian poets of to-day with the old and honored choir that chanted in the dawn of Canadian life and letters are, year by year, breaking and disappearing. Pierre Chauveau, universally recognized as the *doyen* of French-Canadian literature; Charles Sangster, the Canadian Wordsworth in his love and reverence of nature; Charles Heavysege, whose great scriptural tragedy "Saul" was considered by Longfellow to be "the best tragedy written since the days of Shakspere"; and Louisa Murray, the author of "Merlin's Cave," a poem characterized by great beauty of thought and diction—all these have heard within a few years the whisperings of death and have stolen away.

The younger Canadian poets of to-day revere those names as the pioneers of Canadian letters—song-birds of the dawn—minstrels whose harps cheered the patriot firesides of the early Canadian settler. They had for contemporaries in American poetry Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes; but the labor of their achievement as first colonizers of literature in Canada entitles them to be ranked rather as contemporaries of Irving, Willis, Halleck, and Poe.

Now as to the spirit and methods of the older and younger schools of Canadian poetry. Scholarship, refinement, a keen appreciation of the artistic with a certain boldness of wing, mark the performances of the Canadian singer of to-day. He puts into his workmanship more of Keats and Tennyson and Swinburne, but less of Scott and Wordsworth and Burns, than did the poets of the older school. He has drank copiously from classical fountains—from the clear streams of Theocritus, and Moschus, and the other idyllic and nature-loving poets of Greece. He pitches his song in a higher and less homely key than did his elder brothers of the lyre; sings of nature in round and graceful notes, and, laying his ear to the heart of his country, reads the throbbing promise of her future in the glorious light of her eyes. Broadly and deeply sympathetic, he has but one altar in his heart, and this is dedicated to the service of his native land. The Imperial note in his song, which is but a grace note, marks the ties of love and reverence which bind him to the motherland—the Canadian note, strong and full, the patriotic service of chivalrous knighthood demanded of him at the sacred shrine of Duty and Country. Prophet that he is, he sees that the spirit of national development in Canada must go on—that it is widening and deepening—that the aspirations of this land of "the true North" have their roots down deep in the life-blood of a people with well-nigh three centuries of conquest and triumph lighting up the history of their past. This he feels to be the gospel of the throbbing hour, this he knows to be the burden of the people's hopes. And so the dominant note in the songs of the Canadian poets of today is one of ardent patriotism.

At the head of this young and promising band of singers may be justly placed Charles G. D. Roberts, the author of three volumes of verse each packed full of rich poetic thought. Roberts has also written the best patriotic poem, "Canada," that has yet been produced in this country, while the general character of his workmanship is of such high order as to gain for him a large audience on both sides of the Atlantic. Roberts is a virile writer, and possesses in an eminent degree that even wedding of thought and language so essential to



ALEXANDER MACLACHLAN, EVAN MACCOLL,
F. G. SCOTT.

the production of a first-rate poem. A little more simplicity and directness and an abandonment of classical form and method in his verse would make Roberts more popular with the common people. Here is one of his poems which well illustrates the patriotic note in his verse. It is entitled "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy":

"Awake, my country: the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dream is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country: the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth—our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
Those iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North!
Let flame your loyalty forth,

And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!"

One of the most original and bold—daring in his flights of song—among the younger Canadian poets of to-day is William Wilfrid Campbell, best known as "The Poet of the Lakes." Campbell has a keen sense of color and form, and many of his lake lyrics catch up and embody in their lines the spirit of ever-changing hues, subtle and weird, that broods over the breasts of our great Canadian lakes. It was not, however, the lake lyrics which brought Campbell most renown, but a unique poem entitled "The Mother," which first appeared in a New York magazine in the spring of 1891. This poem was counted by capable critics as one of the cleverest things in verse that had appeared from an American pen for a great many years. Campbell has at times a great deal of strength, and resources of melody which might well be matched against the best music of Shelley or Swinburne. There is, however, a lack of spiritual throb—divine immanence—in the poetry of Campbell, and unless he puts into his lines more of the light of Heaven, his best gifts, like those of Swinburne, will achieve no lasting fame. Nature is indeed very fair to worship, but nature when shut off from Heaven becomes a very poor thing.

The following poem, taken from "Lake Lyrics," will give the reader a hint as to the spirit and method of Campbell's work. It is entitled "Manitou," which is the largest island in Lake Huron, believed by the Indians to be sacred to Manitou when he makes his abode on earth. I never read this poem that its melody and manner do not call up at once Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden":

"Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
  Out on the drift and rift of its blue;
Walled by mists from the world asunder,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
  Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

Here, where the surfs of the great Lake trample
  Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Beating on rock-coasts aged and ample,
Reareth the Manitou's mist-walled temple,
  Floored with forest and roofed with blue.

Gray crag-battlements, seared and broken,
  Keep these passes for ages to come;
Never a watchword here is spoken,
Never a single sign or token,
  From hands that are motionless, lips that are dumb.

Only the Sun-god rideth over,
  Marking the seasons with track of flame;
Only the wild-fowl float and hover,—
Flocks of clouds whose white wings cover
  Spaces on spaces without a name.

Stretches of marsh and wild lake meadow,
  Beaches that bend to the edge of the world;
Morn and even, suntime and shadow;
Wild flame of sunset over far meadow,
  Fleets of white vapors sun-kissed and furled.

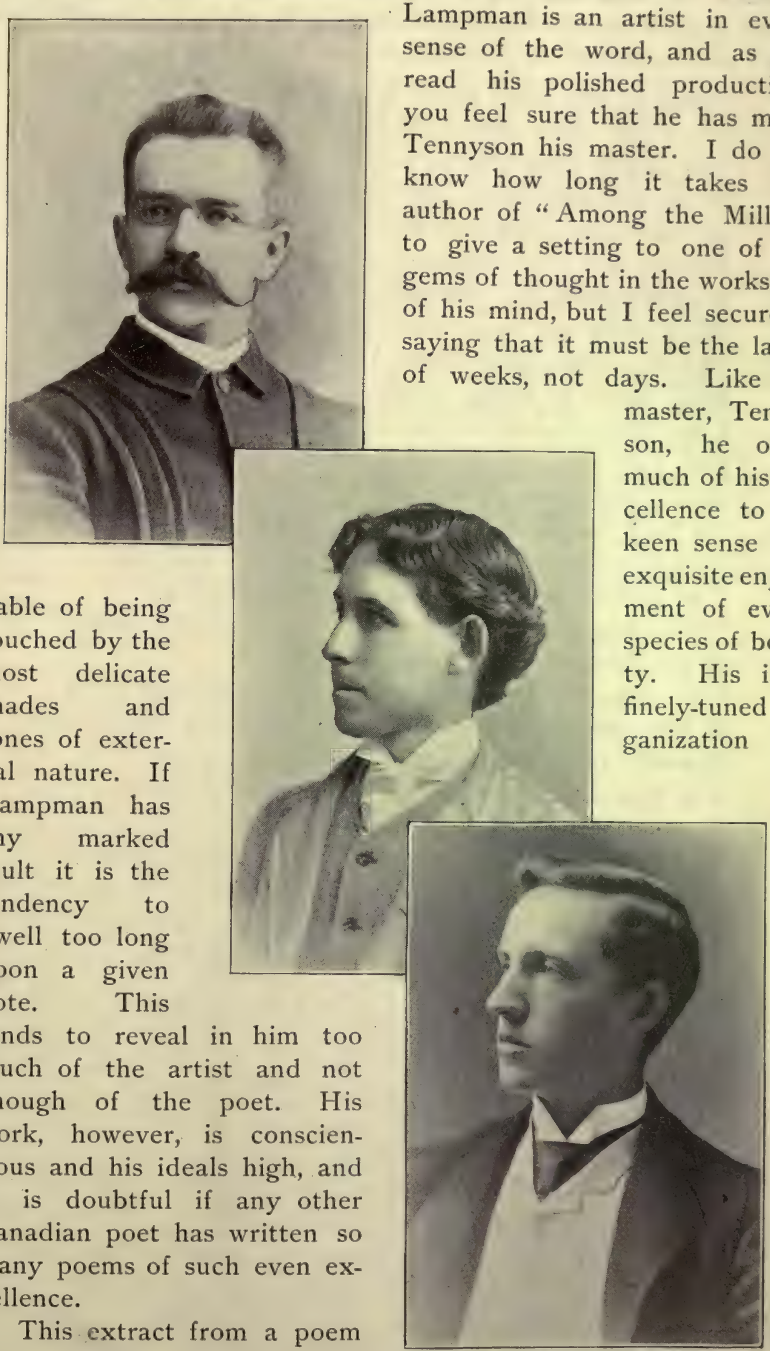
Year by year the ages onward
  Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
Earthward the mists, and the earth-mists sunward;
Starward the days, and the nights bloom dawnward,
  Whisper the forests, the beaches make moan.

Far from the world, and its passions fleeting,
  'Neath quiet of noonday and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting,
Where the only woe is the surf's wild beating
  That throbs from the maddened lake afar."

I would like to quote from Campbell's second volume "The Dread Voyage" to exhibit the growing strength of his genius, for such poems as "The Mother" and "Pan the Fallen," as well as the title poem, are away in advance of his first work. Campbell's latest effort is in the dramatic line, being a book of tragedies entitled "Mordred" and "Hildebrand." On the whole "The Poet of the Lakes" has done very superior work, and if he will but dip his pen more in the sunlight of Heaven, I know of no other Canadian poet who has within him the possibilities of greater literary achievement.

Archibald Lampman has as yet published but one book of poems—"Among the Millet"—but the quality of this volume is such that immediately on its publication, in 1888, it secured for the author a pre-eminence among the younger poets of Canada. Lampman is an artist in every sense of the word, and as you read his polished productions you feel sure that he has made Tennyson his master. I do not know how long it takes the author of "Among the Millet" to give a setting to one of his gems of thought in the workshop of his mind, but I feel secure in saying that it must be the labor of weeks, not days. Like his master, Tennyson, he owes much of his excellence to his keen sense and exquisite enjoyment of every species of beauty. His is a finely-tuned organization capable of being touched by the most delicate shades and tones of external nature. If Lampman has any marked fault it is the tendency to dwell too long upon a given note. This tends to reveal in him too much of the artist and not enough of the poet. His work, however, is conscientious and his ideals high, and it is doubtful if any other Canadian poet has written so many poems of such even excellence.

This extract from a poem



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN,
DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

entitled "Sebastian," which the author read at the last meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, may give some insight into the spirit and character of Lampman's workmanship:

"Outside the wide waste waters gleam. The sun
Beats hot upon the roofs, and close at hand
The heavy river o'er its fall of rocks
Roars down in foam and spouted spray, and pounds
Its bed with solid thunder. Far away
Stretch the gray glimmering booms that pen the logs,
Brown multitudes that from the northern waste
Have come by many a rushing stream, and now
The river shepherds with their spiked poles
Herd them in flocks, and drive them like blind sheep
Unto the slaughterer's hand. Here in the mills,
Dim and low-roofed, cool with the scent of pines
And gusts from off the windy cataracts,
All day the crash and clamor shake the floors.
The immense chains move slowly on. All day
The pitiless saws creep up the dripping logs
With champ and sullen roar; or round and shrill,
A glittering fury of invisible teeth,
Yell through the clacking boards. Sebastian turns
A moment's space, and through the great square door
Beholds as in a jarred and turbulent dream
The waste of logs and the long running crest
Of plunging water; farther still, beyond
The openings of the piered and buttressed bridge,
The rapid flashing into foam; and last
Northward, far drawn, above the misty shore,
The pale blue cloud-line of the summer hills.
So stands Sebastian, and with quiet eyes,
Wrapt forehead, and lips manfully closed
Sees afar off, and through the heat and roar,
Beyond the jostling shadows and the throng,
Skirts the cool borders of an ampler world,
Decking the hour with visions. Yet his hands,
Grown sure and clock-like at their practised task,
Are not forgetful. Up the shaken slides
With splash and thunder come the groaning logs.
Sebastian grasps his cant-dog with light strength,
Drives into their dripping sides its iron fangs,
And one by one as with a giant's ease
Turns them and sets them toward the crashing saws.

So all day long and half the weary night
The mills roar on; the logs come shouldering in,
And the fierce light glares on the downward blades
And the huge logs and the wild crowd of men.
Through every hole and crack, through all the doors,
A stream upon the solid dark, it lights
The black, smooth races and the glimmering booms,
And turns the river's spouted spray to silver."

There are two Canadian poets who bear the name of Scott—Duncan Campbell and Frederick George. Both have done good work, though the spirit and method of the two are quite distinct. Duncan Campbell Scott has a delicate and refined touch and a quaintness and fancy all his own. He never beats out the ore of his thought too fine, but links jewel to jewel with an artistic skill which gives surety of the highest form of workmanship. He is very successful in French-Canadian themes, and is seen at his best in such a poem as "At the Cedars," which is a graphic picture of the dangers attending rafting.

I will quote it in full and let the reader judge of its merits:

"You had two girls, Baptiste,
One is Virginie—
Hold hard, Baptiste,
Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars;
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge!
"She's as tight as a wedge
On the ledge,"
Says our foreman.
"Mon Dieu! boys, look here;
We must get this thing clear."
He cursed at the men,
And we went for it then,
With our cant-dogs arow;

We just gave "he ho he,"
When she gave a big shove
From above.

The gang yelled, and tore
For the shore ;
The logs gave a grind,
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They went down in a mash.
But I, and ten more,
All but Isaàc Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind,
While the jam roared behind ;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole,
And tossed us a song ;
But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet, fair and square,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block,
With a shock ;
And when he was there
In the air
Kissed his hand
To the land.
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him,
And crushed him ;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hill-side,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side ;

One was down by the water;
She saw Isaàc
Fall back.

She didn't scream, Baptiste;
She launched her canoe,—
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste!!

He had two girls,
One is Virginie;
What God calls the other
Is not known to me."

Frederick George Scott is a poet of great spirituality, much earnestness, sinewy strength, and a certain boldness of conception which borders at times on the sublime. His last published volume, "My Lattice," contains a poem, "Samson," which has brought its author much fame. The London *Speaker*, a high literary authority, considers it the best American poem that has been published for years.

In justice to the author I here give the poem as a whole, feeling that no extract would properly and adequately represent its sublime spirit and character:

"Plunged in night I sit alone,
Eyeless, on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy, and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea;

Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending like a wisp of hay
All that dared withstand my way:

Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

Clay was I: the potter Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spittle-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

And my breath of life was flame,
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked
For a faulty architect.

From the woman at my side
Was I, woman-like, to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near.

Nay, I scorned and scorn again
Cowards who their tongues restrain;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

When the earth quaked at my name
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them on their course
For the fury of their force?

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

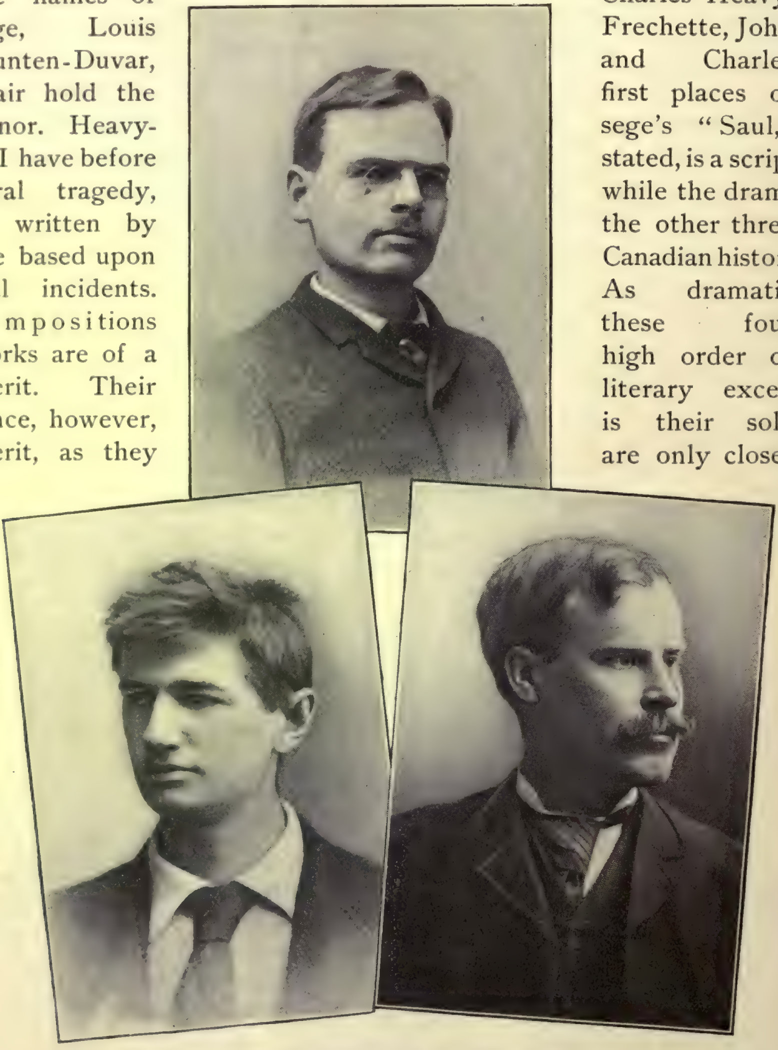
Then with thunder loud and wild
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

Give me splendor in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power;
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God! Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

In the form of poetic composition known as the drama the names of Charles Heavysege, Louis Frechette, John Hunten-Duvar, and Charles Mair hold the first places of honor. Heavysege's "Saul," as I have before stated, is a scriptural tragedy, while the dramas written by the other three are based upon Canadian historical incidents. As dramatic compositions these four works are of a high order of merit. Their literary excellence, however, is their sole merit, as they are only closet dramas and totally unfit for the stage.



W. W. CAMPBELL, BLISS CARMAN, J. W. BENGOUGH.

I had almost forgotten the name of Bliss Carman, who is a kinsman of Roberts, and is regarded by many to be the strongest of our Canadian poets. I have always felt in reading

Carman's poems something of a Scandinavian influence at work. This, of course, may be merely a fancy, as Carman has no kinship by blood with the land of the Vikings. His best work is marked by great strength, a restrained impetuosity, and an imagination clear and impressive. It has been charged by some critics that Carman's poems have about them a certain obscurity, but it is just possible that this credited want of clearness rests in the mind of the critic, not the author. One thing is certain: that his poetry is not obscured by too *many* words, but by too *few*; and this is not a very bad fault in this age of loose thought and idle verbiage.

Carman has written so much virile poetry that one is at a loss to know what to quote to give the reader an idea of the strength and gift of his pen. I have always regarded his poem "Death in April" as the finest thing he has ever written. I think some of Carman's most marked characteristics as a poet are to be found in "Low Tide on Grand-Pré." Here it is:

"The sun goes down, and over all
  These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
  I almost dream they yet will bide
  Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
  By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
  A little while the grievous stream
  Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, thus to and fro
  Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
  Why one beloved face should be
  So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago
  We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
  Over the waving meadow lands,
  And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
  A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
  Made running gold, and in the gleam
  We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
  We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
  Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
  Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—
  Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
  Of death, and taught us, whispering,
  The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
  To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
  That time was ripe, and years had done
  Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
  And fear and memory were naught;
One to remember or forget
  The keen delight our hands had caught;
  Morrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen and the tide
  Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
  A sigh like driven wind or foam:
  In grief the flood is bursting home."

In addition to Alexander MacLachlan, of whom I have already spoken, there are two others of the older school of poets—links between the present and the past—who are still with us and whose pens have not yet been laid aside. They are William Kirby, author of "Canadian Idylls," and John Reade, one of the sweetest and truest singers in Canada. Reade is a charming sonnet-writer, and in this department of literary workmanship may be well classed with Richard Watson Gilder and Maurice Francis Egan.

Then again, there is the Irish-Canadian note and the Scottish-Canadian note in the poetry of our country. D'Arcy McGee sang like an Irish linnet in exile under the fair skies of Canada. His "Jacques Cartier" remains to-day one of the very best ballads ever written in Canada. J. K. Foran, editor of the Montreal *True Witness*, has recently published a volume of poems which entitles him to rank among the best Irish-Canadian poets. Many of his lyrics in fire and passion are worthy of the poets of the *Nation* whose spirit and methods he most closely follows.

A venerable and well-known form in the circle of Canadian poets, and a member of the Royal Society of Canada, is the Gaelic-English poet, Evan MacColl, the "Bard of Lochfyne." MacColl's best work was done in Scotland, but since his arrival in Canada he has found time to embalm in verse glints of the beauty which reigns in the heart of Canadian scenery.

The dead speak not, and so the lyric hearts of Phillips Stewart and George Frederick Cameron no longer charm us with their strong, fresh notes. Both were full of promise, but, like Shelley and Keats, died ere the morning of their years had ripened into full noontide. Canadians will not, however, willingly let die the memory of those two gifted and ardent young souls. I cannot refer even passingly to each and all of the Canadian writers of verse who out of the love and wisdom of their hearts have contributed a share to the upbuilding of the literature of Canada. If I were to attempt to tell the story of their labor of love,

> "Ante diem clauso componet Vesper Olympo."

There is the Honorable Joseph Howe, poet, journalist, and statesman; John Talon-Lespérance, the polished and scholarly "Laclede" of the Montreal *Gazette;* Charles Pelham Mulvaney, a gifted graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who composed with equal felicity English and Latin verse; Father Æneas McDonald Dawson, a notable figure for years in Canadian literary circles; George T. Lanigan, an exceptionally brilliant journalist who wrote with equal ease and grace English and French verse; Alexander Rae Garvie, and McPherson, the early Nova Scotia singer—these are some of the poetic toilers of the morn, all of whom have passed away.

A writer of much grace and finish is Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax, who is particularly happy in sonnet-building. Other names of special merit and promise are W. D. Lighthall, A. W. Eaton, Arthur Weir, Carroll Ryan, William Wye Smith, J. F. Waters, Arthur John Lockhart, George Martin, John E. Logan, Matthew Richey Knight, Maurice W. Casey, and Nicholas Flood Davin. An erratic and uneven but gifted writer is W. J. Kernighan, known in journalism as the "Khan." He is very human-hearted and has done some very creditable work along the line of simple, homely themes. J. W. Bengough's recently published volume of poems, "Motley: Verses Grave and Gay," places him at the very head of Canadian poets as a writer of tender and graceful elegies. Bengough is best known as a cartoonist, having been for years the editor of *Grip*, the Canadian *Puck*, but the kindly satire of his pen and brush only warmed his heart the more to the loving virtues of his fellow-man.

J. K. FORAN, LL.D., LIT.D.

I have not attempted to sketch even briefly the literary work of our French-Canadian *confrères* of Quebec in the domain of Canadian poetry, feeling that their achievements are worthy of a special and separate study. It is enough to say that the names of Frechette, Chauveau, Cremazie, Gagnon, and Le May are honored in the land of Molière, Châteaubriand, and Victor Hugo.

But what of the sopranos in the academic groves of Canadian song? Are there no women in Canada ready and willing to take up the lyre of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning? Assuredly there are. Some of the very best poetry that has been written in Canada is the work of Canadian women. The chorus of bass and baritone voices would sound very hollow and flat indeed were it not for the sweet and tender warbling notes poured out by the sopranos in our groves.

The palm of precedence among the women singers of Canada is generally accorded to the late Isabella Valancey Crawford, whose volume of poems bearing the double title "Old Spook's Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems" is packed full of strong work, rich in color and poetic thought. Of course in point of time Mrs. Moodie, one of the gifted and famous Strickland sisters, was the pioneer of Canadian women singers. Agnes Maule Machar (*Fidelis*), of Kingston, Ontario, writes poetry of a high order of merit, and is regarded by many as the strongest writer in prose or verse among the Canadian women of to-day. Mrs. Curzon achieved considerable fame in the publication of "Laura Secord," an incident in the war of 1812.

A very unique writer of verse is E. Pauline Johnson, daughter of Head Chief Johnson of the Mohawk Indians of Brantford, Ontario. She has great poetic insight, an artistic temperament, and a touch both delicate and refined. The passions of her people—their love, their hatred, their hopes, their fears—find in her a worthy aboriginal voice.

Mrs. Harrison (*Seranus*) has made French legends her special study, and as "half her heart is French," her genius lends itself willingly to her favorite theme. These are but a few of the sopranos that lend grace and charm to the chorus of Canadian song. Who will say that when the twentieth century opens up, with its awakening possibilities, our Canadian sisters may not be found leading in the choral service of this land.

It is well to know, too, that the glory of Canada's achievement in letters is yet in the future—that while the twilight of eve is gradually but surely shading the literary firmament of other lands Canadian skies are rosy with the promise of the morn!

A SWISS LEGEND.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

SION the chief town of canton Valais, had long been the see and residence of a bishop, and the whole canton owned his pastoral rule, when one remote valley, peopled by a race of "giants" as tradition had it—big, sturdy, lusty savages, and shut out from the rest of the world by a natural fortification of rock and torrent—remained inaccessible alike to evangelizing and civilizing influences.

The inhabitants of the Val d'Anniviers, as this remote, rockbound bit of land was called, were eminently self-sufficing and self-supporting. They tilled their land, fed flocks, and lived, like their forefathers, on the fruits of the earth and of their labors, clothing themselves, doubtless, in the skins of wild beasts, and offering strange sacrifices to their own rude idols. One thing only, so the legend says, was wanting to them, and that was—salt! To obtain this necessary luxury, therefore, they were wont to make raids upon the neighboring villages of the plain, claiming so many sacks of salt as a kind of tribute, and enforcing their demands, if necessary, club in hand; whence their names had come to be a word of terror among their more peaceful Christian neighbors.

From time to time the bishops of Sion sent messengers or missionaries among them, each of whom went steadfastly up through the narrow cleft in that towering mass of rock which, like the Pass of Roland, was the only means of penetrating their fastnesses; but, white-flagged envoy or gift-bearing messenger, stoled priest or disguised beggar, *none ever returned* to tell the tale of his attempt. Their missions one and all ended, as was conjectured, under the knife of the idolatrous priest, or beneath the rushing waters of the river Navigance.

At last, one day, a certain noble baron, Witschand de Karogne by name, fired perhaps by tales of the doughty deeds of his ancestors, and eager to distinguish himself by some new prowess which should link his name with those of gallant knights of old, presented himself before the high altar of the cathedral of Sion and prayed its bishop to receive a solemn vow. It was, that razor should never touch his face, nor trim his beard, until those heathen Annivards were vanquished; either brought, repentant and converted, to the bishop's feet like Clovis of old, or exterminated by fire and sword. The bishop received his vow, and doubtless exhorted him to prudence; and his vassals crowded round to see him depart. It was the eve of the Assumption. A long, dry summer (unusual in those parts) had shrunk to half its normal size the rushing torrent which, springing from a vast glacier far beyond, usually filled the narrow defile between great pointed rocks, forming, as we have said, the only possible entry to the Val d'Anniviers; so that, without scaling the sides of the rock by ladder—the usual mode of ingress—it was possible on this occasion to mount by the half-dry river-bed. The baron then set forth, with a picked band of three hundred men-at-arms, to invade the valley; and with great difficulty they scrambled, rather than marched, across the huge loose boulders and masses of detached rock until they reached the midst of the defile. Here, as they slipped and stumbled in the starlight, and whispered of overtaking the slumbering enemy unawares, a dog's bark suddenly alarmed the sentinel, and in a few moments hundreds of flaming torches lit up the surrounding darkness, and the shouts of savage warriors awakened the echoes.

Before the invaders had time to beat a retreat—for advance were impossible—the whole force of the river, dextrously diverted from neighboring canals, poured down the narrow gorge in one tremendous flood. The baron and his men, taken by surprise, had only time to beat a hasty and ignominious retreat, leaping and scrambling as best they could across jutting rocks and clinging to overhanging bushes, until they found themselves on terra firma once more. Before the hour of Mass, on the feast of the Assumption, the baron and his men, torn, dirty, and dishevelled, were once more within the walls of their native town!

Next day Baron Witschand de Karogne gave a great feast, and the one topic of conversation was his quixotic excursion and its ignominious failure. He told the story himself amid roars of laughter from the audience, and many were the jokes passed round on the length of time that would elapse ere their noble seigneur summoned his barber. Presently, as the cups went round and a lull fell over the noisy company, a quaint little figure came dancing and ducking to the head of the table. It was Zaccheo, a dwarf, the "fool" of the household; a common figure in those times, when every royal, and not a few noble households kept some half-witted man with special aptitude for jesting and playing tricks, to amuse the lords after their day's hunting or fighting. We have all heard of Chicot, the clever "fool" of Henri III.'s court in France, and Triboulet under Frederick the Great, and Geoffrey Hudson in English Charles's retinue, and many others; and so this queer little, misshapen, hunchbacked figure was, by privilege of his post, no less than by his infirmities, allowed all the license commonly accorded to "cap and bells."

"My lord the baron!"

"What is it, Zaccheo?"

"I have a plan, which needs your lordship's sanction!"

"Say it out, little Zaccheo; we listen."

And all the knights and guests round the table leaned over to listen, expectant of some new joke or quaint conceit.

"Silence, all of you, and laugh not at my words!" cried the little man, with a petulant stamp of his foot like a spoiled child. "My lord the baron, you have failed to conquer those Annivards, those savages, up yonder. Well, I will go, and with the help of God (here he pulled off his fool's cap reverently) I will conquer them, I myself alone, if your lordship will but give me that grand Book of the Gospels with the splendid pictures and letters of gold, which you received last Christmas from the bishop."

A general laugh received this speech, every one present taking it as a joke; but the baron, making a sign for silence, answered the dwarf quite gravely:

"But tell us, my little friend, how you propose to do it."

"Begging your lordship's pardon, I will not divulge my plan. All I can tell you is, that I can read like a Benedictine, that those heathen up there take me for a *thing* and not a man, and that I can speak their language like one of themselves."

"*You*, Zaccheo?"

"Yes, I, Zaccheo!" He tossed his fool's cap into the air and caught it, jingling, on his head, and then went on. "My lord does not know that at the time of those savages' last raid in search of salt (How long ago? Why some ten years or so.) one of them, taking me, no doubt, for a sack of salt, carried me off with him."

"What, up to the Anniviers valley?" they all cried.

"Just so, my good sirs. I lived there captive for three years, and know every stone in the place as well as themselves!"

"Then how on earth did you manage to escape?" they all cried, looking at him with more interest than they had ever yet bestowed upon that ugly, misshapen form.

"Ah, that is my secret!" he grinned; "never mind that now. Come, my lord, will you give me the book?"

The baron signed to one of his pages to bring him the great leather-bound, gold-clasped book, with its parchment leaves and crabbed black-letter writing, the work of many months' patient labor, with its glowing initials and pages of delicate traceries and quaint conceits—birds, monkeys, fruits, and marvellous intricate designs. The old chaplain from the foot of the table, where he sat to say grace, looked regretfully on; he knew, better than any there, how precious a volume it was, and how long Brother Boniface, at the bishop's desire, had toiled to make it a worthy Christmas offering to the lord of the manor.

"There it is, Zaccheo," said the Baron de Karogne; "take it and conquer our foes!"

"Farewell, my lord baron," answered Zaccheo, wrapping the precious volume carefully in the long, gold-embroidered scarf which he wore as part of his official costume; "farewell, and do not let your razors rust!" And with this parting sally he left the hall.

Strange as it may seem, the dwarf was in earnest; and, what is more, he began his work in a manner worthy of the old knights of Christendom. Retiring to his own cabin, he passed that night in prayer; then, rising early, he sought and obtained his mother's blessing; armed with which, and with the famous Book of the Gospels securely tucked under his arm, he set forth without more ado up the bed of the river down which his master had but yesterday so ignominiously fled. We may imagine that the Annivard sentinels were even more watchfully than usual on the alert; but little Zaccheo marched boldly up to them, and they, recognizing their escaped human plaything, quickly brought him before their chiefs, who for the most part received him with shouts of joy. One old blind chief, however, aged and maimed from many wars, and soured by his

"Sans hair, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything"

condition, insisted strenuously on their ancient law being carried out: that which prescribed that every stranger found within the limits of their valley should at once be sacrificed to the "giant" or "god of the glacier," by being hurled down the great gulf of the Weisshorn—a Swiss Tarpeian Rock! He was the oldest, the wisest, the most influential among the savage chieftains; and Zaccheo, seeing the others waver before him, felt that there was no time to be lost, so, pulling out his big book, blazing with gold and color—

"Master," he said, "I have, I acknowledge it, no more right to live than other strangers who have, at your bidding, been sacrificed to the god of the glacier——" here he bent his head in feigned acquiescence to the sentence given, and then, half inadvertently as it were, he opened one of the most gorgeously emblazoned pages of the book which he held. The other chiefs and men crowding round burst into exclamations of astonishment. "Yes," he went on, half answering them, but addressing himself to the old chieftain, "the book which I bear is indeed blazing with gorgeous pictures whose beauties you cannot see; but it also contains many wondrous tales of the olden times, the like of which you never heard; and, if you so will it, I will read you a page!" And without waiting for a reply, he began to read the 11th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

The old chief was won over, and consented to spare the intruder's life until he had read the whole book. So all the rest of that summer, during the long, cool evenings, or in midday heat when work was slackest, little Zaccheo sat among them with his big book, and read, "like a Benedictine," the first Book of the Gospels, pausing here and there to point out to his child-like auditors some dainty vignette or intricate initial, or to explain some obscure reading as best he could.

When winter came Zaccheo was lodged with the bard or singer of the tribe and bidden to teach him these strange stories, that he might string them into verse and learn to accompany them in his own wild music, like the ballads of war or tones with which he beguiled their idle hours or enlivened their marriage feasts; and Zaccheo taught him the stories, but would by no means teach him to read; so month succeeded month, and winter followed summer, and still Zaccheo and his book were safe.

At length the last page was reached, the last gospel finished, and the now well-thumbed volume was no longer a sealed book to its auditors. Zaccheo might well have hoped and expected his release, but the old chief, stern and stubborn, now renewed his assertion that the "giant of the glacier" would be angered if his victim was not delivered up to him, and after some deliberation the order went forth that the dwarf must die. They led him out, his precious book duly suspended round his neck, and followed by a crowd of people, doubtless lamenting the loss of their story-teller, they arrived at the brink of the abyss ; Zaccheo all the time valiantly continuing his exhortations and instructions on the Christian Faith. As they approached the glacier its huge masses of ice cracked ominously, and the frightened crowd whispered that they were surely groans of anger from the too-long-unappeased anger of the god ; so, waiving further ceremony, they hurriedly pushed the condemned man over the edge of the precipice and fled back to their homes.

So Zaccheo and his exhortations and his wonderful book were disposed of for ever. But were they ? Strange to relate, the legend tells us that instead of falling headlong down the abyss, as would have been the case had his executioners not been too agitated to do their work properly, that hurried push merely landed him on a ledge of rock beneath, where he crouched for some minutes, listening to the tramp of feet of the returning multitude. When all was still he let himself gently downwards, as rock-climbers so well know how, here catching an overhanging crag, there wedging one foot carefully into some fissure or crack until he reached the bottom of the crevasse, and from there crept, on hands and knees, out into the plain.

The dwarf might now well deem his mission ended and return to his native town ; but no ! such was not his intention. Turning back to the river-bed which had been his original entrance, he walked straight into the valley again, and appeared in the midst of the astonished people who were believing him dead. Stupefied at the sight, they fell on their knees before him ; and he, signing to them to rise, began a glowing discourse on the power of that Saviour who had preserved him unhurt in the glacier. As he ended shouts of triumph arose ; two sturdy youths lifted him and bore him on a shield to the dwelling of the old blind chief, and he, vanquished at last when he heard the tale, had himself led out into the midst of the people, and there, with outstretched hands, he cried : " Jesus of Nazareth is our God, and Zaccheo is his high-priest ! " And all the people re-echoed his words.

The victorious apostle then explained that he was not and could not be " their priest," but that there were many such awaiting them in the city beyond; and the very next day he headed a deputation of his "heathen giants" to the bishop of Sion. On their way they passed by the baron's castle, and he made a great feast for them, shaved himself, and accompanied them to the bishop, who received them at the cathedral door with tears of joy. Zaccheo was consecrated priest, and returned with a body of deacons to the Val d'Anniviers, where not long afterwards, on the next Feast of Pentecost, he baptized the old chief with all his people.

Such is the legend of the Annivards' conversion. How much of truth it holds, who can say? One thing is indisputable, that, however they obtained the faith, their ardor in maintaining it has ever since been such that among their less zealous compatriots they have gained the reputation of being "more Catholic than the pope himself!" May they ever remain so!

AT NIGHT.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

At night
The whirl of life grows still;
The throbbing of the noisy mill,
The pulsing brain and hands that till,
At night grow still.

At night
The stars come out and keep
Their watch through all the hours of sleep,
O'er dreaming land and solemn deep,
And those who weep.

At night
We rise above the care
And pettiness that all must bear,
And breathe the calm and purer air
That angels share.

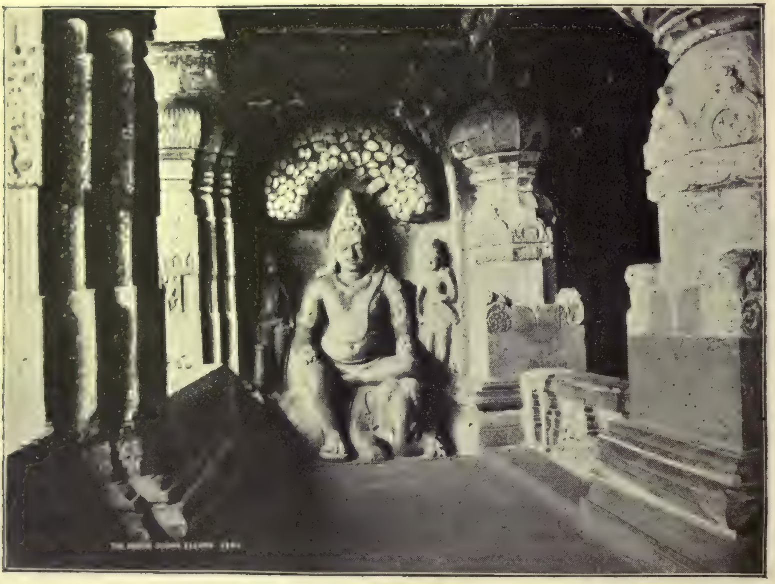
.BULL OF SHIVA, CARVED OUT OF SOLID ROCK.—MYSORE. OBJECT OF WORSHIP.

THE LUSTRE OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

BY REV. R. M. RYAN.

IN the August number of this magazine Buddhism was depicted in colors just and true, without those over-luminous scintillations its admirers love to beguile and bewilder inquirers with, to the sacrifice, not alone of reality, but of whatever grace and symmetry it may otherwise claim. Because of its ante-dating Christianity, and of its being a widely-accepted substitute for religion, rather than an account of any intrinsic worth it may possess either as a philosophy or religion, its claims have been very greatly exaggerated. It is easy to show that, like the shell, which, devoid of all coloring substance itself, still exhibits exquisite chromatic effects, Buddhism's lustre—and that of the other Oriental systems that have any—is iridescent and is entirely due to the light reflected by their thin underlying laminæ. Their beautiful moral truths are but faint reflections of a primitive revelation, gleaned by their founders from the yet unexpired embers smouldering amidst the ash-heaps of their effete remains, and constituting all the brightness of the faint "Light of Asia."

The Buddha, as was shown, neither founded nor intended to found "a religion." That which existed in his time was pretty much what goes to-day under the name of Brahmanism. Although in principle truer and purer than Buddhism, it was then as it is now—as indeed Buddhism itself is—a polytheistic, pagan thing, reeking with corruption, saturated with the grossest errors, and almost unrecognizable either as a religion or a philosophy from its rank overgrowth of superstitions and absurd and demoralizing idolatrous practices. The illustrations presented in our pages of "Shiva," of "Indur Subha," and of some Oriental "religious" performances, need no description. In their way they sufficiently bear testimony to what has been asserted. This was why Buddha rejected it altogether, without directly antagonizing it, and aimed at substituting a something different in kind, that would tend to make the people wise, moral, and well-behaved, without any reference at all to religion, to God, or to supernatural agencies of any description. In other words, he attempted, and to a great extent accomplished, what agnostic philosophers would fain do in our own time if they could. As easily could they make day and night interchange places.



THE "INDUR SUBHA"—THE GREAT GOD—REPRESENTED RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT.—ELLORA.

Gautama had the darkness of error to overthrow; their encounter is with the brightness of truth. Hence his success; hence their failure.

Brahmanism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism—like all other man-made religions—supply no supernatural aid to innate human infirmity. Hence, however attractive, or beautiful, or consistent with the teachings or sentiments of the day their theories may be made to appear, they will not permanently gain the masses or make their practice come up to the required standard that peace and civilization, not to say true morality and true worship of the Deity, demand. This is the reason why countries swayed by them are in the deplorable slough we find them to-day. Unquestionably they would not be so, had they adhered strictly to primitive truth or embraced Christianity when it was offered to them. Not only so, but there are strong reasons for holding that these Asiatic Aryan races, whose scattered descendants lost a knowledge of so many sacred and secular truths in their migrations, would have surpassed their Indo-European brethren to-day, but for their misfortune in having obscured their own primitive light and rejected Christ, the true "Lux Mundi."

MOHURRUM—A "RELIGIOUS" PROCESSION.

THE STEM OF ALL ORIENTAL BELIEFS.

For an understanding of this deeply interesting question, it is necessary to draw a sharp and well-defined distinction between the primitive religion, from which the five pseudo-religions above mentioned, and their subordinate sects, were developed. Until the last half century this was impossible, as the old manuscripts and monuments were only partially deciphered. The labors of Mr. Max Müller, Mr. Rhys Davids, Mr. Cox, M. Burnouf, Mr. Johnson, MM. Huc and Gabet, Bishop Hanlon, and of numerous other French and German philologists and travellers, have put it in the power of every student now to make a thorough investigation of this much-debated and overmuch mystified subject. The worth of the extravagant claims of some sages of the Orient, and of their Occidental agnostic admirers, who are more of partisans than professors, can now be fully estimated. For example, Colonel H. Olcott, once president of the moribund Theosophical Society, in his *Buddhist Catechism* says: "Who dare predict that Buddhism will not be the one chosen of all the world's great creeds that is destined to be the religion of the future?" Any one making such a claim now—just twelve years after the colonel's daring insinuation—would be laughed at by the scholars of the world. But laughter is not the argument we intend bringing forward here to demonstrate the emptiness of these and similar pretensions. We shall show that whatever is good or praiseworthy, whatever is true in doctrine or pure in morals, in any of these, is found in all their fulness in Christianity, which preserved them unsullied, having inherited them from the same primitive source, the original revelation made to Adam and to succeeding patriarchs and prophets of the old dispensation, and perfected by the complete manifestation of Christ in the New Law.

Any child can make clear for himself the first part of this thesis by comparing the recognized truths of these religions, and such of sound morality as they still hold, with what his Christian catechism inculcates. He will see that he has nothing to learn from them. Osseous philosophical quibbles, without muscle or energizing nerve, they have in abundance. They constitute a prominent part of every non-Christian system. Instead of being admitted into the body corporate of Christian ethics, they are relegated to the far-distant domain of polemics, to be cast now to one side and now to another whilst a scintilla of truth clings to them. Until a formal ethical system is developed independently of religion, that is of Christianity—a feat never yet accomplished, although some of the ablest intellects of ancient and modern times have been devoted to the task—it will be time enough to undertake its demolition. The simpler and more useful task of showing the close relationship between whatever of good was received by the various Oriental systems and the primitive Hebrew system, is more worthy of attention.

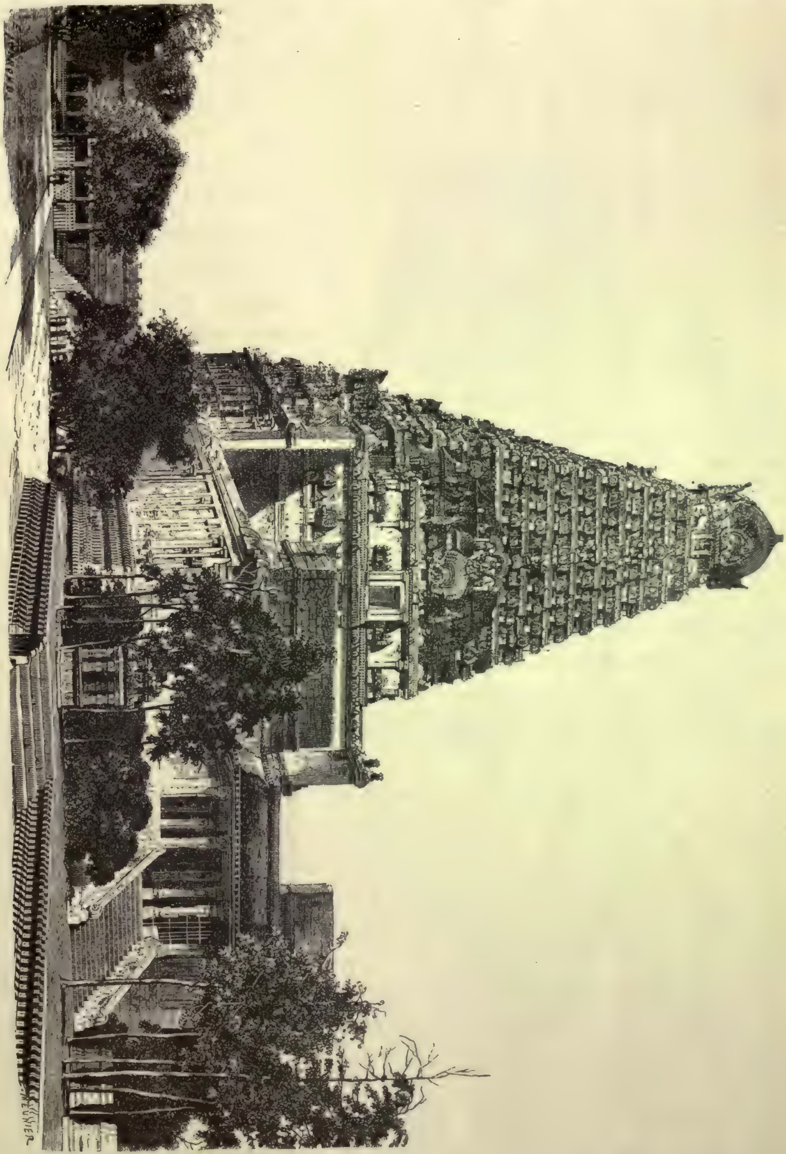
MOSES AND OTHER EASTERN SEERS COMPARED.

Of the resemblances and differences between the four great Oriental seers, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha, their work and that of their successors and expounders, much that is striking and significant may be said. The first mentioned lays no claim to wisdom, yet he has never been shown to have erred. The others have done little else than make mistakes in every branch of knowledge, as approved to-day, although their best efforts were directed to proving themselves pre-eminently wise. But for this they probably would not have been heard of outside the native country of each. Moses made no such efforts, and put forth no such claim; quite the contrary. Yet great as they have shown themselves, judged

THE FAMOUS CAR OF "JUGGERNATH," UNDER WHOSE WHEELS MEN IN RELIGIOUS FRENZY THREW THEMSELVES TO BE CRUSHED, IN HOPES OF GAINING HEAVEN.

even by the efficiency and permanence of their work, they are, compared with him, but as little star-points whose brightness disappears when the sun's rays show above the horizon. Their commentators and continuators were no better, nor not at all so good; for they so spoiled their work by additional absurdities and contradictions that it is only now that something like order can be drawn out of the chaos hitherto prevailing. The work of Moses and of the patriarchs and prophets, who taught after him, form a perfect whole, well ordered and complete in itself, needing neither comment nor explanation, excepting such as the vast differences and distinctions between their times and our own necessitate. Were an American or European company of scholars to undertake to expound "The Sacred Books of the East," the first thing they must necessarily do, would be to disagree upon the most elementary and essential points; for these books are all in hopeless discord in themselves and with each other. The writers of the Bible were humble and modest, and attribute whatever of good they said or did, not to their own knowledge or power, but to the Inspirer of each and all of them —the Supreme Lord and Master of the universe. Throughout, the sublime phrase ever recurs, "Thus saith the Lord God."

Even if no other proof were forthcoming of the superiority of the Biblical scribes, superabounding is afforded in the unparalleled fact, that they never contradict each other and are always consistent with themselves and in accordance with all of truth that is or ever was in the world. Nothing like this can be asserted of any of the others. In almost everything are they contradictory each of the other; hardly were they in accord with any of the facts of nature that happened not to be well known in their time; and whenever they ventured out of the safe domain of truisms, proverbs, and platitudes, modern science has to check them. Moses and the other writers of the Old Testament, and still more those of the New, refer to past events, as well as those transpiring in their day, and even to future events also, with a simplicity, clearness, and precision there is no mistaking; thereby leaving themselves open to disproof from a thousand sources if they happened to err. It is needless to say that up to date they have not been convicted of so doing, although until a few years ago there was room for some anxiety, as many scriptural names, dates, and locations were different from those of other historical records, and could not be verified until the unearthing of Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, which confirmed them in a way that must fill every reflecting mind with amazement at their more-than-could-be-expected accuracy. Then again, in the domain of physical science what astounding conformity with its latest and most reliable conclusions is shown by these men, necessarily ignorant, humanly speaking, of all the wonderful discoveries contradictory in many particulars of the teaching of their times! In all these respects the works of other sages are ludicrously in error.



THE GREAT TOWER OF THE TEMPLE OF TANJORE.

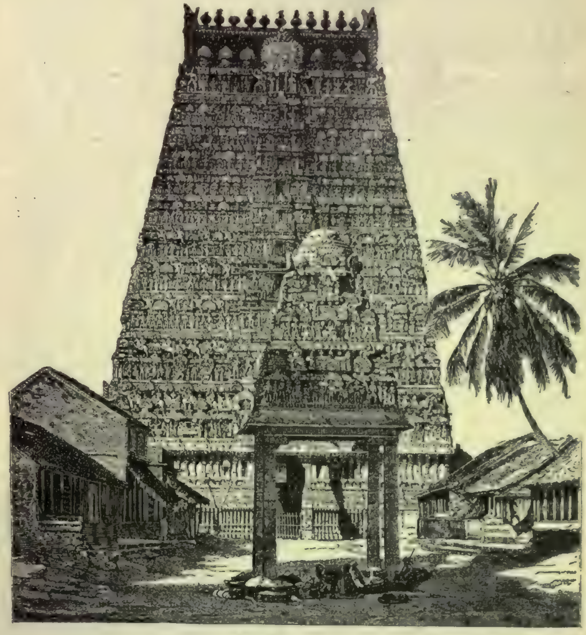
THE CONFUCIAN WRITINGS.

As illustration of this the Confucian Annals may be quoted: "As they were very meagre his disciple, Tso K'iuming, undertook to supply their deficiencies, and with the most perplexing results. Men are charged with murder by one who were not considered guilty of it by the other, and base murders are recorded as if they had been natural deaths. Villains, over whose fate the reader rejoices, are put down as victims of vile treason, and those who dealt with them, as he would have been glad to do, are subjected to horrible executions without one word of sympathy. Ignoring, concealing, and misrepresenting are the characteristics of the *Spring and Autumn*"; and yet it was of this book that Confucius was most proud, saying of it that by it "Men would know him." (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. vi.)

The chronology of their historical references is admitted now, by their educated followers, to be utterly astray. Their mistakes in every branch of human science, even in the fundamentals of logic, metaphysics, and ontology, not to speak of astronomy, geology, natural history, and other elemental physical sciences, shatter their claims to anything like preternatural, much less supernatural, enlightenment. Their ethical systems, although so admirable for pagans, are, like those of their modern agnostic panegyrists, utterly devoid of basic principles, or effective motives that could operate with the masses. It need hardly be pointed out how different all this is from the well-ordered, effective, and complete moral system of the Bible, where the teachers, instead of *ex professo*, didactic discourses, speak with a conscious conviction of the existence, and universal acknowledgment of well-defined moral obligations, and of motives sufficiently powerful to influence all who are made aware of them. In their exhortations to obedience they never err against true science by false references, misquotations, promulgations of contradictory principles, or of absurd individual, social, political, or economic teachings; such as have at all times distinguished reformers or founders of new systems, and such as make the teachings of the seers of the East, like the kernels of many of its own fruits, available only after the removal of a deal of prickly outer covering and useless pulp. And when at length the inner core has been reached it has a most suspiciously familiar flavor. This brings us up to the most interesting phase of the whole question.

THE GENESIS OF THE WISDOM AND MORALITY OF THE SEERS OF THE ORIENT.

The *dictum* of Mr. Max Müller, "The more we go back, the more we examine the germs of any religion, the purer we shall find the conception of Deity," is afforded striking verification in the religions of the East. The *Manthras*, the oldest hymns of the Vedas, bring before us the ancient Hindus, then called Aryans, worshipping God under unutterable names as "THAT," "THAT ONE." According to Herodotus, the Pelasgians worshipped gods without having names for them at all, and Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans worshipped God as "that SECRET THING known only by reverence." In the *Upanishads*, or Vedic philosophical disquisitions, God is spoken of as the "One without a second." Who is not at once reminded by these of "Jehovah," the sacred unpronounceable name of God, as given in the Pentateuch?



TEMPLE OF SARANGABANI, AT COMBACONAM, INDIA.

Not only in tenets believed, but also in those things bearing on moral conduct, do we find unmistakable resemblances between the ancient Aryans and Hebrews. The fact that the farther back we go the more close becomes the resemblance, makes the evidence of a common origin still stronger.

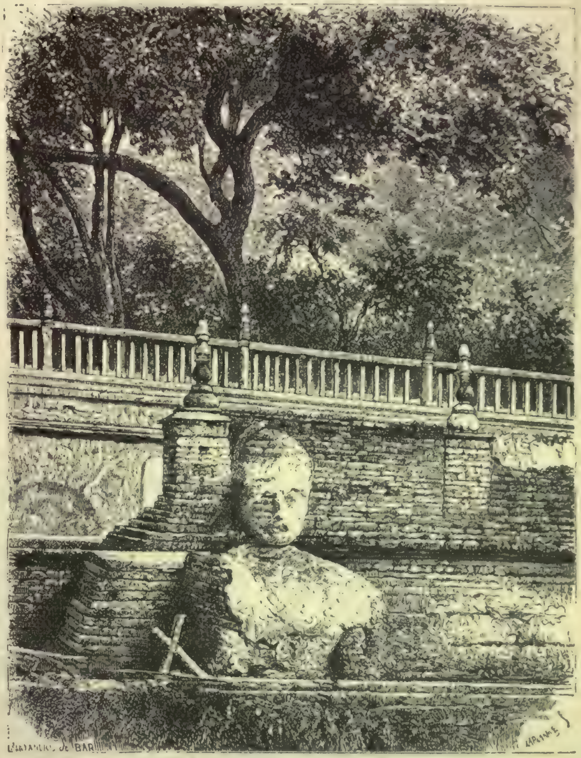
The *oldest* god of the Aryans was *Varuna*, who was the loftiest conception of deity that pagan mythology imagined. Associated with his attributes was intense consciousness of sin. During the long interval between *Varuna* and *Brahma*, that is, between the most primitive Hindu religion and that existing in the time of the Persian Zoroaster B.C. 1400, this ethical consciousness of sin and accountability to the deity, gradually became corrupted, until the Brahma of to-day is reached, a something with the name, but with only indistinct personal attributes of God. Buddha and Confucius, although retaining the name, lost sight entirely of the personality, and wound up with a purely philosophical deity. Thus, as surviving fragments of a precious work of art serve to tell of its worth and beauty, but hardly of its form or use, the indestructible idea of the one only true God, with imperishable scraps of primitive moral and doctrinal revelation outlived man's vagaries and weaknesses, in minds purer and better, until some one, far transcending his fellows, gathered them up and reproduced the more or less beautiful parts, adding on, with the cement of his own fancy, cruder portions that are easily distinguishable from the grand whole. This is what the imaginative Orient and its sages have been doing from time immemorial.

MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE, LUCKNOW, IN WHICH HINDU ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES ARE IGNORED.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE VEDAS.

From so many sources come evidences of what is here claimed as the genesis of the wisdom and morality found in Brahmanism, Parseeism, Confucianism, and Buddhism, that an attempt at condensing them into a magazine article becomes embarrassing. The more the oldest records are studied, the more clear and convincing these become. On the other hand, confusion and unaccountable anomalies and incongruities bristle all over, on any other supposition. The exceptional knowledge and comparatively lofty morality of Gautama, of Mencius his contemporary, and of Confucius and Zoroaster his predecessors, as well as that of some of the Greek philosophers, seem easy of comprehension on this hypothesis, but full of enigma on any other.

The religion of India, indeed it may be said of all the Aryan or oldest nations, including the Hindus, at Buddha's appearance, was Brahmanism. Happily these had a vast literature, a large portion of which has been preserved, and, during the current century, deciphered. Beyond and above all else in this Indo-Aryan literature stand the *Vedas*, which were collections of poems with commentaries thereon, and embodying the earliest traditions of the race, the highest expression of its wisdom, the surest expositors of its religious systems; in a word, a record and exemplar of all that a people most prized, in science, literature, social life, and so forth. At least this is true of the oldest and most venerated, the *Rig-Veda*.



BUST OF THE BUDDHA, IN A SACRED ENCLOSURE.

The Rev. Maurice Philips, who made an exhaustive study of the Vedas in Madras, after an elaborate discussion of the question, whether the idea of God as found in them was a "Reminiscence" or an "Evolution," demonstrates by unanswerable arguments that it must have been the former. "We conclude," he says, "that the knowledge of the divine functions and attributes possessed by the Vedic Aryans, was neither the product of intuition nor experience, but a 'survival,' the result of a primitive revelation. The Vedic doctrines of cosmology, anthropology, and sotoriology lead to the same conclusions." Nothing would be easier than to reproduce his arguments did space permit.

Professor H. H. Wilson, another Vedic scholar, agrees with Mr. Philips on this point, stating that "there can be no doubt that the *fundamental* doctrine of the Vedas is monotheism." With these two Max Müller is in full accord. M. Adolphe Pictet concurs in the same view. He says: "The remembrance of a God, one and infinite, breaks through the mists of an idolatrous phraseology, like the blue sky that is hidden by a passing cloud." (*Les Origines Européennes*).

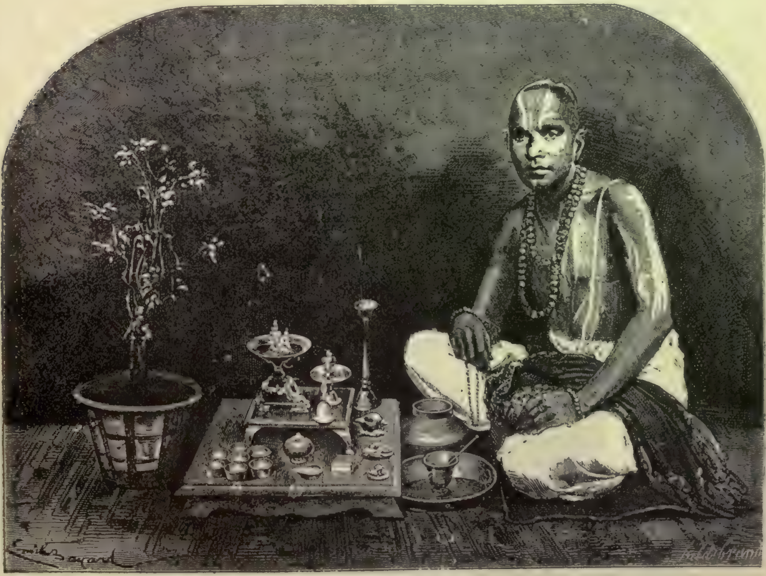
The Vedas do more than what has thus far been claimed. As they afford pictures of family life, we can trace therein a striking resemblance to that of patriarchial times, as depicted in the Bible. The family is represented as assembled on the green turf under the blue vault of heaven, *offering sacrifice*, accompanied by hymns, such as a highly gifted race would compose, who inherited echoes of the primitive revelation.

THE PATRIARCHAL SYSTEM A CHARACTERISTIC.

The great emphasis laid on respect for parents and ancestors, on submission to the ruling authority and on brotherly concord—which are characteristics of all the primitive codes—plainly point the same way, to the family of many generations, with the patriarch at the head, from whom the history, the law, the manners, the religious teaching, are all derived. This is specially noticeable in Confucianism, whose founder so far imitated the patriarchs that, like them, he trusted exclusively to oral teaching. The voluminous written discourses under the name of the "Six Classics or Confucian Scriptures," are but the commentaries of his disciples. Hence it is that to-day, after nearly twenty-five centuries with their vicissitudes and revolutions, his descendants are still in possession of his patrimony, as evidence of regard for him and for patriarchal customs.

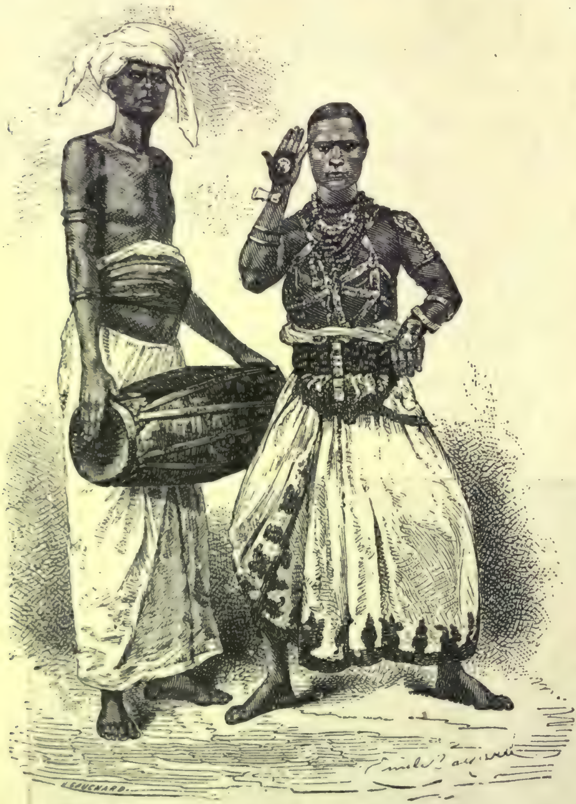
It is noteworthy too that Confucius made only a patriarchal claim to be a teacher and a guide, in a general way, of those who heeded him. He said: "I was not born a man of knowledge; I am only naturally quick to search out the truth from a love for the wisdom of the ancients. . . . In following rather than in setting examples, and in showing a love for truth and antiquity, I fancy that I can bear comparison with Lao-Tan and Pung-chien."

Though somewhat out of place, the remark is otherwise so pertinent as to claim privilege, namely, that it seems as far as can now be judged, at this distance of time, that if Providence had so ordained, the Asiatic Aryans would have far out-distanced their Indo-European brethren, had they closely adhered to their primitive traditions, instead of clinging to superstitions, until they rejected Christianity when it was offered to them. Building on their more perfect knowledge of primitive truths, Christian civilization would have attained to a far higher stage and a far more extended range, than that which it even now boasts in Europe and America. The few illustrations of ancient architectural remains here given are evidences of this. Although unique and beautiful, they have been sterile of results. The designers and executors of them either failed to get beyond them or to perpetuate their genius by a progressive offspring. The not less admired carved and textile work of the Orient is to-day what it was two thousand years ago, and equally barren of results. The conservatism, amounting to



A BRAHMAN AT PRAYER.

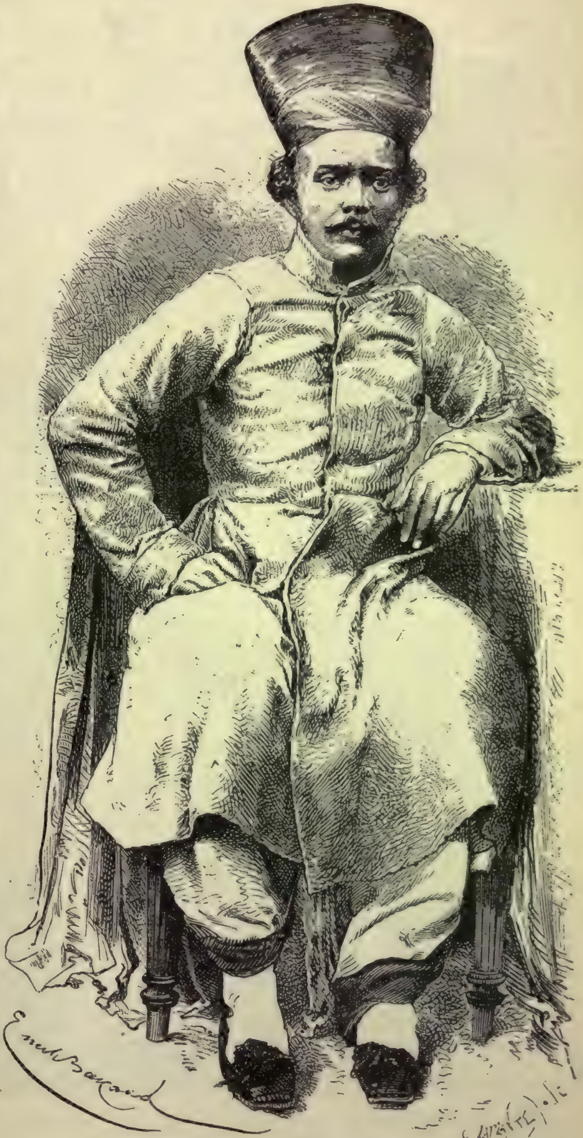
political, social, and educational paralysis, and begotten of their inert systems, prevented primitive artistic, cosmic, chemical, mechanical, and even mental and metaphysical, knowledge with which they were familiar, and that Europeans have discovered only after centuries of seeking, from being carried out to their legitimate conclusions. The nebular theory, steam, explosives, hypnotism, and even electricity, as well as many pneumatic and hydraulic mechanical contrivances, that were well known to them, were stunted in their development by this sterile religio-social conservatism. The Confucian writings fill us with astonishment at the obvious familiarity of the scribes with what are only modern discoveries amongst ourselves. These they refer to side by side with puerile errors concerning what we would call most elemental natural truths.



DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS—DANCER AND TAM-TAM PLAYER.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE AVESTA AND GATHAS.

The resemblance between the teachings attributed to Zoroaster and Judaism is so striking, as to make one suspect that this great philosopher, or rather the writers of the *Avesta* and *Gathas*, the Zoroastrian Scriptures, took their doctrines direct from the Hebrew Scriptures. This is the more remarkable as these are much older than those of the Hindus or Chinese. No form of paganism has so clearly preserved the ideas of merit and demerit and of man's responsibility to his Creator as Parseeism, of which Zoroaster was only the reformer, not the founder. According to the teaching of Zoroaster: "All thoughts, words, and deeds of each one are entered on the books as separate items; all the evil works are as debts. Wicked works cannot be undone, but, in the heavenly account, can be counterbalanced by a surplus of good works." The particular judgment after death and the general judgment at the end of time, are clearly referred to. The continual tempting by the evil one and the merit acquired by resisting him; the necessity of a prophet being sent by God to teach all truth to men; and the expectation of such an one's coming; the triumph of truth, and the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, and many other truths clearly taught by the ancient patriarchs and prophets, formed part of the Parsee or Zoroastrian creed.



A PARSEE MERCHANT OF BOMBAY.

Regarding the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, from which a few just were saved, and by whom the world was repeopled, it is well known that they formed part of the traditions of all the Orientals.

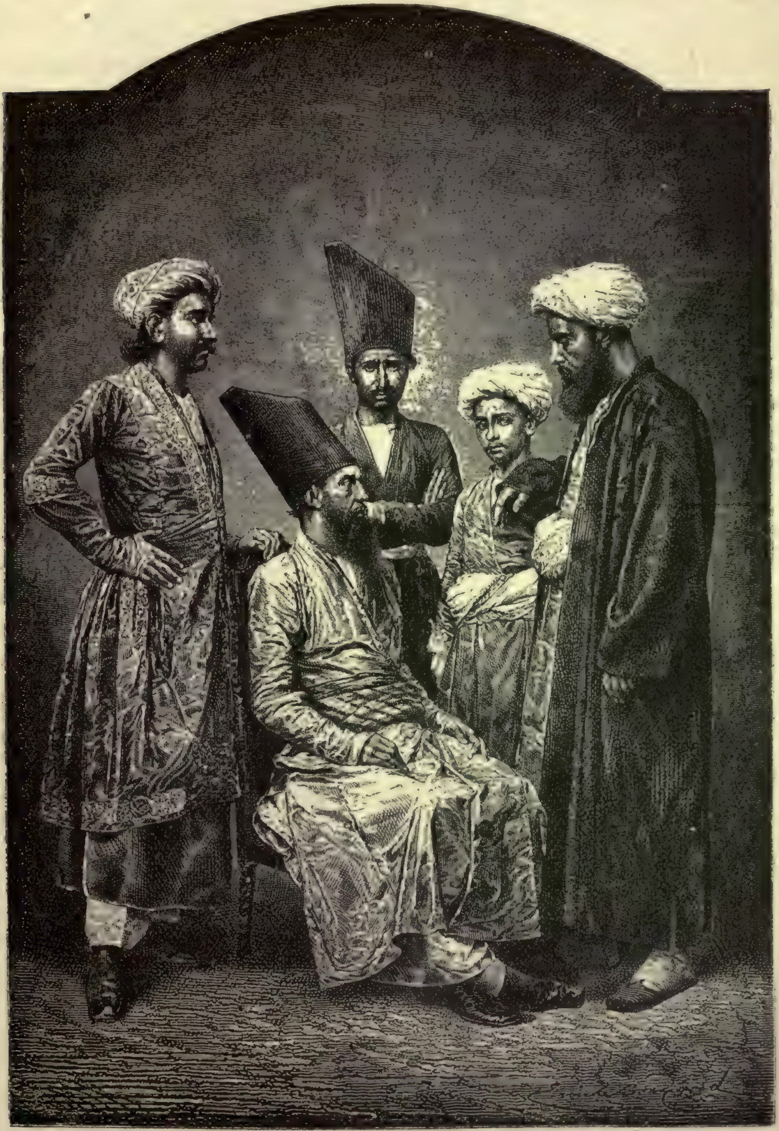
From all which, we certainly are justified in thinking that the basic truths and moral teachings, as well as the cosmic theories, of all the various Asiatic peoples, had a common origin in the primitive revelation, treasured up and taught by respective patriarchs similar to those of the Bible. When the lives of these became shortened and the human family became more widely dispersed, individuals of uncommon talent gathered up the tangled threads, arranged them according to their best judgment, and worked them into the respective systems called after them. It is the poets, romancers, and commentators that superadded the extravagances that make them unrecognizable as they are now taught and practised. But for the ancient monuments and manuscripts, the genesis of Oriental wisdom would be difficult to discover. Philosophers who have undertaken the task on other lines, have lost themselves in sophistical quagmires and shifting sands of speculation, about what should be, rather than what is, where a long-suffering public was glad to lose sight of many of them.

UNIVERSALITY OF REVELATION.

In the February and May numbers of this magazine appeared articles which clearly showed, from the monumental records of Assyria and Egypt, that these nations had a knowledge and close relationship with the ancient Hebrews. Therein was also pointed out their acquaintance with the Scripture narratives of Creation and the Deluge. Only that it might extend this article beyond prescribed limits, it would be easy to show a concordance in many of the other great leading doctrines of revelation.

If enough has not been put forth to fully demonstrate our thesis regarding the genesis of Oriental wisdom, there remains the only other tenable theory regarding it, which, after all, amounts to the same thing, namely, that "Revelation, properly speaking, is a universal not a local gift," as Cardinal Newman affirms, and that "there is *something* true and divinely revealed in every religion, all over the earth." St. Augustine said the same thing more pithily in his *Confessions*, book v. c. 6: "Nec quisquam, præter Te, alius est doctor veri, ubicumque et undecumque claruerit." Is not the same thing implied in the church's sublime dirge "Dies Iræ," where the Sibyl and inspired Psalmist are mentioned as equally illuminated from on high?

And St. Paul speaks to the Greeks of "a prophet of their own." But it is from the lips of Truth Itself we learn the reading of the whole enigma, and the light in which it is to be



A PARSEE FAMILY GROUP.

viewed: "The Spirit breatheth where he will: thou hearest his voice, but thou knowest not whence he cometh or whither he goeth" (St. John iii. 8). In other words, God's will is his only rule; "what it pleaseth him he does," not what we prescribe for him. He speaks to whom He pleases, how and when He pleases, and deals otherwise with all his creatures not only most justly but most mercifully.

In full accord herewith is the supposition that from time to time all peoples have inspired men sent to them, to whom, if they listen, others will follow, and in due time the whole truth will be opened to them. There is no repugnance in thinking that Zoroaster, Confucius, and Gautama were of this class. The many absurdities superadded to their teaching may be the work of disciples and commentators, just as every day's experience shows us well-meaning men attributing to the Prophets and Apostles, and even to our Lord Himself, things they never thought of. There is not wanting reason for a well-founded hope that in due time—and such never seemed so near before as at present—all will be gathered into "one fold with one Shepherd," and the words of Wisdom i. 7 will be fully verified: "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the whole world: and that which containeth all things, hath knowledge of the voice."

THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

BY ANNA COX STEPHENS.

MY walls are no more prison walls,
I now can see 'tis sunlight on the casement falls;
And bars I thought were iron, cold and grim,
Were only transfixed shadows—something dim
That caught their darkness from the soul within.
Enmesh'd am I in heaven's latticed gold,
(A sunbeam surely hath no power to hold?)
From out the glory comes a Voice afar—
The veil uplifts—the eternal gates unbar.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A CATHOLIC CATECHISM.

BY REV. A. B. SCHWENNIGER.

WE do not propose to give in this article a treatise in full on Catechism. It is not our intention to write a *history* of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine, nor is it our purpose to explain the *great importance* of catechetical instruction, or to dwell on the *duty of the pastor* as catechist. We shall endeavor to answer as briefly as possible the two following questions: 1st. What is a catechism of Christian doctrine? 2d. Which are the qualities that go to make up a really practical catechism?

I. The term catechism is applied to a book containing in a succinct form the *elementary* truths of Catholic doctrine, methodically disposed in questions and answers and written in language intelligible to children. Considering this definition, we call special attention to the word *elementary*, because it is the object of the catechism to teach the child the plain, simple truths of faith. This excludes from the subject-matter of the catechism at once all intricate questions, objections, problematic opinions, etc., unless they be very common and generally known. The imprudence of a catechist introducing side issues may sow the seed of doubt and disturb the happy quiet of a heart full of faith. Christian doctrine in itself is food for the mind so nourishing and elevating, and delight for the heart so charming, that the catechist need not go out of his way and lose his precious time picking up on the roadside the wormwood of subtilities. Let, then, the catechist break the healthful bread of Christ's teachings for the child, open up his budding mind, that the grandeur of Christian doctrine may shine upon it, as the rays of the sun upon the budding flowers of spring. The Apostles' Creed in compendium contains the chief truths of faith and justly greets the child on the first page of the catechism. The question, "Who made known to the Apostles the truths of faith?" naturally leads to the sources of faith, viz., Tradition and the Bible; Tradition in the broad sense of this word, being the normal handing down of the doctrine of Christ from generation to generation, should occupy the first place. Let us add a remark concerning Bible history as an element of the catechism. We cannot approve of the opinion of those who purpose to teach catechism through Bible history, since Bible history has decidedly its own province in religious instruction, and is apt to divert the child's mind from the essential point in view, viz., to impress on the young understanding the elementary truths of faith in clear terms. Gruber, a well-known catechist, who made Bible history the leading feature of his catechism, after due experience reconsidered his plan and was forced to acknowlege his mistake. The renowned Hirscher, another great catechist, committed the same blunder and repented his error. The celebrated Mey could not persuade his contemporaries to adopt Bible history as the means of teaching catechism. We might also mention that Fleury and Fénelon became satisfied that this method was faulty and dropped Bible history. The elementary truths of faith, and nothing else, form, according to our definition, the subject-matter of catechism.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE BEGINNING.

Writers of catechisms generally preface the subject-matter with an introduction. Admirable and most practical is the manner in which Bellarmin begins his wonderful little catechism by placing the sign of the cross at the head of it. This sign embodies the principal mysteries of faith; and the catechist Mey says truly, that "the sign of the cross appearing on the first page of the catechism brings the home, and especially the mother, in direct relation with the school and the catechist, because at the mother's knee the child has learned to make and to love this sign of our redemption. This very fact makes the catechism as welcome to the child as an old acquaintance, and at the same time impresses upon it, as it were, a halo of sacred dignity."

ARRANGEMENT OR DIVISION OF SUBJECTS.

The *division* of the subject-matter is of great importance, and we hold that the old, well-tried division, De Deo Uno et Trino, De Deo Creatore, De Deo Redemptore, De Deo Sanctificatore, De Deo Remuneratore, is by far the best and most practical. The chapter De Deo Sanctificatore includes as a natural and essential element the doctrine of the co-operation of free will with grace, and here is the right place for the treatise on the commandments.

II. Which are the qualities that go to make up a really practical catechism? is the second question we propose to answer. That a catechism should be orthodox goes without saying, and is taken for granted when it has the imprimatur of the Ordinary. Our definition of catechism claims that the doctrine of the church must be taught in language intelligible to children. In this connection we might quote St. Augustine, who says: "Doctrina Christiana ita doceatur, ut pateat, placeat, moveat."

Pateat. The catechism must use such terms of expression as may be readily understood and easily memorized by the child, for the recitation should be "something more than a pat sing-song of parrot-like answering"; in other words, the recitation must be proof that the child that has learned the questions and answers has not only accomplished a feat of memory, but really understands what it has memorized. Words like transubstantiation, hypostatic union, indestructibility should be excluded. At the same time the terms of expressions must not be vague but very concise, in order to convey the exact meaning of the doctrine.

Placeat. The questions and answers should be *plain*, *brief*, *rhythmical.* By *plainness* we mean that the sentences should not be made up of complicated periods, but should be most simple in construction. By *briefness* we mean that the sentences should be short, excluding every superfluous word. By *rhythm* we mean "the harmonious flow of vocal sounds" (Webster). It is generally admitted that rhythm has a peculiar charm for the ear and aids the child in no small degree in the work of memorizing.

Moveat. The questions, the answers, and especially the applications, if such be given at the end of a chapter, should breathe a certain warmth that may move the heart of the child. This is of great importance, because catechism has for its scope both to enlighten the young intellect by teaching the truths of faith, and to animate and strengthen the will of the child, that it may love God and act according to his will. A language frigid and indifferent does not touch and inspire the young heart. It is quite different to ask: What did Christ suffer for us? or to ask: How much did our dear Saviour suffer for us? The latter question not only asks for an answer from the intellect, but by its affectionate words elicits a sympathetic sentiment. The "applications" after each chapter offer splendid opportunities by way of exhortation to awaken and stimulate the zeal of the child to serve God, and a practical catechism should avail itself of such a precious chance. "Videant catechistæ ut doctrina Christiana moveat."

THE QUESTION OF VERBAL FORM.

We beg to make a final remark. The language of a catechism of Christian doctrine should be as near as possible the language of the Bible, not only because in this way Tradition and Holy Scripture concur in teaching the truths of faith, but also because the religious complexion of our modern society makes it very desirable and almost peremptory. Short and striking quotations from the Bible fortify the child against attacks from non-Catholics, who make the Bible the only source of faith.

It is, beyond a doubt, a most difficult task to produce a catechism that satisfies all demands. The very fact that the number of catechisms is so great, goes to prove this. Whoever brings along with the indispensable talents experience and zeal, to write this great little book (*crux autorum*), deserves praise even if his efforts should not be crowned with perfect success.

FAULTS OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM.

Glancing over the field of catechetical literature, our eyes behold among many good catechisms one very noteworthy, the so-called *Baltimore Catechism*, and it is but natural that we should review its merits *sine ira et studio.* This catechism has been greeted and welcomed with great joy in our Sunday and parochial schools. It has been tried and, without belittling its good qualities, we are bound to say it has been found wanting,

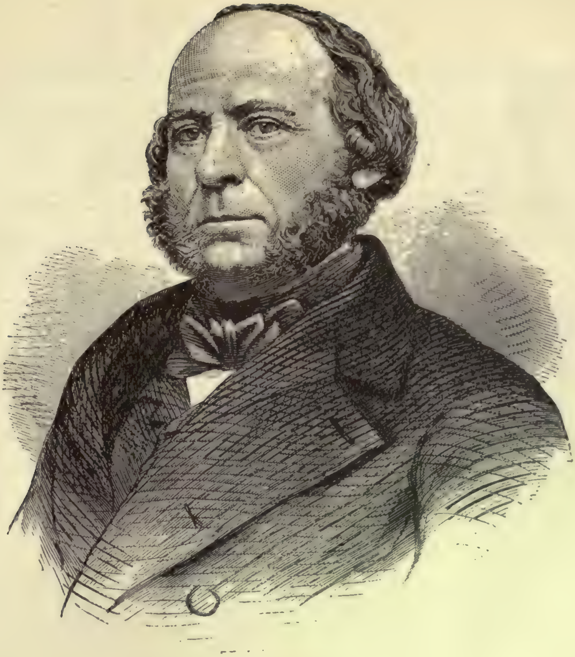
If explanations and comments have been deemed necessary, we cannot quote that fact as a sign of deficiency; but when the Rev. James P. Turner makes the very laudable and successful effort to add to this catechism of sixty-eight pages a vocabulary of forty-three pages, the suspicion arises that such a catechism seems to stand very much in need of that help and assistance for which a vocabulary is compiled. Whoever takes the trouble to examine the forty pages of this valuable vocabulary can easily judge as to the language of the *Baltimore Catechism*, and we fear that his judgment will not be so very favorable. The terms of expression used and the phraseology challenge the critic's confession, that the language lacks conciseness, briefness, and simplicity. If the questions were numbered, we would refer to the number of those questions that we find especially wanting. An unprejudiced and competent reader will find our opinion well founded. Let us mention, among many, pages 9, 10, 13, 16, 22, 34.

The division of the subject-matter is based on the Apostles' Creed, and of course is laudable. But we must take exception to the preface, which treats of the creation of the world and of man, whilst this is the special object of the fourth lesson. The fifth lesson seems to us very deficient, because it ignores entirely the *gratia Creatoris.* To say that our first parents "were innocent and holy," does not by any means do justice to the subject. The child has to get at least an idea of the difference between the natural and supernatural gifts of God to man. Sanctifying grace (*gratia Creatoris*) was given to man when he was created, and this sanctifying grace made man holy and heir to heaven. Misleading in a way is the question, "Which were the chief blessings *intended?* etc. . . ."; and the answer does not supply the want of clearness, because the *constant* state of happiness does not express the full value of what God not only *intended* to give, but really bestowed upon our first parents. We have not overlooked the word "constant," which to a certain degree covers the expression "intended"; but the whole treatise on the creation of our parents is not satisfactory. It is no sufficient excuse to say that grace is defined on page 19, because here the author treats on *gratia Redemptoris,* and therefore it would be more correct to say in the answer to the preceding question: "and the regaining of grace for man" (not men). To omit other deficiencies, we beg to take exception to the first answer on page 35: "Perfect contrition is that which fills us with sorrow and hatred for sin, because it offends God, who is infinitely good in himself and worthy of all love." Palmieri says in his tractatus *De Pœnitentia*: "Perfecta nempe est contritio, quæ citra Sacramenti realem usum hominem Deo reconciliat; imperfecta, quæ sine Sacramento id non potest præstare. . . . Divisio hæc proprie petitur ex effectu (non ex motivo). Cum nimirum contritio eo spectet, ut hominem disponat ad reconciliationem cum Deo, ea contritio dicitur perfecto, quæ id ex se solo assequitur—(S. Thomas Aquinas" De Lug. et multi alii). We will not press the *lapsus pennæ* when the author says, on page 37: "but (he) must also *repeat* all the sins he has committed," etc. We have to disapprove also of the words "is the Sacrament which *contains*"—in the last line on page 40; it should read: The Holy Eucharist *is* the body and blood, etc. I never could satisfactorily explain why the authors of catechisms do not treat on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass first, and on the Blessed Sacrament in the second place. It seems so natural that the child should first get acquainted with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, wherein the transubstantiation takes place and the host is consecrated, which is given in Holy Communion and which is adored when in the ciborium. On the other hand, ever since the Reformation, which has desolated the non-Catholic church by abolishing the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and has left only meeting-houses, the child should more and more understand and appreciate that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the centre of all worship, the pulse of the heart, as it were, of the Catholic Church. "Sed hæc hactenus. Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ grandinis."

We are sorry to say that biblical quotations find no place in this catechism.

One word more as to putting questions. It is a rule generally acknowledged, that yes-and-no questions should be avoided as much as possible. On page 7 we notice six questions of that nature, and whoever goes through the whole book will be surprised to find so many questions of the same nature.

There seems to be a general desire for a really good catechism. For the advanced classes it should be an explanatory catechism, which would serve to instruct a Catholic for life and fortify his faith. An abridged catechism should be compiled, to prepare children for confession and first Holy Communion.

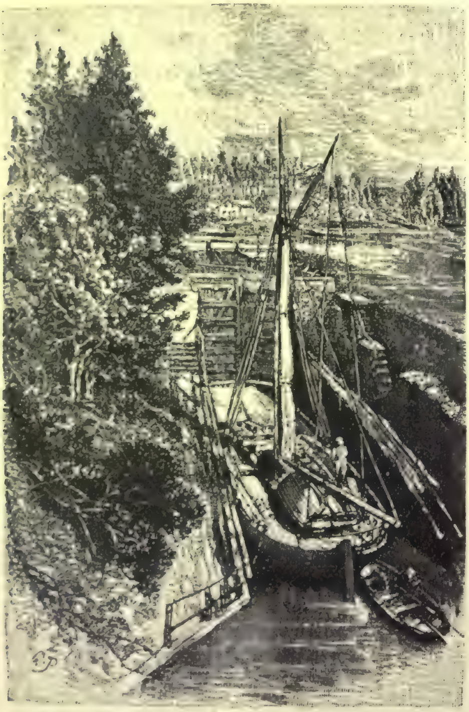


JOHN ERICSSON.

A GREAT ENGINEER.

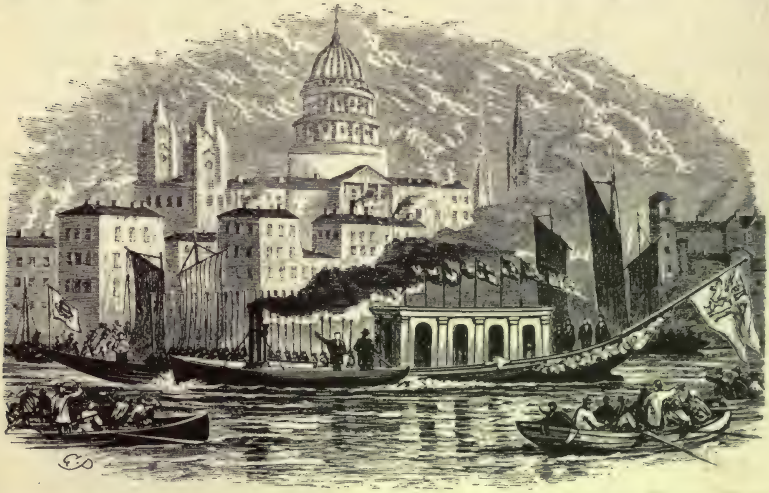
BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

A RECENT felicitous saying of Bishop Spalding's, that "America means opportunity," had its most forceful illustration, it may, perhaps, be said, in the career of the late John Ericsson. His genius was of an order specially suited to an age and a nation to whom utility is the first essential in material progress. The engineer is called upon to play a Titanic part in the development of this continent; and in conceptions at least the mind of Ericsson might almost be described as that of a Titan. His projects for the adaptation of natural forces to the needs of the human race were on a stupendous scale. We who have lived to see the hydraulic power of Niagara utilized as an electric generator, need not wonder now at Ericsson's dream of utilizing the solar heat as a substitute for coal when the world shall have burnt its stock of fuel. The onward march of science is "at the double" since he set the pace, and promises to lead to regions undreamt of even by him. If it was fortunate for Ericsson that America gave that welcome to his genius that was denied him in the old world, it was fortunate for America also that he made his abode here. His influence upon the inventive tendencies of the age was powerful. The stimulus to original research which his quickening genius imparted is not likely to decrease in momentum, but rather to keep on increasing with the success of each new demonstration. To the American mind there is something peculiarly fascinating in the conquest of natural difficulties by the application of scientific laws and mechanical skill. Even as boys we are mostly mechanicians in some rude way, and in our maturer years we never behold a clever contrivance of any kind without instantly beginning to excogitate in what manner its principle may be beneficially applied in other directions. It was, therefore, to the most congenial soil to be found anywhere in the world that Ericsson felt impelled to transplant his talents when he decided to cut loose from the British Admiralty and its bull-headed conservatism.


A LOCK IN THE GOTHA SHIP CANAL.

Ericsson's experience as an inventor, prior to his coming to the United States, was somewhat like that of Columbus looking for help to discover the sea-road to India. He had submitted various plans for improvement in methods of propulsion and new modes of construction in battle-ships to the British government as well as to the Emperor Napoleon III., but found little encouragement. His introduction of the screw propeller was gibed at by the wise-acres at the British Admiralty. The French emperor merely sent him a courteous note acknowledging receipt of his plans for iron-clad war-ships.

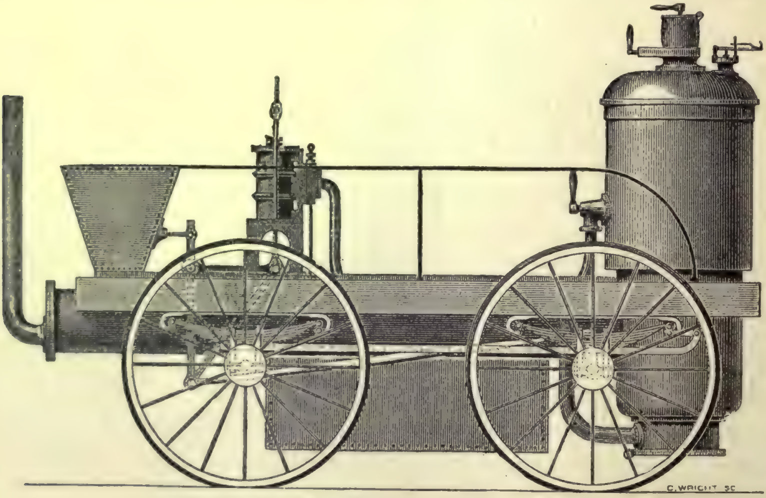
John Ericsson and his brother Nils, who became an engineer of eminence too, were sons of a Swedish miner, and their early life was passed in the mining region of Wermland, where the people are hardy, industrious, stern, and practical. It was this same mining population which supported Gustavus Vasa when he was hiding from a jealous monarch, and gave him the beginning of an army wherewith to assert his rights. Ericsson appears to have been put to work at an age now prohibited by factory legislation, and from his earliest years his impressions were derived from the harsh noises and uncouth shapes of the primitive engines with which the miners labored at the extraction of the iron ore from the viscera of the mountains. His inventive genius was astir at a very early age. It is on record that before he had attained eleven years he had invented several machines, engines, and tools, including a miniature saw-mill and a pumping-engine. He made his own instruments for the drawing of the plan of this engine out of a bifurcated birch-branch, a pair of tweezers, and a few hairs from a sable cloak of his mother's, which served him as a brush. Scarron, writing his ribaldry in prison with a nail dipped in his blood, was hardly at greater straits than the incipient engineer in his first essay at mechanical diagram work.



ERICSSON'S PROPELLER VESSEL TOWING THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY BARGE ON THE THAMES.

It was the execution of this rude drawing which formed the pivotal point in John Ericsson's destiny. Somehow it was brought under the notice of Count Platen, the president of the Gotha Ship Canal Board, and its excellence elicited his admiration. It led to something more practical, for very shortly afterwards, and when he was barely twelve years old, the boy was appointed a cadet in the Swedish corps of mechanical engineers, and given, shortly afterwards, the charge of a section of the ship canal, then in course of construction. This post entailed the engineering supervision of the work of six hundred men—a most extraordinary responsibility to be placed upon the shoulders of a youth as yet too young to be apprenticed to a trade. A work with which he amused his leisure hours at this period gives a good idea of his bent of mind, his industry, and his powers of observation. It is a book of drawings of sections, embracing three hundred miles, of the canal, as well as the various engines and implements used in the construction of the work. Very many of the structures and mechanical appliances along the course of the canal were built from drawings made by the boy engineer. When he began this work an attendant was obliged to follow him around with a stool on which to stand in order to level him up to the height of the surveying instruments!

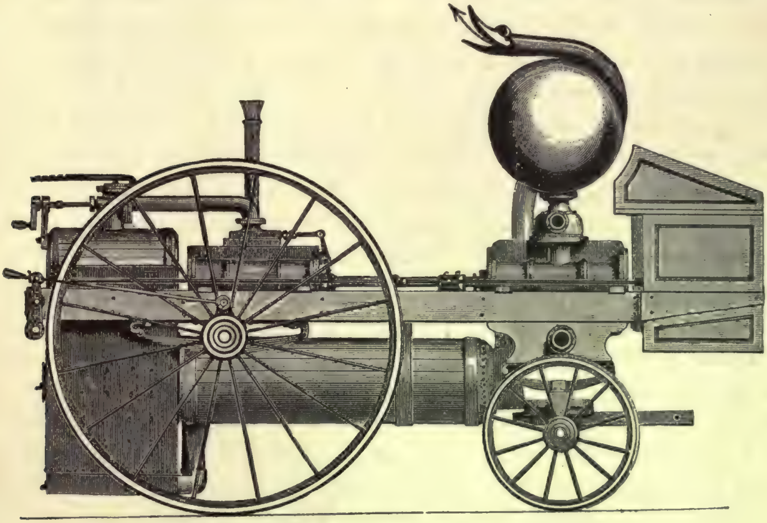
In due time Ericsson entered the Swedish army as an engineer officer, and the manner in which he passed the geometrical part of his examination showed that he was a master of the science even before he had learned its written formulæ. His inventive genius soon began to develop strongly. Experiments with the power of flame led him soon to the construction of an engine to be driven by this force, and he succeeded in making one which worked up to a ten-horse power. In order to find a better outlet for this invention he made a journey to



ERICSSON'S STEAM-ENGINE, THE NOVELTY.

England, where he remained until the adverse decision of the Admiralty on his screw propeller led him to embrace the invitation of Commodore Stockton to seek an opening for his genius in the United States.

Thirteen years did young Ericsson spend in England, and during that time he left little time, as the old saw goes, for the grass to grow under his feet. Invention after invention was sent to the Patent Office—chiefly appliances for the improvement of naval steam-engines and new methods of ship propulsion with steam or hot air for motors. The principle of steam condensation was first applied by him on the *Victory*, in these years; also the use of the centrifugal fan-blower. Afterwards he demonstrated the practicability of utilizing superheated steam; and a little later the important principle of the link-motion for reversing the action of steam locomotives was introduced by the same indefatigable engineer.



ERICSSON'S STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

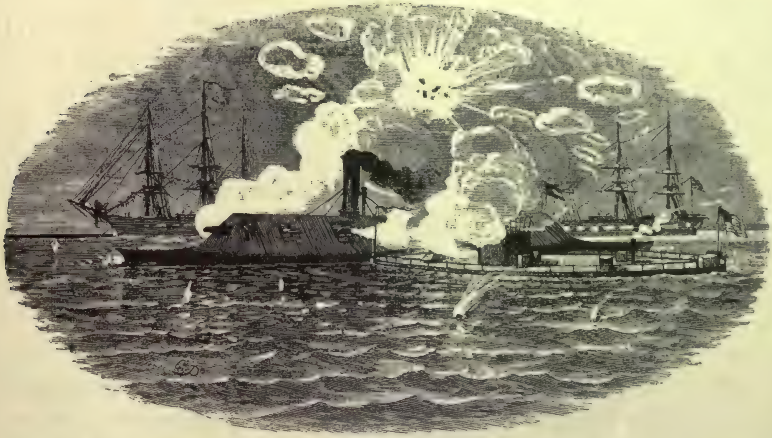
Ericsson and Stephenson were rivals in the field of locomotive propulsion. They both competed for a prize of five hundred pounds offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company for an engine fulfilling certain conditions. The prize was awarded to Stephenson for his famous engine, the *Rocket*. Ericsson, who was assisted in his work by an English engineer, John Braithwaite, sent in an engine called the *Novelty*. It proved a marvel. It travelled at the rate of thirty miles an hour, instead of the ten miles asked for. But the judges awarded the prize to his rival on the ground that it was traction power, not speed, that was the crucial test.

Nothing daunted by this disappointment, Ericsson went on his way with his inventions. He gave to the world the principle of artificial draught as applied to steam-engines—a discovery of immense value in the development of railroad haulage power, as up to that time it had been held that a given area of heated metal surface was necessary to the production of a certain quantity of steam. Shortly afterwards he put a steam fire-engine on the streets, and in 1840 he was awarded the gold medal of the New York Mechanics' Institute for the best plan for an engine of that character. Another wonderful invention of his—the caloric engine—was introduced to the American commercial world at a later date; but although experiments of a satisfactory character were conducted with it, its actual value as a motive agent remains still an unsettled question.

There is a controversy over the question of the invention of the screw propeller—not the only one, however, in the engineering world. Whoever was the first to discover the principle, there seems to be no reason to doubt that Ericsson was the first to introduce it to public notice in a practical way. Up to his sojourn in England the paddle-wheel was the only agency known for the driving of ships through the water. A long study of the subject had convinced Ericsson that the secret of the rapid movement of birds and fishes in their respective elements was oblique, not backward, motion—the principle of the paddle. To gain an idea with him was to apply it. It was not long after he had studied out the subject that he had constructed a screw-driven model boat, and he dreamed of driving ships through the air by means of the same principle. The success of the model in a tank was such that Ericsson built a boat forty feet by eight, and invited the English Lords of the Admiralty to see it towing the American packet, the *Toronto*, on the Thames. The Lords politely acceded to the invitation, but they ignored his invention. Ericsson accidentally learned some time afterwards that they condemned it on the ground that it would be impossible to steer a vessel whose motive power was located at the stern. It was this solemn stupidity which caused Ericsson to quit the country in disgust. It is characteristic of the English official system. The same Admiralty, and its *confrère* the War Office, both pronounced against the feasibility and the usefulness of the Suez Canal, when De Lesseps was endeavoring to interest the European powers in his mighty scheme. It was only when the canal had become a fact that the English government perceived its value.

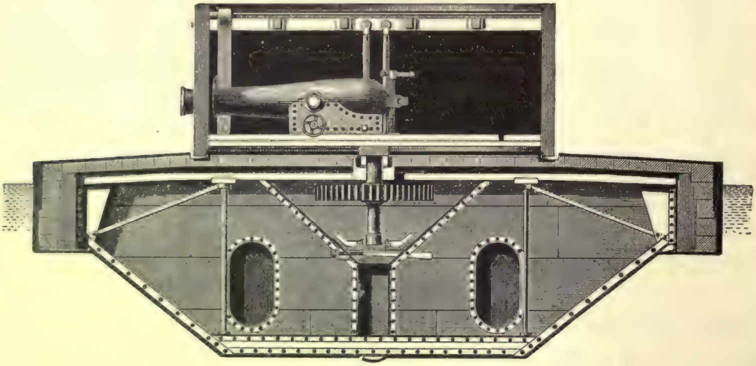
However, the dulness of British official brains is not an unmitigated evil. It gave to America just the man she needed at a critical time. It was not long after he had come here, in response to Commodore Stockton's invitation, until he astonished the world with his new style of managing a war-ship. This formidable revolution was at variance with everything hitherto known in naval construction. Her engines and furnaces were placed below the water-line, secure from injury by shot or shell. She had a telescopic smoke-stack which offered no target for the enemy's fire. She was propelled by a fan at the stern, also under the water-line. The *Princeton*, as the ship was called, created a profound sensation. Unstinted praise was lavished upon Captain Ericsson for his invention, but he was never paid for it.

It was not until the ravages of the *Alabama* and other privateers had stirred up the authorities here that anything practical was done about Ericsson's plans. The Navy Department saw that it was time to be up and stirring, and a commission was appointed to procure and decide upon designs for iron-clad ships.



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC IN HAMPTON ROADS.

What followed immediately was not calculated to give one an exalted idea of the superiority of our Navy Department's ways over those of the British Admiralty. It was with very great difficulty that Ericsson was induced to go to Washington to explain and expound his plans for the *Monitor*, so shabby had been his treatment over the *Princeton* matter. When he did go he was astonished and indignant to find that the commission—which consisted of Commodores Joseph Smith, Charles H. Davis, and Hiram Paulding—had already decided to reject his design. He inquired on what grounds, and was informed that a vessel of that construction was considered as likely to upset. This idea was absurd, and Captain Ericsson proceeded to refute it so completely that the commissioners were compelled to yield the point, and he returned from Washington with an order for the construction of the *Monitor*, but on a contract of a most illiberal character—so illiberal that the vessel was not paid for wholly by the government when she fought her victorious battle with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. The *Monitor* was constructed within one hundred days, according to the stipulation, and had she failed in any way to stand the governmental tests—which did not contemplate an actual battle—Ericsson would have forfeited the instalments of money paid him for her progressive construction.

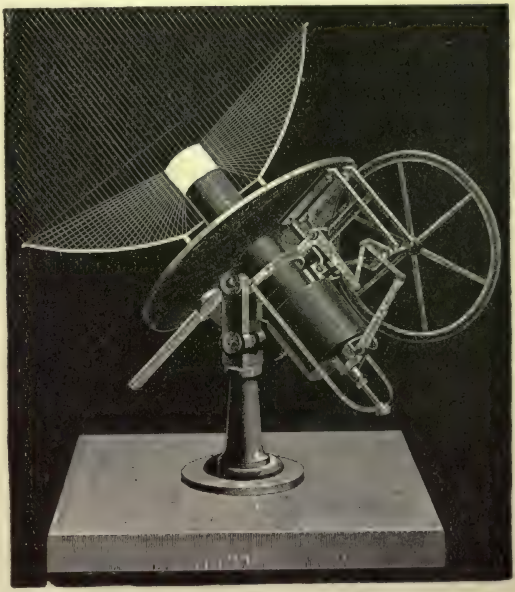


TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE MONITOR.

The modern era of naval armament dates from the appearance of the *Monitor*. It was indisputably demonstrated that the victory in naval warfare for the future must rest with the class of vessel which fought from the surface of the water and below the surface as much as possible, and presented as little above the surface as a target for the enemy's fire as was consistent with the floating principle. The torpedo, which soon followed the *Monitor*, was another great step forward in the terrible art of destruction. Ericsson's torpedo boat, the *Destroyer*, was a vast improvement on the design of Whitehead, inasmuch as it could be steered in any needed direction by simply reversing engines, and could outrun any fighting ship by reason of the lightness of its build and the power of its engines.

In the Whitehead torpedo boat the principle of total submersion involved recourse to the plan of automatic machinery which only worked in a set way and allowed but one direction to the contrivance in its submarine passage, whilst the bubbles which it caused on the surface of the water as it rose occasionally to renew its air-supply revealed its locality to the threatened ships and enabled them to provide in some way against the dangerous visitor. The Whitehead system has since been discarded in favor of modifications of Ericsson's plan.

Valuable as Ericsson's inventions in war undoubtedly were, it is always more congenial to find a man of brains bestowing benefits on the arts of peace. Most of Ericsson's great discoveries were in this field. He was a man of great ideas and herculean projects. His researches into the laws of physics were fruitful of many valuable results, and the problems in mathematics with which he attempted to grapple were more than Archimedean. One of the problems which he put before his mind was the effect of the action of such rivers as the Mississippi on the solid and sedimentary matter of its channels in retarding the earth's rotation on its axis. Another was the effect of man's labor in building cities of materials taken from below the earth's crust in expanding the earth's bulk and consequently its circle of gyration. These and similar speculations he worked out, by means of astronomical experiments, with infinite pains. He constructed, besides, many scientific and engineering appliances of the greatest possible value. He also left behind him a vast body of printed and written matter connected with his engineering work, embracing diagrams and copious explanations of all the great undertakings of his life.



SOLAR-ENGINE DESIGNED BY ERICSSON.

Ericsson was intensely devoted to his profession and its higher pursuits. He threw himself into them with an ardor which knew no relaxation, and even precluded that social intercourse which most men find indispensable to existence. There was something more than enthusiasm in this devotion to science; it amounted to something like fanaticism. His whole time, save that given up to sleep and taking food, and a regular daily walk, was spent in his workshop, his study, and his laboratory. In character he was rigid and upright; in temper rather hot. He lived according to the simplest regimen; temperance, regularity, and an abstention from luxuries, the regular use of the bath and a short daily course of gymnastics, were the rules he laid down to counteract the effects of a constant sedentary occupation and prolong his life to a full span. He did not pass away until he had attained his eighty-sixth year and as full a measure of fame, if not of riches, as falls to the lot of the greatest devotees of science. These were his only consolations. He had no domestic ones. He was married in early life, but, his wife dying, he lived for years a childless widower.

There is something deeply pathetic in the spectacle of this lonely old man toiling away in his cheerless home, and amid an unsocial atmosphere of his own creation, making an offering of his intellect at the shrine of science, and devoting himself to the pursuit with an energy that never flagged or failed. Science appears to have, thus, a fascination for its devotees as enthralling as the gaming-table and the opium-bowl over their slaves. But it differs from either of those fatal deliria, inasmuch as it strengthens mind and brain as long as due attention is paid to the body. And Ericsson's case shows powerfully how a calm and finely-balanced mental condition and a vigorous bodily tone may be maintained concurrently with long years of systematic study, by means of simply observing the laws of temperate living and eschewing habits which the mass of mankind have come to regard as indispensable adjuncts of civilization. Alcohol and tobacco were rigidly excluded from his regimen, and the only stimulant he allowed himself was tea. To some such a life as he led for a great many years must appear as that of the mill-horse; but that he himself found in it the greatest of earthly delights is beyond all question. And as happiness is only a relative question, it may be doubted whether the most luxurious sybarite that ever spent millions on his own pleasures ever enjoyed any delight in life comparable to Ericsson's in his solitary workshop-study in the old house in Beach Street, New York, where he plodded away nigh a half-century of existence.

THE TREND OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

COMMUNITIES and nations are said to be making a moral advance when they begin to show habits of thrift, moderation in the conduct of public affairs, a respectable attendance of children at the schools, and other overt tokens of civilized life. In these respects the people of the United States compare favorably with those of other nations. But there is a higher kind of progress desirable, in the interests of a nobler civilization, than mere material or even ethical improvement. It is in the domain of morals, and of these not the least important is the virtue of temperance. When we find a people giving proofs of such moral superiority as the habit of self-denial and self-control demanded for the cultivation of this virtue, we can unhesitatingly point to them as exemplars of progress in the highest sense of the word. Temperance, while in itself a virtue, is a preparation for nearly all the other virtues. It is the fruitful ground out of which the most beautiful growths and blossoms which adorn the garden of humanity spring.

The Catholics of the United States are making progress, we are proud to say, in this exalted virtue. They are making substantial progress. It is not the unstable gain of a tidal wave, whose back-sweep leaves the *débris* and rubble of the strand much about the same place where it found them at its outset. But it is a steady, tenacious detrition of the rocks of obstinacy, ingrained habit, and "damnèd custom," as Hamlet phrases it. Henceforth its movement may be quicker, for there is no question but that it has gained a tremendous momentum from the circumstances and events of the Silver Jubilee of the movement celebrated recently in New York. These were so notable that they lifted the celebration to the plane of a great historical event.

There are victories and conquests in the warfare of morals no less significant—nay, a thousand-fold more vital to mankind, very often—than those on the field of ensanguined glory. Every advance in the field of morals entitles us to something higher than a mural crown or a conqueror's laurels. It cannot but heighten our joy at the outcome of the Jubilee to find that it was not alone the celebration of a quarter of a century of such moral victory, but that it won another victory in itself by wresting from reluctant adversaries of the Catholic Church the admission that she is the open foe, and not the secret ally, of the power of the saloon in the United States.

No better illustration of the mode of the church in working out problems of moral regeneration could be found, perhaps, than in her attitude with regard to the drink problem. It is one of those questions wherein the only action that could be successful was religious action. The matter under discussion was not of a nature to be dealt with by any other means. It did not, in its essence, come under her doctrinal ban; it could not be disposed of by an interdict. Only by an appeal to the spirit of religion in man, to the nobler instincts of his nature, could it be successfully dealt with.

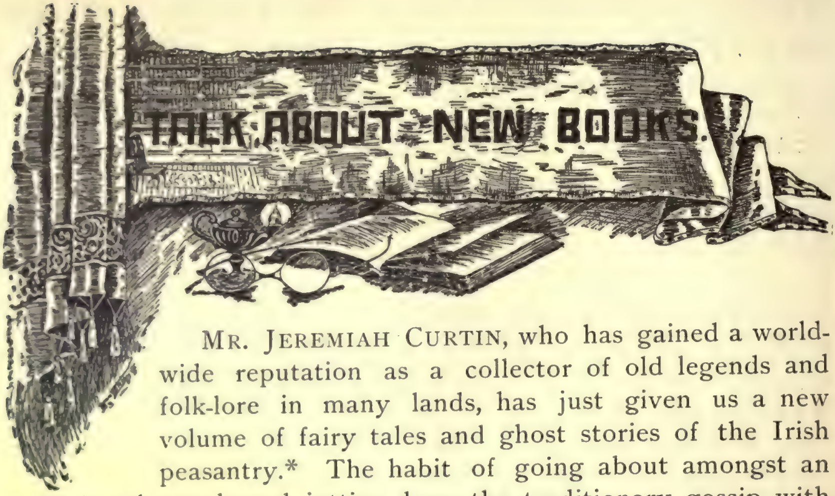
The level upon which the church has set this question, here in the United States, is higher than that of the humanitarian. That which she would have highly she would have holily. She ranks it amongst those sacramental things which make for man's eternal salvation, and her labor is to make the movement which is to effect it a permanent and perpetual feature of the daily life of Catholicism, and a branch of the comprehensive apostolate of reclamation to which her own existence is consecrated.

It would seem as though the disclosure of this attitude of the church upon the temperance movement came upon some critics as a revelation. Small minds had attributed petty motives to the broadest-minded and most disinterested of all institutions. The sordid and transitory interests of local politics and politicians were somehow supposed to have an influence upon the action of the church in this great problem of civilization. That such Lilliputian impressions could anywhere prevail would be to many minds incredible, were it not that the proof is afforded in the leading columns of organs representing large non-Catholic denominations throughout the country. To dispel this preposterous delusion at one breath was an achievement worth the trouble. It was shattered like a child's iridescent bubble by the breath of the Carnegie Hall meeting, and the proceedings of which that meeting was the crown and culmination. As Archbishop Ireland writes to the secretary: "No previous convention has make such a deep impression on the country. You have in one week sent the movement ahead by ten years."

The proximate effects of this temperance wave upon public life may be easily foreseen. The paramount problem in all great American cities is the influence of the saloon. Catholic influence has now declared war against the saloon—not against the men, but against the principle. The church desires not the destruction of the saloon-keeper, but his conversion to better ways. Better the influence of a foreign conqueror than that of this domestic enemy of human happiness, this vampire who fans his victims so deliciously to sleep and helplessness, whilst he drains their life-blood. The many antipathies of race and creed and politics must be toned down and worn away by means of the common platform which the temperance movement affords for good men and women of all conditions. The position of the church has been made so clear that none can ever hang back from the propaganda on the ground that it means politics—unless, indeed, we accept the idea of politics which defines it as "an enlarged morality."

There is nothing new in all this to those who have nursed and tended the movement which celebrated its Silver Jubilee by this convention. The National Temperance Organization from the outset pursued a settled and definite policy. It kept the principle free from all entanglements. The muddy stream of politics, municipal or national, was never permitted to sully it. The task was a difficult one, as a multitude of specious reasons are always ready to hand to excuse diversions from the main purpose with the hope of ultimately accomplishing it by side issues.

In the face of all men the movement now stands for what it really is—a movement which appeals to man's highest instincts and noblest aspirations—a movement for the lifting up and emancipation of the human race from a debasing slavery—a movement for the greater glory of God.



TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. JEREMIAH CURTIN, who has gained a world-wide reputation as a collector of old legends and folk-lore in many lands, has just given us a new volume of fairy tales and ghost stories of the Irish peasantry.* The habit of going about amongst an agricultural people and jotting down the traditionary gossip with which they beguile the long winter evenings may have the result of inspiring readers who know nothing of the country with the belief that a vast deal of extravagant superstition still exists amongst the people who hand down those old stories as they got them in their youth. That a certain amount of belief in fairies and ghosts, and in particular in the banshees, still survives in remote districts in Ireland, is proved to be true by more than one startling occurrence in recent years. But it cannot be too widely understood that the percentage of real believers in these survivals of a magical and heroic bardic glamour is very small indeed. Any one who knows Ireland intimately, and who has sat at the peasant's fireside at night while these tales were circling, knows full well how the bulk of the company laughed at them as mere fireside babble ; and even when semi-magical rites were performed by the young people, especially on All-Hallows night, it was done in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred merely in a spirit of jocosity, and in order to keep up an ancient custom. Hard times and increasing contact with the outer world have combined to make the average Irish peasant a very different being from the peasant of romance, or the stage caricature. He is usually as shrewd a being, as clear-headed, and as practical, nowadays, as his congener in the most unromantic agricultural country anywhere.

Sentimental minds may find in the change which has come over the Irish peasantry a proof of moral decadence, but a little sober thought will banish this mistake. Even in chivalric days the legendary vein was worked until the traffickers in it be-

* *Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World collected from oral tradition in South-west Munster.* By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston : Little, Brown & Co.

came a nuisance, and measures nearly as strong as those needed to put down the Janissaries and the Mamelukes had to be resorted to before the nuisance of the bards could be got rid of.

While we hope the beautiful, imaginative side of the Irish character will never be eradicated, we would deprecate the idea that some of the puerile and pointless stories which are picked up promiscuously by searchers after folk-lore furnish any real criteria for judging of the general mental calibre. There are some stories in this series which preserve the better traits of the ancient Irish myths; others that show no higher quality than very commonplace superstition. While we say this we must not forget that Mr. Curtin has already done splendid service in disentombing some of the finest of the old heroic tales and enabling the world to judge of the high level of Celtic romance at an age when the remainder of Europe, save one small corner in the south-east, was plunged in Cimmerian barbarism.

One of the most touching and captivating stories for youth we have met is Mary T. Waggaman's first communion tale of *Little Comrades.** It is a story of boy's life of the present day, depicting vividly the many difficulties and obstacles with which Catholic youth have to contend in school life and in the world, in order to become and remain practical Catholics. The incidents are exceedingly striking and dramatic, and a tone of deep and fervid piety which is maintained all through the work, so far from marring its effect as a piece of *vraisemblance*, only heightens this effect. It is a story, in short, which no Catholic, either young or old, could fail to find deeply absorbing.

History in America has a manifest advantage over history in other countries. The legendary and mythical element is entirely lacking, and what is set down is set down in the face of all mankind, to acquiesce in or deny, if denial be possible. History, then, with us may be classified as one of the exact sciences, inasmuch as its propositions can be proved step by step, and may not be made the shuttlecocks of controversialists, as they invariably are in all other cases. And more especially is this the case with regard to the history of the various territories whose admission to the Union has taken place in recent years. The history of these places may truly be said only to have begun since then. And yet it can hardly be said of these regions and peoples that their condition justified the ancient adage. If happiness consisted in a perennial state of war and savagery they must indeed have been in Elysium. But the animal life of the jungle and the forest does not come within the purview of the proverb; and this was substantially the normal life of the American Indian previous to the advent of the white man. It is rarely that the historian is enabled to chronicle the transformation of a country from barbarism to civilization. Such a privilege is that of Father L. B. Palladino, S.J., the historian of the reclamation of the Territory of Montana.* And not only is the reverend author the historian, but he was one of the most active of those heroic pioneers of Christianity in the North-west and bore a very large part in all the transactions which his pen describes.

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* *Little Comrades: A First Communion Story.* By Mary T. Waggaman. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

In October, 1891, the Catholics of Helena diocese celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first Catholic mission in Montana. In 1840 the renowned Father De Smet had travelled to the country of the Flat-Heads, as the chief Indian tribe was called, and next year his journey bore fruit in the establishment of a mission, composed of Fathers Point and Mengarini, and three lay brothers of the Society of Jesus. One member of this band still lives—Brother Claessens, of Santa Clara, California.

It is worthy of note that the request for Catholic teaching came from the poor uneducated Indians themselves. These Flat-Heads had been come up with by a few early travellers, and they were described as possessing the virtues of bravery, honesty, truth, and chastity in a degree remarkable for a savage people. Ten years previous to Father De Smet's journey four braves of the tribe had travelled to St. Louis from their own home, more than three thousand miles distant, as delegates of the tribe, to ask the palefaces to send them Catholic missionaries, for from some Iroquois visitors long ago they had heard of the beauties of the Catholic faith, and had even learned some words of Catholic prayers and the use of the sign of the cross. Two out of the four delegates died from the exhaustion and privation of that terrible journey, but before they succumbed, although unable to make themselves understood save by signs, they were received into the church for which they had undergone so much.

The letter of Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, detailing this incident, presents it in a very touching way. The Methodist and other Protestant missionary societies, having heard of this incident, resolved on sending missionaries into the region, but the Flat-Heads would have none of them when they saw them. They wore no black robes, they had no crucifix, they did not say "the great prayer" (the Mass), they had wives, they looked unlike what they had heard of the "black robes." Finding this to be the case, those missionaries made a report to their societies which might not unjustly be likened somewhat to the verdict of the fox in the fable—"The grapes are sour"—and went their way.

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* *Indian and White in the North-west; or, A History of Catholicity in Montana.* By L. B. Palladino, S.J. With an Introduction by Right Rev. John B. Brondel, first Bishop of Helena. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The primeval forest never heard much of the controversy about church and state, but it may not be inappropriate to note the little object-lesson in the subject which was given half a century ago in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, when Father De Smet arrived amongst the eagerly expectant Indians. He was received at an encampment filled with a great number of chiefs and braves, and the presiding chief, whose name was Big Face, welcomed him in a set speech full of effusive expressions of joy. Then he tendered the resignation of his own authority into the hands of Father De Smet. This the great missionary at once declined, pointing out that his coming amongst them had only the salvation of their souls for object, and that in other respects they were to remain as they were until circumstances gave them a more permanent dwelling-place.

The records of the early years of the mission abound in stories of privation, owing to the remoteness of the region, the hostility of other Indian tribes, and the difficulty of procuring supplies. But the work of civilizing the Indians went steadily on amongst the Flat-Heads, until at length they were described by President Pierce in his message to Congress as "the best Indians of the Territory; honest, brave, and docile."

Too much attention cannot be given to the matter set forth in the chapters touching this weighty subject. The United States government, having undertaken the responsibility of educating many Indian children, proceed to fulfil the duty, through their agents, in a way which sets at defiance alike the laws of nature and the dictates of reason. That principle which was decried as one of the most inhuman in the slavery system—the separation, namely, of parents and children—is recognized as an indispensable condition in the civilizing of the Indian by means of the non-sectarian State boarding-school. In the name of freedom and neutrality in religion tyranny of the most shameless kind is practised toward those unhappy wards of a state irresistible in its strength and glorying in its liberty. Here is the process by which children are secured for these schools according to the testimony of the Hon. Mr. Holman, M.C.: "The agent of Carlisle or any other school in the East goes to the place where the Indians are; he tells the agent how many children he wants, and the agent says to the parents of the children selected, 'Your rations are suspended until you let your children go.'" The suspension of rations thus brutally threatened as an alternative to what we may call non-sectarian proselytism, means nothing less than absolute starvation in all such cases. As to the results of such education on the children thus torn, like the Turkish Janissaries, from their homes in childhood, let us again take this eminent functionary's testimony before the special committee of Congress appointed to investigate the question: "The results of this class" (Indian schools of the reservation) "are unsatisfactory. We did not find in our observations a single instance where the children had gone back from these schools to the Indians, unless supported in some form or other by the government, in some government employment, who had not relapsed into barbarism; and this applies to the girls as well as to the boys—and in many cases they had become more vicious than the body of the tribe."

But these schools must present some advantages, else they could not be maintained, in the teeth of this and other similar testimony, and the advantage in the system is derived by the teachers and managers of the boarding-schools. As a large percentage of the scholars die before attaining maturity from nostalgia—the pathological term for home-sickness—a great many people who believe Indian goodness to consist in an accelerated mortality will also uphold those schools, on that ground alone.

The boarding-school system differs from the public-school system in many important particulars, but it agrees with it in one vital principle: it furnishes no religious training, and it necessarily debars any from outside, owing to its peculiar conditions. This is civilization with a vengeance. It is no wonder that Father Palladino expresses his doubts that it would not be better to let the Indian remain in his native wilds and live and die in stark barbarism than bring him up in one of those schools, founded upon the rending of natural ties, the ignoring of God, and the repression of the physical faculties. Indians brought up under such conditions may be regarded as tame savages, useless to civilization and useless to themselves.

Many other topics of a cognate character are treated copiously in the course of this valuable book. The history of the founding of the various other missions throughout the Montana region is given in chronological sequence, together with biographical sketches of the various missionaries and heads of sisterhoods, and much other interesting ana, personal and topographical. Many fine plates of persons and places are also embraced in its pages, including fac-similes of the drawing and penmanship of scholars in Catholic Indian schools, which show forcibly enough that there are other kinds of good in Indians besides that of being defunct.

One fact to be noted with pain, in connection with a record of rare devotion and self-sacrifice such as we find here, is the apathy of the Catholic population of Montana. The reproach of illiberality toward their religion is made against them. The need of clergy and clerical workers is felt keenly in that wide region, yet the contributions of the whole Catholic population combined do not enable the diocese to spare sufficient for the training and maintenance of one candidate for the priesthood. This is a stigma which could hardly be applied to any other State in the Union, and we hope, for the honor of the Catholics of Montana, that it shall not be allowed to rest long upon their fair fame.

A little volume on the subject of the truth of history,* from the pen of Mr. H. J. Desmond, M.A., stirs some reflections of a useful sort to Catholic readers. We have all of us awakened more or less to the fact that the object of a great deal of the history which has been written for the past three hundred years was to malign the glorious institution of which we are members and the character of the men called upon to rule it.

The Protestant historians of later days freely acknowledged the animus and unfairness of many of their predecessors, yet the calumnies which the older writers started took root so deeply that nothing seems able to eradicate them now. The author of this useful volume has rendered service in collecting the main fallacies of history which reflect upon the Catholic system, and correcting the falsifications by the testimony of the chief scholars of celebrity who, inspired with a more conscientious ideal of historical work, have gone to the fountain-heads of knowledge and ascertained the truth regarding not only the actions but the motives of those who have made history. The synchronism of the printing of Bibles and the advent of Luther as a rebel to his vows is one of the best known of these anti-Catholic shibboleths. It has often been refuted, but it is perpetually bobbing up again with all the offensiveness of things in a state of putrescence on the bosom of the tide. The author endeavors once again to dispose of the story by quoting a large array of Protestant writers who have shown how large a number of different editions of the Bible had been printed long before Luther was born. In the same manner the fables about "the Dark Ages," the Pagan Renaissance, and the causes of Protestantism are brought forward and dealt with effectively, chiefly through the testimony of Protestant writers.

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* *Mooted Questions of History.* By H. J. Desmond, M.A.

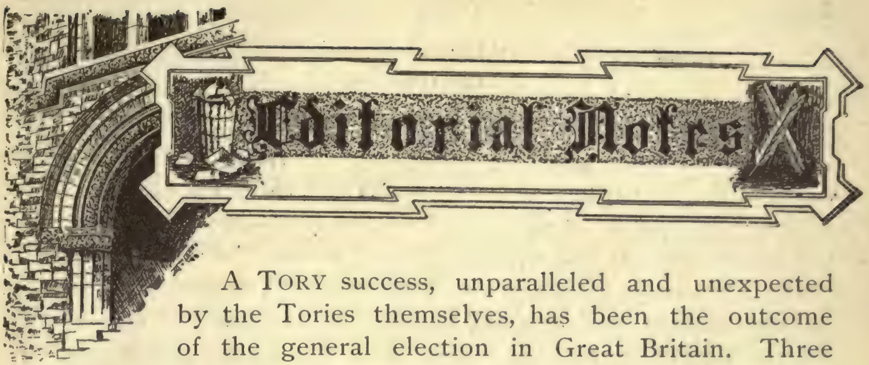
The chief merits of this work are the directness with which it addresses itself to the subject in hand, the absence of irrelevant matter, and the very large body of testimony which it brings forward in support of each of its contentions. Many quotations are made, but they are for the most part brief, and in every case to the point. Hallam, Maitland, Macaulay, Lecky, Baring-Gould, Schlegel, Guizot, Palgrave—these are a few of the names which the author invokes in sustainment of his position. It is not alone that these writers approached their theme in a calmer spirit than did Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and others of the cynical school, but that they made the study of history a *science*, not the indulgence of a weakness, going always to the source of verification wherever it was accessible, and taking nothing on hearsay which could be tested by indubitable proof.

An admirable book for its purpose is that entitled *The Convent Girl's Prayers*, just produced by D. J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. It is a complete Catholic prayer-book, compiled by a religious, especially for the use of convent pupils as well as the school and the home in general. It contains, besides the devotions proper to each branch of Catholic worship and sacramental function, a mine of information upon correlated matters, ecclesiastical dates and regulations, etc. The book is gotten up in very handsome style.

We reserve until next month's issue a notice of the jubilee memorial history of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana—a very handsome volume, the production of the Webber Company of Chicago.

The sale of Father Searle's admirable work *Plain Facts for Fair Minds* has been so great that the several large editions already published are now exhausted. The Paulist Fathers are now issuing a special large edition for popular use, at the wonderfully low figure of ten cents.

A veritable *multum in parvo* is a little leaflet by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, Watertown, Conn., entitled *One Hundred Interesting Points for Catholics.* It categorizes "fifty things that every Catholic should know," and fifty more that "every Catholic should do." Were these things printed on a card and hung in every good Catholic's bedroom, it is very likely that the world would be much richer in good thoughts and works than it is at present.



Editorial Notes

A TORY success, unparalleled and unexpected by the Tories themselves, has been the outcome of the general election in Great Britain. Three hundred and thirty-nine representatives of that party have been elected to the House of Commons, giving it a clear majority over all combinations possible to the opposition. Seventy seats are filled by heterodox Liberals, under the lead of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The true Liberals muster only one hundred and seventy-six members, whilst the Irish vote remains almost as it was. A multiplicity of reasons are alleged for this singular reflux of Toryism, but it may be safely assumed that the chief cause was the loss in leadership of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's towering personality has been sadly missed ever since his retirement. None was found able to bend the bow of Ulysses. Lord Roseberry meant well, but he was destitute of the moral prestige which was essential to any captain leading an attack upon a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature whose roots are as deep as the English Constitution.

What seems the most surprising feature in the Tories' victory is the fact that they appealed to the country absolutely minus any programme. They asked the electorate to give them a blank check for legislation, and they got it. The element of uncertainty is always to be reckoned with in political calculations, but here the unknown quantity has shown itself to be a factor which annihilated all the others.

But victories of this kind, however imposing they may look on paper, are illusory things enough at times. This one is a case in point. An analysis made by the *Westminster Gazette* serves a very useful purpose in showing the actual majority against Home Rule, as compared with the position in 1892. The whole Unionist vote in the present year is 2,406,898, and the total Home Rule vote 2,369,917. It is the peculiar distribution of the majority of 36,981 voters which enables the Unionists to take the reins with a majority of 150 members in the Commons. Another singular feature in this distribution is that in 1892, when the Home Rule majority in the whole electorate was about 200,000, the majority this gave in Parliament was only 42, against the 150 which the Unionists now show for the far lesser figure. Anomalies of the ballot-box do not, however, alter political situations. It is, unhappily, too evident that the minds of many electors in England and Scotland have undergone a change on the subject of Home Rule, and if we seek an explanation of this alteration we can easily find it in the perpetuation of feuds within the ranks of the Irish representatives who boast of being Nationalists. The personal character of these feuds and the bitterness of the methods and language used in waging them have filled many devoted friends of Ireland with a sentiment of the most profound grief and humiliation, and therefore it is little wonder that half-hearted and lukewarm Liberals in Great Britain seized upon the excuse which they afforded to recede from a position which they reluctantly took up.

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Armenian affairs have reached the acute phase. The Porte, although found guilty by the European commission, still hesitates about affording, not to say redress, for redress in crimes of such magnitude is impossible, but promises of amendment, and it is evident that some stronger pressure must be applied before the shuffling Porte will yield. England is being thrilled over the Sassoun massacres as it was over those of Bulgaria. Mr. Gladstone, unwilling though he be to take any further part in public affairs, has been prevailed on to speak a word for Armenia, and in a speech full of his old-time fire he addressed a great meeting at Chester on the 8th of August, making the case against the Turkish government, as the real criminal in the awful business, irresistible. The anomalous thing about English action in these frequently recurring transactions is, that whilst the mass of the English people denounce them unstintedly, and rouse other powers to action, the English government is sure to step in at the last moment and save "the unspeakable Turk" from the punishment which he so richly deserves. This is the Tory policy anyhow, and Lord Salisbury may be depended on to carry out that policy in all its richness of brutality and *laissez faire*.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

(*From the Outlook, New York.*)

THE most interesting and the most important convention held in this city this year was the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union last week. Not since the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Societies has there been a spectacle so full of the promise of a better civic future as the sight of the thousands who gathered in and about Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening. It was distinctively a meeting of Irish Catholics—not German—but the Irish face as we see it caricatured was replaced by the Irish face as we occasionally see it in the finest of the Catholic priesthood. The membership of sixty thousand which the Total Abstinence Union has attained in its twenty-five years of growth seemed a less impressive matter than the type of the priests who are now carrying forward its work. Several of the official heads of the church were present at the Jubilee, including Archbishop Satolli, Bishop Keane (the President of the Catholic University at Washington), and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The last named is regarded as the leader of the conservative faction of the Union, yet in his criticism of prohibitory legislation he was careful to say that he believed in the helpfulness of laws supported by a strong religious public sentiment.

(*From the Churchman, New York.*)

THE eloquent oration of the Rev. James M. Cleary, the President of the Union, whose resonant voice searched every nook and corner of that vast hall, and held the audience spell-bound at a late hour, summed up the whole question. The saloon, he said, is the common enemy of religion and of law. No true Catholic should engage in the saloon business. As Catholics and as Americans they would not submit to the degradation of allowing the customs of the European continent to take hold in America. The best part of the American public had set its face against the saloon and the violation of the sanctity of the American Sunday. When he said, "America will never submit to the degradation of being dominated over by liquor-sellers," the whole audience rose and, with the waving of handkerchiefs and flags, endorsed these views. That the Romanists who constitute the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America" are in earnest cannot be questioned.

It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of this "Silver Jubilee of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union." It must be felt through the length and breadth of the United States. It will influence the votes of Roman Catholic citizens in the coming election.

(*From the Independent, New York.*)

LOOKING at it racially, the chief opposition to the growing temperance conviction of the country comes from the Irish and the Germans. Looking at it religiously, it is from the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans. If we could convert the Lutheran and Catholic Germans and the Irish Catholics among us to total abstinence, the rest of the task would be comparatively easy. There would be no difficulty in enforcing a Sunday law so as to give us seven temperance Sundays in the week.

These being the two great hostile forces to be overcome, the efforts of wise advocates of total abstinence, which we take to be the most practical as well as the most advanced form of temperance, should be directed most vigorously and intelligently against these strongholds. We are sorry to say that among the Lutheran and Catholic Germans we do not see any special signs of a temperance revival; but among the Irish Catholics the evidences of such a revival have been very clear among us this last week. Ten thousand representatives of this host, from various parts of the country, have been in this city the past week, and their utterances have been such as warm the hearts of the old-time teetotalers and the later prohibitionists.

The official position of the Catholic Church in America on temperance is given in sections 260–3 of the "*Acta et Decreta*" of the last Plenary Council at Baltimore, under a special heading: "*De Societatibus ad Temperantiam Promovendam.*"

. . . . . .

This convention, with all its enthusiasm, has come at just the right time, although that was not foreseen. It will help the execution of the Sunday law in this city. It will show that the Irish Catholics are by no means a unit in support of the German beer manufacturers who own thousands of saloons. We hope that this will prove a tidal wave. The temperance crusade ought to be pressed in the Catholic Church and in the Lutheran Church. Give us these strongholds, and the day of saloon rule will come to an end.

(From the Christian Intelligencer, New York.)

THE hopes of those who greatly desire better municipal government will be strengthened by the grand convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held in this city on Wednesday of last week. Over a thousand delegates were present, representing over 60,000 members of local unions. There was a great deal of brave and plain talk, and splendid enthusiasm. Mayor Strong, Police Commissioner Roosevelt, and President Murray of the Excise Board were awarded a magnificent reception. Their strongest words, in favor of the impartial enforcement of the laws regulating the saloons, were received with the most hearty applause. The torchlight procession in the evening of fully 3,000 men, nearly all in uniform, and the cheers which attended it all along the line of march, were exceedingly impressive. The meeting will go far toward making anti-saloon politics popular among those who have been prominent as indisposed to take action against the saloons.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITH the present month the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston will begin its seventh year under the most favorable conditions. While the president generously praised in her report for the past year the loyalty, the unity of spirit, and the unselfishness of the members, we may be allowed to say that the members are to be congratulated as most fortunate in having the varied gifts of Miss Katharine E. Conway employed for their advantage. To all presidents of Reading Circles we commend the following extract from her report, which is one of the very best that has yet appeared:

We began the year with an active membership of 138, and a resolution fixing the membership limit at 150. The limit was long ago reached, and our secretary informs me that there are fifty names on our waiting-list.

Our membership is not drawn from one section of the city, but from every section, and even from the remoter suburbs, Medford and Dedham being represented, as well as Brookline and Cambridgeport; and members of several district and parish circles, as the Fénelon of Charlestown, and the Cheverus of St. James' parish, Boston, holding membership also with us.

We can hardly count our year from September till June; since the Catholic Summer-School begins in July, and our Circle is very closely identified with that great enterprise. Our annual lecture course was instituted as a result of our representation at the very first session at New London, in the summer of 1892, expressly to carry the Summer-School work back for the spiritual and intellectual advantage of our local life. Two years ago a meeting was held in this hall, under the patronage of the Boyle O'Reilly Circle, for the benefit of the Summer-School, with the result that fifty-seven prominent Bostonians were registered at the first Plattsburg session in 1893. The secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Summer-School, Miss Ellen A. McMahon, is one of our most valued members, and is indeed largely responsible for the establishment of this Circle.

The especial work of this year was, "A Catholic Study of Shakspere." We took up three great plays, "Macbeth," "Henry V.," and "Henry VIII.," considering each from the literary, the historical, and the religious stand-points. The last-named play, studied in this triple aspect, naturally afforded much scope for essays and discussions on topics as vital to the present as they were to the bygone time. Studying it from the religious-historical stand-point, for example, we traced to its beginnings that prevalent non-Catholic notion so peculiarly offensive to the loyal and intelligent Catholic, that the Church is a "foreign body," antagonistic to the liberal state. The history of the separation of England from the centre of religious unity naturally led us to the consideration of the possibilities of reunion for this and other separated peoples, and the individual Catholic's way of helping the work of Christian reconquest—thus keeping us in the spirit of the church, according to our motto.

These studies brought out some remarkable essays from the members, as did also the lighter plays which we took up towards the close of the year—"The Tempest" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and the memorial evening which, according to our custom, briefly interrupted our regular course, after the lamented death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As we believe in George Eliot's saying, "The last degree of clearness comes by writing," all the analyses of plays, the character-studies, etc., are written.

Every paper presented before the Circle is the result of independent research and labor on the part of the writer, the president hearing it for the first time when the whole Circle hears it.

As one having some experience in literary associations, I beg to say now that I have often heard at our study-meetings, from girls whose only time for preparation was the scant leisure of the teacher, the private secretary, the accountant, or what you will of engrossing daily labor, and who had no literary aspirations whatever, papers that in thought and expression compared favorably with those given elsewhere by professional journalists and literary workers.

And here let me also say that, while our active membership is restricted to ladies, yet our study-meetings are open to any of our friends in the priesthood, our honorary members, members of the Catholic Union, and committees projecting new Reading Circles who care to come and see how we do things. Many have availed themselves during the season of this opportunity of learning what makes and holds a strong Circle.

It is pleasant also to mention that we have gained the favor and confidence of many of our teaching communities. I know of one religious, at least, who always recommends her graduates who live in Boston to join the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, and they have numerously come in, to our great advantage. Another element of our strength is that more than half our membership is made up of those wonderful young women—the Boston public-school teachers.

Our course of lectures this year began with one in line with our course of studies, "Three Typical Shakspere Plays," by Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston. It was followed by "Men and Memorials," reminiscences of a summer in Europe, by the Hon. Thomas J. Gargan; and by "Religion in South America," by the Rev. Father Fidelis, better known among us as Dr. James Kent Stone. This has been accounted an unsurpassed course, and the attendance it attracted far overtaxed our accommodations.

We had also a series of parlor-talks, the offerings of friends of our Circle: Mr. William F. Murray, assistant United States Commissioner of Immigration; the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, of Malden, and the Rev. Father Robert, of the Passionist Order.

Our plans as to course of studies, lecture-course, and parlor-talks for next season are practically settled, and promise much for our own intellectual advancement and the pleasure of our friends. The lectures and talks will be more than usually comprehensive—taking in matters on the earth and above the earth, and even under the earth.

There is, however, another department of our Circle's work—the social—which we reckon of equal importance with the intellectual. We do not exist primarily, nor indeed with set purpose at all, for the development of essayists and poets. When there is a marked literary gift among us, of course we welcome it and foster it, and try to find a field for its exercise. But our intellectual work means for the most of us simply an addition to our general usefulness, and a new adornment for our home-life.

One foundation principle with us is that intellectual ability can show itself in many ways just as beautiful and acceptable as the literary way. The Circle creates a field for our musical and elocutionary gifts, for our business capacity, executive ability, and social graces.

Another of our foundation principles is that—if one must choose—a sweet and noble character is a better thing than a brilliant intellect, and that kindness goes ahead of cleverness every day.

Every lecture and parlor-talk has its social features following; and a notable event of our year was the Easter reception to the incoming and outgoing officers of the Catholic Union of Boston, the day following the Union's election. We tendered it in token of our appreciation of the Union's kindness during the past four years, in giving us the use of its parlors for our study-meetings and the rest; and our pleasure in giving it was increased by the fact that a valued honorary member of our Circle, Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, came into office at that election as secretary of the Union.

We had also a special meeting of our membership to take suitable action on our archbishop's golden jubilee.

A business event of the year was the completion of the payments on our cottage-lot at Lake Champlain. We are the very first Reading Circle in the country to buy a Summer-School lot. We hope to start our cottage this summer from plans drawn by Miss Annie L. Murphy, one of our members, who is an architect. The plans are here on exhibition this evening, and we are very proud of them.

Our treasurer reports an excellent state of affairs—no debts and good credit; and that our usual resources have been supplemented by the gifts of two ever-generous honorary members—the returned check of the Hon. Thomas J. Gargan after his lecture in the course, and a gift from Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick. I am glad to fill this year the office which the president has never filled before, of chronicler of our season's work; for the chance it gives me to acknowledge the Circle's far greater indebtedness to other officers: our vice-president, Miss Mary E. Kelly, whose work in charge of the reception committee for the past two years has meant so much for the social side of our life, and who has done faithfully besides her full share of the literary work of the Circle; our secretary, Miss Kate A. Nason, who, despite the exactions of her work as a teacher and the frequent calls upon her as a public reader, has filled most acceptably her office—no small charge in a Circle of 150; and our incomparable treasurer, Miss Mary Julia White, from whom we have all—at least I can speak for myself—learned lessons in business exactitude and devotion to duty.

We have also special obligations to Miss Hannah E. White, of Medford, not only for the artistic taste and labor which she has put into our decorations—of which she has had charge on all but one occasion, when illness hindered, during the year—but also for useful and beautiful gifts to the Circle.

* * *

At Saratoga Springs, N. Y., a Catholic Reading Circle was organized within the past year by four active members, Miss Elizabeth M. Powers, Miss Theresa F. Dillon, Miss Margaret G. Powers, Miss Frances H. Holmes. A course of reading was planned to study the influence of St. Dominic, the origin of the Inquisition, and the career of the great Dominican preacher, Lacordaire. So much interest was awakened by the weekly meetings and the discussions arising from a new study of historical questions that at the present time thirty names are on the roll of membership. Encouraged by their success, the members ventured to arrange for a public lecture by Henry Austin Adams, M.A., and were rewarded for their efforts by realizing a fund for the purchase of books, which in course of time may be increased for the advantage of a large number of readers. At the convent of Our Lady of the Star, under the care of the Dominican Nuns of the Congregation of St. Catharine de Ricci, the members have had thus far unusual facilities in getting the use of books provided for the house of retreat. These books were selected with a view to the needs of ladies living in the world.

On behalf of a large number unable to attend the Champlain Summer-School we hope that the lectures on French literature by the Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., rector of St. John's Seminary, Boston, will be soon issued in printed form. He undertook to show the manifold interest which attaches to French as a language and as a literature. He explained how a new language is like to a new world opened to the mind. The literature of other nations give us their inmost thought, their aspirations, their ideals, each people having a special way of viewing, of telling, about nature, life, and man, so that whoever enters deeply into that literature lives a new life in addition to his own. And just as a man who goes abroad leaves behind him a good deal of narrow prejudice and takes henceforth a wider and more equitable view of things, so the man who cultivates a foreign language and literature adds considerably to the range of his sympathies. Besides, it is a sort of axiom that only by knowing another language can one know his own.

There are endless peculiarities of construction, of grammar, etc., in our mother tongue, which are noticed and which can only be understood when we find them different or totally absent in some other language. The second position of the lecturer was that if any language was to be chosen in preference to another, it should be the French language, because of the close and almost parental relationship which exists between French and English; the English language being simply in its origin a combination of the French of the Norman conquerors with the Anglo-Saxon of the previous period, and in such proportions that the great majority of the words of our vocabulary are clearly of French origin.

English-speaking people are not alone to be interested in French; every civilized nation in the world wants to know it. Wherever we go some knowledge of French is considered as a necessary requisite of a finished education. French in Europe holds the same position to-day as Latin did in the middle ages—that of an international tongue. Nor is this a new feature; it has been so for nearly three hundred years. To reach a European public the great scholar Leibnitz wrote, not in German but in French. The language became so universal among the cultivated classes of Germany that in 1783 the Academy of Berlin actually offered a prize for the best paper in answer to the question "How French became a universal Language." This ascendency was due in some measure to the central position of France in Europe, to the prominent political situation of the French nation; but it was also due to the language itself—bright and graceful, the language of courtesy and refinement, which people learned to get access to the vast and varied literature which for several centuries France spread out before the eyes of an admiring world.

For Americans French has a unique interest in that it recalls the ancient alliance which was so material in the establishment of American independence, and that other fact that the French was the first European tongue in the vast regions of this great country. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico the French explorers who opened up those vast regions imprinted on it French names which will remain as a mark of origin to the end of time. The members of a Catholic Summer-School cannot be unmindful that French literature is in a large measure a Catholic literature. Our English literature is great, but is not Catholic—it may be so in a large measure some day, but in the meantime we have to look for a full expression of what is dear to us to another country. This we find in France—Catholic orators, Catholic historians, Catholic thinkers, Catholic poets. Year after year the Catholic press of France pours forth, amid much which is objectionable, the most valuable contributions to religious knowledge.

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The Catholic world

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